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BY

THEODORE PARKER.

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I.

A SERMON OF MERCHANTS. PREACHED AT THE  
MELODEON, ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER, 22, 1846.

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"As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones; so doth sin stick close between buying and selling."—ECCLES. xxvii. 2.

I ASK your attention to a "Sermon of Merchants: their Position, Temptations, Opportunities, Influence, and Duty." For the present purpose, men may be distributed into four classes.

I. Men who create new material for human use, either by digging it out of mines and quarries, fishing it out of the sea, or raising it out of the land. These are direct producers.

II. Men who apply their head and hands to this material, and transform it into other shapes, fitting it for human use; men that make grain into flour and bread, cotton into cloth, iron into needles or knives, and the like. These are indirect producers; they create not the material, but its fitness, use, or beauty. They are manufacturers.

III. Men who simply use these things, when thus produced and manufactured. They are consumers.

IV. Men who buy and sell: who buy to sell, and sell to buy the more. They fetch and carry between the other classes. These are distributors; they are the merchants. Under this name I include the whole class who live by buying and selling, and not merely those conventionally called merchants, to distinguish them from small dealers. This term comprises traders behind counters and traders behind desks; traders neither behind counters nor desks.

There are various grades of merchants. They might be

classed and symbolized according as they use a basket, a wheelbarrow, a cart, a stall, a booth, a shop, a warehouse, counting-room, or bank. Still all are the same thing—men who live by buying and selling. A ship is only a large basket, a warehouse a costly stall. Your pedler is a small merchant going round from house to house with his basket to mediate between persons; your merchant only a great pedler sending round from land to land with his ships to mediate between nations. The Israelitish woman who sits behind a bench in her stall on the Rialto at Venice, changing gold into silver and copper, or loaning money to him who leaves hat, coat, and other collaterals in pledge, is a small banker. The Israelitish man who sits at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, changes drafts into specie, and lends millions to men who leave in pledge a mortgage on the States of the Church, Austria or Russia—is a pawnbroker and money-changer on a large scale. By this arithmetic, for present convenience, all grades of merchants are reduced to one denomination—men who live by buying and selling.

All these four classes run into one another. The same man may belong to all at the same time. All are needed. At home a merchant is a mediator to go between the producer and the manufacturer; between both and the consumer. On a large scale he is a mediator who goes between continents, between producing and manufacturing States, between both and consuming countries. The calling is founded in the state of society, as that in a compromise between man's permanent nature and transient condition. So long as there are producers and consumers, there must be distributors. The value of the calling depends on its importance; its usefulness is the measure of its respectability. The most useful calling must be the noblest. If it is difficult, demanding great ability and self-sacrifice, it is yet more noble. A useless calling is disgraceful; one that injures mankind—infamous. Tried by this standard, the producers seem nobler than the distributors; they than the mere consumers. This may not be the popular judgment now, but must one day become so, for mankind is slowly learning to judge by the natural law published by Jesus—that he who would be greatest of all, must be most effectively the servant of all.

There are some who do not seem to belong to any of the active classes, who are yet producers, manufacturers, and distributors by their head, more than their hand; men who have fertile heads, producers, manufacturers, and distributors of thought—active in the most creative way. Here, however, the common rule is inverted; the producers are few—men of genius; the manufacturers many—men of talent; the distributors—men of tact, men who remember, and talk with tongue or pen, their name is legion. I will not stop to distribute them into their classes, but return to the merchant.

The calling of the merchant acquires a new importance in modern times. Once nations were cooped up, each in its own country and language. Then war was the only mediator between them. They met but on the battle-field, or in solemn embassies to treat for peace. Now trade is the mediator. They meet on the Exchange. To the merchant, no man who can trade is a foreigner. His wares prove him a citizen. Gold and silver are cosmopolitan. Once, in some of the old governments, the magistrates swore, "I will be evil-minded towards the people, and will devise against them the worst thing I can." Now they swear to keep the laws which the people have made. Once the great question was, How large is the standing army? Now, What is the amount of the national earnings? Statesmen ask less about the ships of the line than about the ships of trade. They fear an over-importation oftener than a war, and settle their difficulties in gold and silver,—not as before, with iron. All ancient states were military; the modern mercantile. War is getting out of favour as property increases and men get their eyes open. Once every man feared death, captivity, or at least robbery in war; now the worst fear is of bankruptcy and pauperism.

This is a wonderful change. Look at some of the signs thereof. Once castles and forts were the finest buildings; now exchanges, shops, custom-houses, and banks. Once men built a Chinese wall to keep out the strangers—for stranger and foe were the same; now men build railroads and steamships to bring them in. England was once a stronghold of robbers, her four seas but so many castle-moats; now she is a great harbour with four ship-channels. Once her chief must be a bold, cunning fighter; now a



good steward and financier. Not to strike a hard blow, but to make a good bargain is the thing. Formerly the most enterprising and hopeful young men sought fame and fortune in deeds of arms; now an army is only a common sewer, and most of those who go to the war, if they never return, "have left their country for their country's good." In days gone by, constructive art could build nothing better than hanging gardens, and the pyramids—foolishly sublime; now it makes docks, canals, iron roads, and magnetic telegraphs. St. Louis, in his old age, got up a crusade, and saw his soldiers die of the fever at Tunis; now the King of the French sets up a factory, and will clothe his people in his own cottons and woollens. The old Douglas and Percy were clad in iron, and harried the land on both sides of the Tweed; their descendants now are civil-suited men who keep the peace. No girl trembles, though "All the blue bonnets are over the border." The warrior has become a shopkeeper.

"Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt;  
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt;  
The Douglas in red herrings;  
And noble name and cultured land,  
Palace and park, and vassal band,  
Are powerless to the notes of hand  
Of Rothschild or the Barings."

Of merchants there are three classes.

I. Merchant-producers, who deal in labour applied to the direct creation of new material. They buy labour and land, to sell them in corn, cotton, coal, timber, salt, and iron.

II. Merchant-manufacturers, who deal in labour applied to transforming that material. They buy labour, wool, cotton, silk, water-privileges, and steam-power, to sell them all in finished cloth.

III. Merchant-traders, who simply distribute the article raised or manufactured. These three divisions I shall speak of as one body. Property is accumulated labour; wealth or riches a great deal of accumulated labour. As a general rule, merchants are the only men who become what we call rich. There are exceptions, but they are rare, and do not affect the remarks which are to follow. It is seldom that a man becomes rich by his own labour employed in producing or manufacturing. It is only by

using other men's labour that any one becomes rich. A man's hands will give him sustenance, not affluence. In the present condition of society this is unavoidable; I do not say in a normal condition, but in the present condition.

Here in America the position of this class is the most powerful and commanding in society. They own most of the property of the nation. The wealthy men are of this class; in practical skill, administrative talent, in power to make use of the labour of other men, they surpass all others. Now, wealth is power, and skill is power—both to a degree unknown before. This skill and wealth are more powerful with us than any other people, for there is no privileged caste, priest, king, or noble, to balance against them. The strong hand has given way to the able and accomplished head. Once head armour was worn on the outside, and of brass; now it is internal, and of brains.

To this class belongs the power both of skill and of wealth, and all the advantages which they bring. It was never so before in the whole history of man. It is more so in the United States than in any other place. I know the high position of the merchants in Venice, Pisa, Florence, Nuremberg, and Basel, in the Middle Ages and since. Those cities were gardens in a wilderness, but a fringe of soldiers hung round their turreted walls; the trader was dependent on the fighter, and though their merchants became princes, they were yet indebted to the sword, and not entirely to their calling, for defence. Their palaces were half castles, and their ships full of armed men. Besides those were little States. Here the merchant's power is wholly in his gold and skill. Rome is the city of priests; Vienna for nobles; Berlin for scholars; the American cities for merchants. In Italy the roads are poor, the banking-houses humble; the cots of the labourer mean and bare, but churches and palaces are beautiful and rich. God is painted as a pope. Generally, in Europe, the clergy, the soldiers, and the nobles are the controlling class. The finest works of art belong to them, represent them, and have come from the corporation of priests, or the corporation of fighters. Here a new era is getting symbolized in our works of art. They are banks, exchanges, custom-houses, factories, railroads. These come of the corporation of

merchants; trade is the great thing. Nobody tries to secure the favour of the army or navy—but of the merchants.

Once there was a permanent class of fighters. Their influence was supreme. They had the power of strong arms, of disciplined valour, and carried all before them. They made the law and broke it. Men complained, grumbling in their beard, but got no redress. They it was that possessed the wealth of the land. The producer, the manufacturer, the distributor, could not get rich: only the soldier, the armed thief, the robber. With wealth they got its power; by practice gained knowledge, and so the power thereof; or, when that failed, bought it of the clergy, the only class possessing literary and scientific skill. They made their calling "noble," and founded the aristocracy of soldiers. Young men of talent took to arms. Trade was despised and labour was menial. Their science is at this day the science of kings. When graziers travel they look at cattle; weavers at factories; philanthropists at hospitals; dandies at their equals and coadjutors; and kings at armies. Those fighters made the world think that soldiers were our first men, and murder of their brothers the noblest craft in the world; the only honourable and manly calling. The butcher of swine and oxen was counted vulgar—the butcher of men and women great and honourable. Foolish men of the past think so now; hence their terror at orations against war: hence their admiration for a red coat; their zeal for some symbol of blood in their family arms; hence their ambition for military titles when abroad. Most foolish men are more proud of their ambiguous Norman ancestor who fought at the battle of Hastings—or fought not—than of all the honest mechanics and farmers who have since ripened on the family tree. The day of the soldiers is well-nigh over. The calling brings low wages and no honour. It opens with us no field for ambition. A passage of arms is a passage that leads to nothing. That class did their duty at that time. They founded the aristocracy of soldiers—their symbol the sword. Mankind would not stop there. Then came a milder age and established the aristocracy of birth—its symbol the cradle, for the only merit of that sort of nobility, and so its only distinction, is to have been born. But mankind who stopped not at the sword, delays but little longer at the

cradle; leaping forward, it founds a third order of nobility, the aristocracy of gold, its symbol the purse. We have got no further on. Shall we stop there? There comes a to-morrow after every to-day, and no child of time is just like the last. The aristocracy of gold has faults enough, no doubt, this feudalism of the nineteenth century. But it is the best thing of its kind we have had yet; the wisest, the most human. We are going forward, and not back. God only knows when we shall stop, and where. Surely not now, nor here.

Now the merchants in America occupy the place which was once held by the fighters, and next by the nobles. In our country we have balanced into harmony the centripetal power of the Government, and the centrifugal power of the people: so have national unity of action, and individual variety of action—personal freedom. Therefore a vast amount of talent is active here which lies latent in other countries, because that harmony is not established there. Here the army and navy offer few inducements to able and aspiring young men. They are fled to as the last resort of the desperate, or else sought for their traditional glory, not their present value. In Europe, the army, the navy, the parliament or the court, the church and the learned professions, offer brilliant prizes to ambitious men. Thither flock the able and the daring. Here such men go into trade. It is better for a man to have set up a mill than to have won a battle. I deny not the exceptions. I speak only of the general rule. Commerce and manufactures offer the most brilliant rewards—wealth, and all it brings. Accordingly, the ablest men go into the class of merchants. The strongest men in Boston, taken as a body, are not lawyers, doctors, clergymen, book-wrights, but merchants. I deny not the presence of distinguished ability in each of those professions; I am now again only speaking of the general rule. I deny not the presence of very weak men, exceedingly weak in this class; their money their only source of power.

The merchants, then, are the prominent class; the most respectable, the most powerful. They know their power, but are not yet fully aware of their formidable and noble position at the head of the nation. Hence they are often ashamed of their calling; while their calling is the source

of their wealth, their knowledge, and their power, and should be their boast and their glory. You see signs of this ignorance and this shame: there must not be shops under your Athenæum, it would not be in good taste; you may store tobacco, cider, rum, under the churches, out of sight, you must have no shop there; it would be vulgar. It is not thought needful, perhaps not proper, for the merchant's wife and daughter to understand business, it would not be becoming. Many are ashamed of their calling, and, becoming rich, paint on the doors of their coach, and engrave on their seal, some lion, griffin, or unicorn, with partisans and maces to suit; arms they have no right to, perhaps have stolen out of some book of heraldry. No man paints thereon a box of sugar, or figs, or candles couchant; a bale of cotton rampant; an axe, a lapstone, or a shoe hammer saltant. Yet these would be noble, and Christian withal. The fighters gloried in their horrid craft, and so made it pass for noble, but with us a great many men would be thought "the tenth transmitter of a foolish face," rather than honest artists of their own fortune; prouder of being born than of having lived never so manfully.

In virtue of its strength and position, this class is the controlling one in politics. It mainly enacts the laws of this State and the nation; makes them serve its turn. Acting consciously or without consciousness, it buys up legislators when they are in the market; breeds them when the market is bare. It can manufacture governors, senators, judges, to suit its purposes, as easily as it can make cotton cloth. It pays them money and honours; pays them for doing its work, not another's. It is fairly and faithfully represented by them. Our popular legislators are made in its image; represent its wisdom, foresight, patriotism and conscience. Your Congress is its mirror.

This class is the controlling one in the churches, none the less, for with us fortunately the churches have no existence independent of the wealth and knowledge of the people. In the same way it buys up the clergymen, hunting them out all over the land; the clergymen who will do its work, putting them in comfortable places. It drives off such as interfere with its work, saying, "Go starve, you and your children!" It raises or manufactures others to suit its taste.



The merchants build mainly the churches, endow theological schools; they furnish the material sinews of the church. Hence the metropolitan churches are, in general, as much commercial as the shops.

Now, from this position, there come certain peculiar temptations. One is to an extravagant desire of wealth. They see that money is power, the most condensed and flexible form thereof. It is always ready; it will turn any way. They see that it gives advantages to their children which nothing else will give. The poor man's son, however well-born, struggling for a superior education, obtains his culture at a monstrous cost; with the sacrifice of pleasure, comfort, the joys of youth, often of eyesight and health. He must do two men's work at once—learn and teach at the same time. He learns all by his soul, nothing from his circumstances. If he have not an iron body as well as an iron head, he dies in that experiment of the cross. The land is full of poor men who have attained a superior culture, but carry a crippled body through all their life. The rich man's son needs not that terrible trial. He learns from his circumstances, not his soul. The air about him contains a diffused element of thought. He learns without knowing it. Colleges open their doors; accomplished teachers stand ready; science and art, music and literature, come at the rich man's call. All the outward means of educating, refining, elevating a child, are to be had for money, and for money alone.

Then, too, wealth gives men a social position, which nothing else save the rarest genius can obtain, and which that, in the majority of cases lacking the commercial conscience, is sure not to get. Many men prize this social rank above everything else, even above justice and a life unstained.

Since it thus gives power, culture for one's children, and a distinguished social position, rank amongst men, for the man and his child after him, there is a temptation to regard money as the great object of life, not a means but an end; the thing a man is to get, even at the risk of getting nothing else. "It answereth all things." Here and there you find a man who has got nothing else. Men say of such a one, "He is worth a million!" There is a ter-



rible sarcasm in common speech, which all do not see. He is "worth a million," and that is all; not worth truth, goodness, piety; not worth a man. I must say, I cannot but think there are many such amongst us. Most rich men, I am told, have mainly gained wealth by skill, foresight, industry, economy, by honourable painstaking, not by trick. It may be so. I hope it is. Still there is a temptation to count wealth the object of life—the thing to be had if they have nothing else.

The next temptation is to think any means justifiable which lead to that end,—the temptation to fraud, deceit, to lying in its various forms, active and passive; the temptation to abuse the power of this natural strength, or acquired position, to tyrannize over the weak, to get and not give an equivalent for what they get. If a man get from the world more than he gives an equivalent for, to that extent he is a beggar and gets charity, or a thief and steals; at any rate, the rest of the world is so much the poorer for him. The temptation to fraud of this sort; in some of its many forms, is very great. I do not believe that all trade must be gambling or trickery, the merchant a knave or a gambler. I know some men say so. But I do not believe it. I know it is not so now; all actual trade, and profitable too, is not knavery. I know some become rich by deceit. I cannot but think these are the exceptions; that the most successful have had the average honesty and benevolence, with more than the average industry, foresight, prudence, and skill. A man foresees future wants of his fellows, and provides for them; sees new resources hitherto undeveloped, anticipates new habits and wants; turns wood, stone, iron, coal, rivers and mountains to human use, and honestly earns what he takes. I am told, by some of their number, that the merchants of this place rank high as men of integrity and honour, above mean cunning, but enterprising, industrious, and far-sighted. In comparison with some other places, I suppose it is true. Still I must admit the temptation to fraud is a great one: that it is often yielded to. Few go to a great extreme of deceit—they are known and exposed; but many to a considerable degree. He that makes haste to be rich is seldom innocent. Young men say it is hard to be honest; to do by others as you would wish them to

do by you. I know it need not be so. Would not a reputation for uprightness and truth be a good capital for any man, old or young?

This class owns the machinery of society, in great measure,—the ships, factories, shops, water-privileges, houses, and the like. This brings into their employment large masses of working men, with no capital but muscles or skill. The law leaves the employed at the employer's mercy. Perhaps this is unavoidable. One wishes to sell his work dear, the other to get it cheap as he can. It seems to me no law can regulate this matter, only conscience, reason, the Christianity of the two parties. One class is strong, the other weak. In all encounters of these two, on the field of battle, or in the market-place, we know the result; the weaker is driven to the wall. When the earthen and iron vessel strike together, we know beforehand which will go to pieces. The weaker class can seldom tell their tale, so their story gets often suppressed in the world's literature, and told only in outbreaks and revolutions. Still the bold men who wrote the Bible, Old Testament and New, have told truths on this theme which others dared not tell—terrible words which it will take ages of Christianity to expunge from the world's memory.

There is a strong temptation to use one's power of nature or position to the disadvantage of the weak. This may be done consciously or unconsciously. There are examples enough of both. Here the merchant deals in the labour of men. This is a legitimate article of traffic, and dealing in it is quite indispensable in the present condition of affairs. In the Southern States, the merchant, whether producer, manufacturer, or trader, owns men and deals in their labour, or their bodies. He uses their labour, giving them just enough of the result of that labour to keep their bodies in the most profitable working state; the rest of that result he steals for his own use, and by that residue becomes rich and famous. He owns their persons and gets their labour by direct violence, though sanctioned by law. That is Slavery. He steals the man and his labour. Here it is possible to do a similar thing: I mean it is possible to employ men and give them just enough of the result of their labour to keep up a miserable life, and yourself

take all the rest of the result of that labour. This may be done consciously or otherwise, but legally, without direct violence, and without owning the person. This is not Slavery, though only one remove from it. This is the tyranny of the strong over the weak; the feudalism of money; stealing a man's work, and not his person. The merchants as a class are exposed to this very temptation. Sometimes it is yielded to. Some large fortunes have been made in this way. Let me mention some extreme cases; one from abroad, one near at home. In Belgium the average wages of men in manufactories is less than twenty-seven cents a day. The most skilful women in that calling can earn only twenty cents a day, and many very much less.\* In that country almost every seventh man receives charity from the public: the mortality of operatives, in some of the cities, is ten per cent. a year! Perhaps that is the worst case which you can find on a large scale, even in Europe. How much better off are many women in Boston who gain their bread by the needle? yes, a large class of women in all our great cities? The ministers of the poor can answer that; your police can tell of the direful crime to which necessity sometimes drives women whom honest labour cannot feed!

I know it will be said, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest; get work at the lowest wages." Still there is another view of the case, and I am speaking to men whose professed religion declares that all are brothers, and demands that the strong help the weak. Oppression of this sort is one fertile source of pauperism and crime. How much there is of it I know not, but I think men seldom cry unless they are hurt. When men are gathered together in large masses, as in the manufacturing towns, if there is any oppression of this sort, it is sure to get told of, especially in New England. But when a small number are employed, and they isolated from one another, the case is much harder. Perhaps no class of labourers in New England is worse treated than the hired help of small proprietors.

Then, too, there is a temptation to abuse their political

\* I gather these facts from a Review of Major Poussin's *Belgique et les Belges, depuis 1830*, in a foreign journal. The condition of the merchant manufacturer I know not.

power to the injury of the nation, to make laws which seem good for themselves, but are baneful to the people ; to control the churches, so that they shall not dare rebuke the actual sins of the nation, or the sins of trade, and so the churches be made apologizers for lowness, practising infidelity as their sacrament, but in the name of Christ and God. The ruling power in England once published a volume of sermons, as well as a book of prayers which the clergy were commanded to preach. What sort of a Gospel got recommended therein, you may easily guess ; and what is recommended by the class of merchants in New England, you may as easily hear.

But if their temptations are great, the opportunities of this class for doing good are greater still. Their power is more readily useful for good than ill, as all power is. In their calling they direct and control the machinery, the capital, and thereby the productive labour of the whole community. They can as easily direct that well as ill ; for the benefit of all, easier than to the injury of any one. They can discover new sources of wealth for themselves, and so for the nation ; they can set on foot new enterprises, which shall increase the comfort and welfare of man to a vast degree, and not only that, but enlarge also the number of men, for that always greatens in a nation, as the means of living are made easy. They can bind the rivers, teaching them to weave and spin. The introduction of manufactures into England, and the application of machinery to that purpose, I doubt not, has added some millions of new lives to her population in the present century—millions that otherwise would never have lived at all. The introduction of manufactures into the United States, the application of water-power and steam-power to human work, the construction of canals and railroads, has vastly increased the comforts of the living. It helps civilize, educate, and refine men ; yes, leads to an increase of the number of lives. There are men to whom the public owes a debt which no money could pay, for it is a debt of life. What adequate sum of gold, or what honours could mankind give to Columbus, to Faustus, to Fulton, for their works ? He that did the greatest service ever done to mankind got from his age a bad name, and a cross for

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his reward. There are men whom mankind are to thank for thousands of lives; yet men who hold no lofty niche in the temple of fame.

By their control of the Legislature the merchants can fashion more wisely the institutions of the land, promote the freedom of all, break off traditionary yokes, help forward the public education of the people by the establishment of public schools, public academies, and public colleges. They can frame particular statutes which help and encourage the humble and the weak, laws which prevent the causes of poverty and crime, which facilitate for the poor man the acquisition of property, enabling him to invest his earnings in the most profitable stocks,—laws which bless the living, and so increase the number of lives. They can thus help organize society after the Christian idea, and promote the kingdom of heaven. They can make our gaols institutions which really render their inmates better, and send them out whole men, safe and sound. We have seen them do this with lunatics, why not with those poor wretches whom now we murder? They too can found houses of cure for drunkards, and men yet more unfortunate, when released from our prisons.

By their control of the churches, and all our seminaries, public and private, they can encourage freedom of thought; can promote the public morals by urging the clergy to point out and rebuke the sins of the nation, of society, the actual sins of men now living; can encourage them to separate theology from mythology, religion from theology, and then apply that religion to the State, to society, and the individual; can urge them to preach both parts of religion—morality, the love of man, and piety, the love of God, setting off both by an appeal to that great soul who was Christianity in one person. In this way they have an opportunity of enlarging tenfold the practical value of the churches, and helping weed licentiousness, intemperance, want, and ignorance and sin, clean out of men's garden here. With their encouragement, the clergy would form a noble army contending for the welfare of men—the church militant, but preparing to be soon triumphant. Thus labouring, they can put an end to Slavery, abolish war, and turn all the nation's creative energies to production—their legitimate work.



Then they can promote the advance of science, of literature, of the arts—the useful and the beautiful. We see what their famed progenitors did in this way at Venice, Florence, Genoa. I know men say that art cannot thrive in a Republic. An opportunity is offered now to prove the falsehood of that speech, to adorn our strength with beauty. A great amount of creative, artistic talent is rising here, and seeks employment.

They can endow hospitals, colleges, normal schools, found libraries, and establish lectures for the welfare of all. He that has the wealth of a king may spend it like a king, not for ostentation, but for use. They can set before men examples of industry, economy, truth, justice, honesty, charity, of religion at her daily work of manliness in life—all this as no other men. Their charities need not stare you in the face; like violets, their fragrance may reach you before you see them. The bare mention of these things recalls the long list of benefactors, names familiar to you all—for there is one thing which this city was once more famous for than her enterprise, and that is her charity—the charity which flows in public;—the noiseless stream that shows itself only in the greener growth which marks its path.

Such are the position, temptations, opportunities of this class. What is their practical influence on Church and State—on the economy of mankind? what are they doing in the nation? I must judge them by the highest standard that I know, the standard of justice, of absolute religion, not out of my own caprice. Bear with me while I attempt to tell the truth which I have seen. If I see it not, pity me, and seek better instruction where you can find it. But if I see a needed truth, and for my own sake refuse to speak, bear with me no more. Bid me then repent. I am speaking of men, strong men too, and shall not spare the truth.

There is always a conservative element in society; yes, an element which resists the further application of Christianity to public affairs. Once the fighters and their children were uppermost, and represented that element. Then the merchants were reformatory, radical in collision with the nobles. They were "Whigs"—the nobles



were "Tories." The merchants formed themselves into companies, and got power from the crown to protect themselves against the nobles, whom the crown also feared. It is so in England now. The great revolution in the laws of trade lately effected there, was brought about by the merchants though opposed by the lords. The anti-corn law league was a trades' union of merchants contending against the owners of the soil. There the lord of land, and by birth, is slowly giving way to the lord of money, who is powerful by his knowledge or his wealth. There will always be such an element in society. Here I think it is represented by the merchants. They are backward in all reforms, excepting such as their own interest demands. Thus they are blind to the evils of Slavery, at least silent about them. How few commercial or political newspapers in the land ever seriously oppose this great national wickedness! Nay, how many of them favour its extension and preservation! A few years ago, in this very city, a mob of men, mainly from this class, it is said, insulted honest women peaceably met to consult for the welfare of Christian slaves in a Christian land—met to pray for them! A merchant of this city says publicly, that a large majority of his brethren would kidnap a fugitive slave in Boston; says it with no blush and without contradiction.\* It was men of this class who opposed the abolition of the slave-trade, and had it guaranteed them for twenty years after the formation of the Constitution; through their instigation that this foul blot was left to defile the republic and gather blackness from age to age; through their means that the nation stands before the world pledged to maintain it. They could end Slavery at once, at least could end the national connection with it, but it is through their support that it continues: that it acquires new strength, new boldness, new territory, darkens the nation's fame and hope, delays all other reformatations in Church and State and the mass of the people. Yes, it is through their influence that the chivalry, the wisdom, patriotism, eloquence,—yea, religion of the free States,—are all silent when the word Slavery is pronounced.

\* Subsequent events (in 1850 and 1851) show that he was right in his statement. What was thought calumny then has become history since, and is now the glory and boast of Boston.

The Senate of Massachusetts represents this more than any other class. But all last winter it could not say one word against the wickedness of this sin, allowed to live and grow greater in the land.\* Just before the last election something could be said! Do speech and silence mean the same thing?

This class opposed abolishing imprisonment for debt, thinking it endangered trade. They now oppose the progress of temperance and the abolition of the gallows. They see the evils of war; they cannot see its sin; will sustain men who help plunge the nation into its present disgraceful and cowardly conflict; will encourage foolish young men to go and fight in this wicked war. A great man said, or is reported to have said, that perhaps it is not an American habit to consider the natural justice of a war, but to count its cost! A terrible saying that! There is a Power which considers its justice, and will demand of us the blood we have wickedly poured out; blood of Americans, blood of the Mexicans! They favour indirect taxation, which is taxing the poor for the benefit of the rich; they continue to support the causes of poverty; as a class they are blind to this great evil of popular ignorance—the more terrible evils of licentiousness, drunkenness and crime! They can enrich themselves by demoralizing their brothers. I wish it was an American habit to count the cost of that. Some “fanatic” will consider its justice. If they see these evils they look not for their cause; at least strive not to remove that cause. They have long known that every year more money is paid in Boston for poison drink to be swallowed on the spot, a drink which does no man any good, which fills your

\* Mr. Robert J. Walker published a letter in favour of the annexation of Texas. In it he said: “Upon the refusal of re-annexation . . . . THE TARIFF AS A PRACTICAL MEASURE FALLS WHOLLY AND FOR EVER, and we shall thereafter be compelled to resort to direct taxes to support the Government.” Notwithstanding this foolish threat, a large number of citizens of Massachusetts remonstrated against annexation. The House of Representatives, by a large majority, passed a resolve declaring that Massachusetts “announces her uncompromising opposition to the further extension of American Slavery,” and “declares her earnest and unalterable purpose to use every lawful and constitutional measure for its overthrow and entire extinction,” etc. But the Senate voted that the resistance of the State was already sufficient! The passage in the text refers to these circumstances.

asylums with paupers, your gaols with criminals, and houses with unutterable misery in father, mother, wife and child,—more money every year than it would take to build your new aqueduct and bring abundance of water fresh to every house!\* If they have not known it, why it was their fault, for the fact was there crying to heaven against us all. As they are the most powerful class, the elder brothers—American nobles, if you will—it was their duty to look out for their weaker brother. No man has strength for himself alone. To use it for one's self alone, that is a sin. I do not think they are conscious of the evil they do, or the evils they allow. I speak not of motives, only of facts.

This class controls the State. The effects of that control appear in our legislation. I know there are some noble men in political life, who have gone there with the loftiest motives, men that ask only after what is right. I honour such men—honour them, all the more because they seem exceptions to a general rule; men far above the spirit of any class. I must speak of what commonly takes place. Our politics are chiefly mercantile, politics in which money is preferred, and man postponed. When the two come into collision, the man goes to the wall and the street is left clear for the dollars. A few years ago, in monarchical France, a report was made of the condition of the working population in the large manufacturing towns—a truthful report, but painful to read, for it told of strong men oppressing the weak.† I do not believe that such an undisguised statement of the good and ill could be tolerated in Democratic America; no, not of the condition of men in New England; and what would be thought of a book setting forth the condition of the labouring men and women of the South? I know very well what is thought of the few men who attempt to tell the truth on this subject. I think there is no nation in Europe, except Russia and Turkey, which cares so little for the class which reaps down its harvests and does the hard work. When you protect the rights of all, you protect also the property of each, and by that very act. To begin the other way is

\* It was then thought that the aqueduct would cost but \$2,000,000.

† I refer to the Report of M. Villerme, in the *Mémoires de l'Institut*, tom. lxxi.

quite contrary to nature. But our politicians cannot say too little for men, nor too much for money. Take the politicians most famous and honoured at this day, and what have they done? They have laboured for a tariff, or for free-trade; but what have they done for man?—nay, what have they attempted?—to restore natural rights to men notoriously deprived of them; progressively to elevate their material, moral, social condition? I think no one pretends it. Even in proclamations for thanksgiving and days of prayer, it is not the most needy we are bid remember. Public sins are not pointed out to be repented of. Slave-holding States shut up in their gaols our coloured seamen soon as they arrive in a Southern port. A few years ago, at a time of considerable excitement here on the Slavery question, a petition was sent from this place by some merchants and others, to one of our senators, praying Congress, to abate that evil. For a long time that senator could find no opportunity to present the petition. You know how much was said and what was done! Had the South demanded every tenth or twentieth bale of “domestics” coming from the North; had a petition relative to that grievance been sent to Congress, and a senator unreasonably delayed to present it, how much more would have been said and done; when he came back he would have been hustled out of Boston! When South Carolina and Louisiana sent home our messengers—driving them off with reproach, insult, and danger of their lives—little is said and nothing done. But if the barbarous natives of Sumatra interfere with our commerce, why, we send a ship and lay their towns in ruins, and murder the men and women! We all know that for some years Congress refused to receive petitions relative to Slavery; and we know how tamely that was borne by the class who commonly control political affairs! What if Congress had refused to receive petitions relative to a tariff, or free-trade, to the shipping interest, or the manufacturing interest? When the rights of men were concerned, three million men, only the “fanatics” complained. The political newspapers said, “Hush!”

The merchant-manufacturers want a protective tariff; the merchant-importers, free-trade; and so the national politics hinge upon that question. When Massachusetts

was a carrying State, she wanted free-trade ; now a manufacturing State, she desires protection. That is all natural enough ; men wish to protect their interests, whatsoever they may be. But no talk is made about protecting the labour of the rude man, who has no capital, nor skill, nothing but his natural force of muscles. The foreigner underbids him, monopolizing most of the brute labour of our large towns and internal improvements. There is no protection, no talk of protection for the carpenter or the bricklayer. I do not complain of that. I rejoice to see the poor wretches of the old world finding a home where our fathers found one before. Yet, if we cared for men more than for money, and were consistent with our principles of protection, why, we should exclude all foreign workmen, as well as their work, and so raise the wages of the native hands. That would doubtless be very foolish legislation—but perhaps not, on that account, very strange. I know we are told that without protection, our hand-worker, whose capital is his skill, cannot compete with the operative of Manchester and Brussels, because that operative is paid but little. I know not if it be true, or a mistake. But who ever told us such men could not compete with the slave of South Carolina who is paid nothing ? We have legislation to protect our own capital against foreign capital ; perhaps our own labour against the “ pauper of Europe ;” why not against the slave labour of the Southern States ? Because the controlling class prefers money and postpones man. Yet the slave-breeder is protected. He has, I think, the only real monopoly in the land. No importer can legally spoil his market, for the foreign slave is contraband. If I understand the matter, the importation of slaves was allowed, until such men as pleased could accumulate their stock. The reason why it was afterwards forbidden I think was chiefly a mercantile reason : the slave-breeder wanted a monopoly, for God knows and you know that it is no worse to steal grown men in Africa than to steal new born babies in Maryland, to have them born for the sake of stealing them. Free labour may be imported, for it helps the merchant-producer and the merchant-manufacturer. Slave labour is declared contraband, for the merchant slave-breeders want a monopoly.

This same preference of money over men appears in many special statutes. In most of our manufacturing companies the capital is divided into shares so large that a poor man cannot invest therein! This could easily be avoided. A man steals a candlestick out of a church, and goes to the State prison for a year and a day. Another quarrels with a man, maims him for life, and is sent to the common gaol for six months. A bounty is paid, or was until lately, on every gallon of intoxicating drink manufactured here and sent out of the country. If we begin with taking care of the rights of man, it seems easy to take care of the rights of labour and of capital. To begin the other way is quite another thing. A nation making laws for the nation is a noble sight. The government of all, by all, and for all, is a Democracy. When that government follows the eternal laws of God, it is founding what Christ called the kingdom of heaven. But the predominating class making laws not for the nation's good, but only for its own, is a sad spectacle; no reasoning can make it other than a sorry sight. To see able men prostituting their talents to such a work, that is one of the saddest sights! I know all other nations have set us the example, yet it is painful to see it followed, and here.

Our politics, being mainly controlled by this class, are chiefly mercantile, the politics of peddlers. So political management often becomes a trick. Hence we have many politicians, and raise a harvest of them every year, that crop never failing, party-men who can legislate for a class; but we have scarce one great statesman who can step before his class, beyond his age, and legislate for a whole nation, leading the people and giving us new ideas to incarnate in the multitude, his word becoming flesh. We have not planters, but trimmers! A great statesman never came of mercantile politics, only of politics considered as the national application of religion to life. Our political morals, you all know what they are, the morals of a huckster. This is no new thing; the same game was played long ago in Venice, Pisa, Florence, and the result is well known. A merely mercantile politician is very sharp-sighted, and perhaps far-sighted; but a dollar will cover the whole field of his vision, and he can never see through it. The number of slaves in the United States is



considerably greater than our whole population when we declared Independence, yet how much talk will a tariff make, or a public dinner: how little the welfare of three million men! Said I not truly, our most famous politicians are, in the general way, only mercantile party-men? Which of these men has shown the most interest in those three million slaves? The man who in the Senate of a Christian Republic valued them at twelve hundred million dollars! Shall respectable men say, "We do not care what sort of a Government the people have, so long as we get our dividends." Some say so; many men do not say that, but think so, and act accordingly! The Government, therefore, must be so arranged that they get their dividends.

This class of men buys up legislators, consciously or not, and pays them, for valued received. Yes, so great is its daring and its conscious power, that we have recently seen our most famous politician bought up, the stoutest understanding that one finds now extant in this whole nineteenth century, perhaps the ablest head since Napoleon. None can deny his greatness, his public services in times past, nor his awful power of intellect. I say we have seen him, a senator of the United States, pensioned by this class, or a portion thereof, and thereby put mainly in their hands! When a whole nation rises up and publicly throws its treasures at the feet of a great man who has stood forth manfully contending for the nation, and bids him take their honours and their gold as a poor pay for noble works, why that sight is beautiful, the multitude shouting hosanna to their King, and spreading their garments underneath his feet! Man is loyal, and such honours so paid, and to such, are doubly gracious; becoming alike to him that takes and those who give. Yes, when a single class, to whom some man has done a great service, goes openly and makes a memorial thereof in gold and honours paid to him, why that also is noble and beautiful. But when a single class, in a country where political doings are more public than elsewhere in the whole world, secretly buys up a man, in high place and world-famous, giving him a retaining fee for life, why the deed is one I do not wish to call by name! Could such men do this without a secret shame? I will never believe it of my country-

men.\* A gift blinds a wise man's eyes, perverts the words even of the righteous, stopping his mouth with gold so that he cannot reprove a wrong! But there is an absolute justice which is neither bought nor sold! I know other nations have done the same, and with like effect. "Fight with silver weapons," said the Delphic oracle, "and you'll conquer all." It has always been the craft of despots to buy up aspiring talent; some with a title, some with gold. Allegiance to the sovereign is the same thing on both sides of the water, whether the sovereign be an eagle or a guinea. Some American, it is said, wrote the Lord's Prayer on one side of a dime, and the Ten Commandments on the other. The Constitution and a considerable commentary might perhaps be written on the two sides of a dollar!

This class controls the Churches, as the State. Let me show the effect of that control. I am not to try men in a narrow way, by my own theological standard, but by the standard of manliness and Christianity. As a general rule, the clergy are on the side of power. All history proves this, our own most abundantly. The clergy also are unconsciously bought up, their speech paid for, or their silence. As a class, did they ever denounce a public sin? a popular sin? Perhaps they have. Do they do it now and here? Take Boston for the last ten years, and I think there has been more clerical preaching against the abolitionists than against Slavery; perhaps more preaching against the temperance movement than in its favour. With the exception of disbelieving the popular theology, your evangelical alliance knows no sin but "original sin," unless indeed it be "organic sins," which no one is to blame for; no sinner but Adam and the devil; no saving righteousness but the "imputed." I know there are exceptions, and I would go far to do them honour, pious men who lift up a warning—yes, bear Christian testimony against public sins. I am speaking of the mass of the clergy. Christ said the priests of His time had made a den of thieves out of God's house of prayer. Now they conform to the public sins, and apologize for popular crime. It is a good thing to forgive an offence: who does not need that favour and often? But to forgive the theory of crime, to have a

\* This was printed in 1846. In 1850, and since, these men have publicly gloried in a similar act even more atrocious.

theory which does that, is quite another thing. Large cities are alike the court and camp of the mercantile class, and what I have just said is more eminently true of the clergy in such towns. Let me give an example. Not long ago the Unitarian clergy published a protest against American Slavery. It was moderate, but firm and manly. Almost all the clergy in the country signed it. In the large towns few: they mainly young men and in the least considerable churches. The young men seemed not to understand their contract, for the essential part of an ecclesiastical contract is sometimes written between the lines and in sympathetic ink. Is a steamboat burned or lost on the waters, how many preach on that affliction! Yet how few preached against the war? A preacher may say he hates it as a man, no words could describe his loathing at it; but as a minister of Christ, he dares not say a word! What clergymen tell of the sins of Boston,—of intemperance, licentiousness; who of the ignorance of the people; who of them lays bare our public sin as Christ of old; who tells the causes of poverty, and thousand-handed crime; who aims to apply Christianity to business, to legislation, politics, to all the nation's life! Once the church was the bride of Christ, living by His creative, animating love; her children were apostles, prophets, men by the same spirit, variously inspired with power to heal, to help, to guide mankind. Now she seems the widow of Christ, poorly living on the dower of other times. Nay, the Christ is not dead, and it is her alimony, not her dower. Her children—no such heroic sons gather about her table as before. In her dotage she blindly shoves them off, not counting men as sons of Christ. Is her day gone by? The clergy answer the end they were bred for, paid for. Will they say, "We should lose our influence were we to tell of this and do these things?"\* It is not true. Their ancient influence is

\* Keble, in one of his poems, represents a mother seeing her sportive son "enacting holy rites," and thus describes her emotions:—

"She sees in heart an empty throne,  
And falling, falling far away,  
Him whom the Lord hath placed thereon:  
She hears the dread Proclaimer say,  
'Cast ye the lot, in trembling cast,  
The traitor to his place hath past,—  
Strive ye with prayer and fast to guide  
The dangerous glory where it shall abide.'"

already gone! Who asks, "What do the clergy think of the tariff, or free trade, of annexation, or the war, of Slavery, or the education movement?" Why, no man. It is sad to say these things. Would God they were not true. Look round you, and if you can, come tell me they are false.

We are not singular in this. In all lands the clergy favours the controlling class. Bossuet would make the monarchy swallow up all other institutions, as in history he sacrificed all nations to the Jews. In England the established clergy favours the nobility, the crown, not the people; opposes all freedom of trade, all freedom in religion, all generous education of the people; its gospel is the gospel for a class, not Christ's gospel for mankind. Here also the sovereign is the head of the church, it favours the prevailing power, represents the morality, the piety which chances to be popular, nor less nor more; the Christianity of the street, not of Christ.

Here trade takes the place of the army, navy, and court in other lands. That is well, but it takes also the place in great measure of science, art, and literature. So we become vulgar, and have little but trade to show. The rich man's son seldom devotes himself to literature, science, or art; only to getting more money, or to living in idleness on what he has inherited. When money is the end, what need to look for anything more? He degenerates into the class of consumers, and thinks it an honour. He is ashamed of his father's blood, proud of his gold. A good deal of scientific labour meets with no reward, but itself. In our country this falls almost wholly upon poor men. Literature, science, and art are mainly in their hands, yet are controlled by the prevalent spirit of the nation. Here and there an exceptional man differs from that, but the mass of writers conform. In England, the national literature favours the church, the crown, the nobility, the prevailing class. Another literature is rising, but is not yet national, still less canonized. We have no American literature which is permanent. Our scholarly books are only an imitation of a foreign type; they do not reflect our morals, manners, politics, or religion, not even our rivers, mountains, sky. They have not the smell of our ground in their breath. The real American literature is found

only in newspapers and speeches, perhaps in some novel, hot, passionate, but poor and extemporaneous. That is our national literature. Does that favour man—represent man? Certainly not. All is the reflection of this most powerful class. The truths that are told are for them, and the lies. Therein the prevailing sentiment is getting into the form of thought. Politics represent the morals of the controlling class, the morals and manners of rich Peter and David on a large scale. Look at that index, you would sometimes think you were not in the Senate of a great nation, but in a board of brokers, angry and higgling about stocks. Once, in the nation's loftiest hour, she rose inspired, and said: "All men are born equal, each with unalienable rights; that is self-evident." Now she repents her of the vision and the saying. It does not appear in her literature, nor church, nor state. Instead of that, through this controlling class, the nation says: "All dollars are equal, however got; each has unalienable rights. Let no man question that!" This appears in literature and legislation, Church and State. The morals of a nation, of its controlling class, always get summed up in its political action. That is the barometer of the moral weather. The voters are always fairly represented.

The wicked baron, bad of heart, and bloody of hand, has past off with the ages which gave birth to such a brood, but the bad merchant still lives. He cheats in his trade; sometimes against the law, commonly with it. His truth is never wholly true, nor his lie wholly false. He overreaches the ignorant; makes hard bargains with men in their trouble, for he knows that a falling man will catch at red-hot iron. He takes the pound of flesh, though that bring away all the life-blood with it. He loves private contracts, digging through walls in secret. No interest is illegal if he can get it. He cheats the nation with false invoices, and swears lies at the custom-house; will not pay his taxes, but moves out of town on the last of April.\* He oppresses the men who sail his ships, forcing

\* It is the custom in Massachusetts to tax men in the place where they reside, on the first day of May; as the taxes differ very much in different towns of the same State, it is easy for a man to escape the burden of taxation.

them to be temperate, only that he may consume the value of their drink. He provides for them unsuitable bread and meat. He would not engage in the African slave trade, for he might lose his ships, and perhaps more; but he is always ready to engage in the American slave trade, and calls you a "fanatic" if you tell him it is the worse of the two. He cares not whether he sells cotton or the man who wears it, if he only gets the money; cotton or negro, it is the same to him. He would not keep a drink-hole in Ann Street, only own and rent it. He will bring or make whole cargoes of the poison that deals "damnation round the land." He thinks it vulgar to carry rum about in a jug, respectable in a ship. He makes paupers, and leaves others to support them. Tell not him of the misery of the poor, he knows better; nor of our paltry way of dealing with public crime, he wants more gaols, and a speedier gallows. You see his character in letting his houses, his houses for the poor. He is a stone in the lame man's shoe. He is the poor man's devil. The Hebrew devil that so worried Job is gone; so is the brutal devil that awed our fathers. Nobody fears them; they vanish before cock-crowing. But this devil of the nineteenth century is still extant. He has gone into trade, and advertises in the papers; his name is "good" in the street. He "makes money;" the world is poorer by his wealth. He spends it as he made it, like a devil, on himself, his family alone, or, worse yet, for show. He can build a church out of his gains, to have his morality, his Christianity preached in it, and call that the gospel, as Aaron called a calf—God. He sends rum and missionaries to the same barbarians, the one to damn, the other to "save;" both for his own advantage, for his patron saint is Judas, the first saint who made money out of Christ. Ask not him to do a good deed in private, "men would not know it," and "the example would be lost;" so he never lets a dollar slip out between his thumb and finger without leaving his mark on both sides of it. He is not forecasting to discern effects in causes, nor skilful to create new wealth, only spry in the scramble for what others have made. It is easy to make a bargain with him, hard to settle. In politics he wants a Government that will insure his dividends; so asks what is good for him, but ill for the rest.



He knows no right, only power ; no man but self ; no God but his calf of gold.

What effect has he on young men ? They had better touch poison. If he takes you to his heart, he takes you in. What influence on society ? To taint and corrupt it all round. He contaminates trade ; corrupts politics, making abusive laws, not asking for justice, but only dividends. To the church he is the antichrist. Yes, the very devil, and frightens the poor minister into shameful silence, or, more shameless yet, into an apology for crime ; makes him pardon the theory of crime ! Let us look on that monster—look and pass by, not without prayer.

The good merchant tells the truth, and thrives by that ; is upright and downright ; his word good as his Bible oath. He pays for all he takes ; though never so rich he owns no wicked dollar ; all is openly, honestly, manfully earned, and a full equivalent paid for it. He owns money and is worth a man. He is just in business with the strong ; charitable in dealing with the weak. His counting-room or his shop is the sanctuary of fairness, justice, a school of uprightness as well as thrift. Industry and honour go hand in hand with him. He gets rich by industry and forecast, not by slight of hand and shuffling his cards to another's loss. No men become the poorer because he is rich. He would sooner hurt himself than wrong another, for he is a man, not a fox. He entraps no man with lies, active or passive. His honesty is better capital than a sharper's cunning. Yet he makes no more talk about justice and honesty than the sun talks of light and heat ; they do their own talking. His profession of religion is all practice. He knows that a good man is just as near heaven in his shop as in his church, at work as at prayer ; so he makes all work sacramental : he communes with God and man in buying and selling—communion in both kinds. He consecrates his week-day and his work. Christianity appears more divine in this man's deed than in the holiest words of apostle or saint. He treats every man as he wishes all to treat him, and thinks no more of that than of carrying one for every ten. It is the rule of his arithmetic. You know this man is a saint, not by his creed, but by the letting of his houses, his treatment of all that depend on him. He is a father to defend the weak, not a pirate to

rob them. He looks out for the welfare of all that he employs; if they are his help he is theirs, and as he is the strongest so the greater help. His private prayer appears in his public work, for in his devotion he does not apologize for his sin, but asking to outgrow that, challenges himself to new worship and more piety. He sets on foot new enterprises which develop the nation's wealth and help others while they help him. He wants laws that take care of man's rights, knowing that then he can take care of himself and of his own, but hurt no man by so doing. He asks laws for the weak, not against them. He would not take vengeance on the wicked, but correct them. His justice tastes of charity. He tries to remove the causes of poverty, licentiousness, of all crime, and thinks that is alike the duty of Church and State. Ask not him to make a statesman a party-man, or the churches an apology for his lowness. He knows better; he calls that infidelity. He helps the weak help themselves. He is a moral educator, a church of Christ gone into business, a saint in trade. The Catholic saint who stood on a pillar's top, or shut himself into a den and fed on grass, is gone to his place—that Christian Nebuchadnezzar. He got fame in his day. No man honours him now; nobody even imitates him. But the saint of the nineteenth century is the good merchant; he is wisdom for the foolish, strength for the weak, warning to the wicked, and a blessing to all. Build him a shrine in bank and church, in the market and the exchange, or build it not, no saint stands higher than this saint of trade. There are such men, rich and poor, young and old; such men in Boston. I have known more than one such, and far greater and better than I have told of, for I purposely under-colour this poor sketch. They need no word of mine for encouragement or sympathy. Have they not Christ and God to aid and bless them? Would that some word of mine might stir the heart of others to be such; your hearts, young men. They rise there clean amid the dust of commerce and the mechanic's busy life, and stand there like great square pyramids in the desert amongst the Arabians' shifting tents. Look at them, ye young men, and be healed of your folly. It is not the calling which corrupts the man, but the men the calling. The most experienced will tell you so. I know

it demands manliness to make a man, but God sent you here to do that work.

The duty of this class is quite plain. They control the wealth, the physical strength, the intellectual vigour of the nation. They now display an energy new and startling. No ocean is safe from their canvas; they fill the valleys; they level the hills; they chain the rivers; they urge the willing soil to double harvests. Nature opens all her stores to them; like the fabled dust of Egypt, her fertile bosom teems with new wonders, new forces to toil for man. No race of men in times of peace ever displayed so manly an enterprise, an energy so vigorous as this class here in America. Nothing seems impossible to them. The instinct of production was never so strong and creative before. They are proving that peace can stimulate more than war.

Would that my words could reach all of this class. Think not I love to speak hard words, and so often; say not that I am setting the poor against the rich. It is no such thing. I am trying to set the strong in favour of the weak. I speak for man. Are you not all brothers, rich or poor? I am here to gratify no vulgar ambition, but in religion's name to tell their duty to the most powerful class in all this land. I must speak the truth I know, though I may recoil with trembling at the words I speak; yes, though their flame should scorch my own lips. Some of the evils I complain of are your misfortune, not your fault. Perhaps the best hearts in the land, no less than the ablest heads, are yours. If the evils be done unconsciously, then it will be greatness to be higher than society, and with your good overcome its evil. All men see your energy, your honour, your disciplined intellect. Let them see your goodness, justice, Christianity. The age demands of you a development of religion proportionate with the vigour of your mind and arms. Trade is silently making a wonderful revolution. We live in the midst of it, and therefore see it not. All property has become moveable, and therefore power departs from the family of the first-born, and comes to the family of mankind. God only controls this revolution, but you can help it forward, or retard it. The freedom of labour, and the freedom of trade, will work wonders little dreamed of yet; one is now uniting all men

of the same nation; the other, some day, will weave all tribes together into one mighty family. Then who shall dare break its peace? I cannot now stop to tell half the proud achievements I foresee resulting from the fierce energy that animates your yet unconscious hearts. Men live faster than ever before. Life, like money, like mechanical power, is getting intensified and condensed. The application of science to the arts, the use of wind, water, steam, electricity, for human works, is a wonderful fact, far greater than the fables of old time. The modern Cadmus has yoked fire and water in an iron bond. The new Prometheus sends the fire of heaven from town to town to run his errands. We talk by lightning. Even now these new achievements have greatly multiplied the powers of men. They belong to no class; like air and water, they are the property of mankind. It is for you, who own the machinery of society, to see that no class appropriates to itself what God meant for all. Remember, it is as easy to tyrannize by machinery as by armies, and as wicked; that it is greater now to bless mankind thereby, than it was of old to conquer new realms. Let men not curse you, as the old nobility, and shake you off, smeared with blood and dust. Turn your power to goodness, its natural transfiguration, and men shall bless your name, and God bless your soul. If you control the nation's politics, then it is your duty to legislate for the nation,—for man. You may develop the great national idea, the equality of all men; may frame a government which shall secure man's unalienable rights. It is for you to organize the rights of man, thus balancing into harmony the man and the many, to organize the rights of the hand, the head, and the heart. If this be not done, the fault is yours. If the nation play the tyrant over her weakest child, if she plunder and rob the feeble Indian, the feebler Mexican, the Negro, feebler yet, why the blame is yours. Remember there is a God who deals justly with strong and weak. The poor and the weak have loitered behind in the march of man; our cities yet swarm with men half-savage. It is for you, ye elder brothers, to lead forth the weak and poor! If you do the national duty that devolves on you, then are you the saviours of your country, and shall bless not that alone, but all the thousand million sons of men. Toil,

then, for that. If the Church is in your hands, then make it preach the Christian truth. Let it help the free development of religion in the self-consciousness of man, with Jesus for its pattern. It is for you to watch over this work, promote it, not retard. Help build the American Church. The Roman Church has been, we know what it was, and what men it bore; the English Church yet stands, we know what it is. But the Church of America—which shall represent American vigour aspiring to realize the ideas of Christianity, of absolute religion,—that is not yet. No man has come with pious genius fit to conceive its litany, to chant its mighty creed, and sing its beauteous psalm. The church of America, the church of freedom, of absolute religion, the church of mankind, where Truth, Goodness, Piety, form one trinity of beauty, strength, and grace—when shall it come? Soon as we will. It is yours to help it come.

For these great works you may labour; yes, you are labouring, when you help forward justice, industry, when you promote the education of the people; when you practise, public and private, the virtues of a Christian man; when you hinder these seemingly little things, you hinder also the great. You are the nation's head, and if the head be wilful and wicked, what shall its members do and be? To this class let me say: Remember your position at the head of the nation; use it not as pirates, but Americans, Christians, men. Remember your temptations, and be warned in time. Remember your opportunities—such as no men ever had before. God and man alike call on you to do your duty. Elevate your calling still more; let its nobleness appear in you. Scorn a mean thing. Give the world more than you take. You are to serve the nation, not it you; to build the church, not to make it a den of thieves, nor allow it to apologize for your crime, or sloth. Try this experiment and see what comes of it. In all things govern yourselves by the eternal law of right. You shall build up not a military despotism, nor a mercantile oligarchy, but a State, where the government is of all, by all, and for all; you shall found not a feudal theocracy, nor a beggarly sect, but the church of mankind; and that Christ, which is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, will dwell in it, to guide, to warn, to inspire, and to bless all men.

And you, my brothers, what shall you become? Not knaves, higgling rather than earn; not tyrants, to be feared whilst living, and buried at last amid popular hate; but men, who thrive best by justice, reason, conscience, and have now the blessedness of just men making themselves perfect.



## II.

A SERMON OF THE PERISHING CLASSES IN BOSTON.  
PREACHED AT THE MELODEON, ON SUNDAY,  
AUGUST 30, 1846.

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"It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."—MATTHEW xviii. 14.

THERE are two classes of men who are weak and little : one is little by nature, consisting of such as are born with feeble powers, not strongly capable of self-help ; the other is little by position, comprising men that are permanently poor and ignorant. When Jesus said, "It is not God's will that one of these little ones should perish," I take it He included both these classes—men little by nature, and men little by position. Furthermore, I take it He said what is true, that it is not God's will one of these little ones should perish. Now, a man may be said to perish when he is ruined, or even when he fails to attain the degree of manhood he might attain under the average circumstances of this present age, and these present men. In a society like ours, and that of all nations at this time, as hitherto, with such a history, a history of blood and violence, cunning and fraud ; resting on such a basis—a basis of selfishness ; a society wherein there is a preference of the mighty, and a postponement of the righteous, where power is worshipped and justice little honoured, though much talked of, it comes to pass that a great many little ones from both these classes actually perish. If Jesus spoke the truth, then they perish contrary to the will of God, and, of course, by some other will adverse to the will of God. In a society where the natural laws of the body are constantly

violated, where many men are obliged by circumstances to violate them, it follows unavoidably that many are born little by nature, and they transmit their feebleness to their issue. The other class, men little by position, are often so hedged about with difficulties, so neglected, that they cannot change their condition; they bequeath also their littleness to their children. Thus the number of little ones enlarges with the increase of society. This class becomes perpetual; a class of men mainly abandoned by the Christians.

In all forms of social life hitherto devised these classes have appeared, and it has been a serious question, What shall be done with them? Seldom has it been the question, What shall be done for them? In olden time the Spartans took children born with a weak or imperfect body, children who would probably be a hinderance to the nation, and threw them into a desert place to be devoured by the wild beasts, and so settled that question. At this day, the Chinese, I am told, expose such children in the streets, and beside the rivers, to the humanity of passers by; and not only such, but sound, healthy children, none the less, who, though strong by nature, are born into a weak position. Many of them are left to die, especially the boys. But some are saved, those mainly girls. I will not say they are saved by the humanity of wealthier men. They become slaves, devoted by their masters to a most base and infamous purpose. With the exception of criminals, these abandoned daughters of the poor form, it is said, the only class of slaves in that great country.

Neither the Chinese nor the Spartan method is manly or human. It does with the little ones, not for them. It does away with them, and that is all. I will not decide which is the worst of the two modes, the Chinese or the Spartan. We are accustomed to call both these nations heathen, and take it for granted they do not know it is God's will that not one of these little ones should perish. Be that as it may, we do not call ourselves heathen; we pretend to know the will of God in this particular. Let us look, therefore, and see how we have disposed of the little ones in Boston, what we are doing for them or with them.

Let me begin with neglected and abandoned children.

We all know how large and beautiful a provision is made for the public education of the people. About a fourth part of the city taxes are for the public schools. Yet one not familiar with this place is astonished at the number of idle, vagrant boys and girls, in the streets. It appears from the late census of Boston, that there are 4948 children between four and fifteen who attend no school. I am not speaking of truants, occasional absentees, but of children whose names are not registered at school, permanent absentees. If we allow that 1948 of these are kept in some sort of restraint by their parents, and have, or have had, some little pains taken with their culture at home; that they are feeble, and do not begin to attend school so early as most; or that they are precocious, and complete their studies before fifteen; or for some other good reason are taken from school, and put to some useful business, there still remain 3000 children who never attend any school, turned loose into your streets! Suppose there is some error in the counting, that the number is overstated one-third, still there are left 2000 young vagrants in the streets of Boston!

What will be the fate of these 2000 children? Some men are superior to circumstances; so well born they defy ill breeding. There may be children so excellent and strong they cannot be spoiled. Surely there are some who will learn with no school; boys of vast genius, whom you cannot keep from learning. Others there are of wonderful moral gifts, whom no circumstances can make vulgar; they will live in the midst of corruption and keep clean through the innate refinement of a wondrous soul. Out of these 2000 children there may be two of this sort; it were foolish to look for more than one in a thousand. The 1997 depend mainly on circumstances to help them; yes, to make their character. Send them to school and they will learn. Give them good precepts, good examples, they will also become good. Give them bad precepts, bad examples, and they become wicked. Send them half-clad and uncared for into your streets, and they grow up hungry savages, greedy for crime.

What have these abandoned children to help them? Nothing, literally nothing! They are idle, though their bodies crave activity. They are poor, ill-clad, and ill-fed.

There is nothing about them to foster self-respect; nothing to call forth their conscience, to awaken and cultivate their sense of religion. They find themselves beggars in the wealth of a city; idlers in the midst of its work. Yes, savages in the midst of civilization. Their consciousness is that of an outcast, one abandoned and forsaken of men. In cities, life is intense amongst all classes. So the passions and appetites of such children are strong and violent. Their taste is low; their wants clamorous. Are religion and conscience there to abate the fever of passion and regulate desire? The moral class and the cultivated shun these poor wretches, or look on with stupid wonder. Our rule is that the whole need the physician, not the sick. They are left almost entirely to herd and consort with the basest of men; they are exposed early and late to the worst influences, and their only comrades are men whom the children of the rich are taught to shun as the pestilence. To be poor is hard enough in the country, where artificial wants are few, and those easily met, where all classes are humbly clad, and none fare sumptuously every day. But to be poor in the city, where a hundred artificial desires daily claim satisfaction, and where, too, it is difficult for the poor to satisfy the natural and unavoidable wants of food and raiment; to be hungry, ragged, dirty, amid luxury, wantonness and refinement; to be miserable in the midst of abundance, that is hard beyond all power of speech. Look, I will not say at the squalid dress of these children, as you see them prowling about the markets and wharves, or contending in the dirty lanes and by-places into which the pride of Boston has elbowed so much of her misery; look at their faces! Haggard as they are, meagre and pale and wan, want is not the worst thing written there, but cunning, fraud, violence and obscenity, and, worst of all, fear!

Amid all the science and refined culture of the nineteenth century, these children learn little; little that is good, much that is bad. In the intense life around them, they unavoidably become vicious, obscene, deceitful, and violent. They will lie, steal, be drunk. How can it be otherwise?

If you could know the life of one of those poor lepers of Boston, you would wonder and weep. Let me take one of them at random out of the mass. He was born, unwel-

come, amid wretchedness and want. His coming increased both. Miserably he struggles through his infancy, less tended than the lion's whelp. He becomes a boy. He is covered only with rags, and those squalid with long accumulated filth. He wanders about your streets, too low even to seek employment, now snatching from a gutter half-rotten fruit which the owner flings away. He is ignorant; he has never entered a school-house; to him even the alphabet is a mystery. He is young in years, yet old in misery. There is no hope in his face. He herds with others like himself,—low, ragged, hungry, and idle. If misery loves company, he finds that satisfaction. Follow him to his home at night; he herds in a cellar; in the same sty with father, mother, brothers, sisters, and perhaps yet other families of like degree. What served him for dress by day, is his only bed by night.

Well, this boy steals some trifle, a biscuit, a bit of rope, or a knife from a shop-window; he is seized and carried to gaol. The day comes for trial. He is marched through the streets in handcuffs, the companion of drunkards and thieves, thus deadening the little self-respect which Nature left even in an outcast's bosom. He sits there chained like a beast; a boy in irons! the sport and mockery of men vulgar as the common sewer. His trial comes. Of course he is convicted. The show of his countenance is witness against him. His rags and dirt, his ignorance, his vagrant habits, his idleness, all testify against him. That face so young, and yet so impudent, so sly, so writ all over with embryo villany, is evidence enough. The jury are soon convinced, for they see his temptations in his look, and surely know that in such a condition men will steal: yes, they themselves would steal. The judge represents the law, and that practically regards it a crime even for a boy to be weak and poor. Much of our common law, it seems to me, is based on might, not right. So he is hurried off to gaol at a tender age, and made legally the companion of felons. Now the State has him wholly in her power; by that rough adoption, has made him her own child, and sealed the indenture with the gaoler's key. His handcuffs are the symbol of his sonship to the State. She shuts him in her College for the Little. What does that teach him; science, letters,—even morals and religion? Little enough



of this, even in Boston, and in most counties of Massachusetts, I think nothing at all, not even a trade which he can practise when his term expires! I have been told a story, and I wish it might be falsely told, of a boy, in this city, of sixteen, sent to the house of correction for five years because he stole a bunch of keys, and coming out of that gaol at twenty-one, unable to write, or read, or calculate, and with no trade but that of picking oakum. Yet he had been five years the child of the State, and in that College for the Poor! Who would employ such a youth; with such a reputation; with the smell of the gaol in his very breath? Not your shrewd men of business, they know the risk; not your respectable men, members of churches and all that; not they! Why it would hurt a man's reputation for piety to do good in that way. Besides the risk is great, and it argues a great deal more Christianity than it is popular to have, for a respectable man to employ such a youth. He is forced back into crime again. I say, forced, for honest men will not employ him when the State shoves him out of the gaol. Soon you will have him in the court again, to be punished more severely. Then he goes to the State Prison, and then again, and again, till death mercifully ends his career!

Who is to blame for all that? I will ask the best man among the best of you, what he would have become, if thus abandoned, turned out in childhood, and with no culture, into the streets, to herd with the wickedest of men! Somebody says, there are "organic sins" in society which nobody is to blame for. But by this sin organized in society, these vagrant children are training up to become thieves, pirates, and murderers. I cannot blame them. But there is a terrible blame somewhere, for it is not the will of God that one of these little ones should perish. Who is it that organizes the sin of society?

Let us next look at the parents of these vagrants, at the adult poor. It is not easy or needed for this purpose, to define very nicely the limits of a class, and tell where the rich end, and the poor begin. However, men may, in reference to this matter, be divided into three classes. The first acts on society mainly by their capital; the second mainly by their skill, mental and manual, by educated



labour; and the third by their muscles, by brute force with little or no skill, uneducated labour. The poor, I take it, come mainly from this latter class. Education of head or hand, a profession or a trade, is wealth in possibility; yes, wealth in prospect, wealth in its process of accumulation, for wealth itself is only accumulated labour, as learning is accumulated thought. Most of our rich men have come out of this class which acts by its skill, and their children in a few years will return to it. I am not now to speak of men transiently poor, who mend their condition as the hours go by, who may gain enough, and perhaps become rich; but of men permanently poor, whom one year finds wanting, and the next leaves no better off; men that live, as we say, from hand to mouth, but whose hand and mouth are often empty. Even here in Boston, there is little of the justice that removes causes of poverty, though so much of the charity which alleviates its effects. Those men live, if you can call it life, crowded together more densely, I am told, than in Naples or Paris, in London or Liverpool. Boston has its ghetto, not for the Jews as at Prague and at Rome, but for brother Christians. In the quarters inhabited mainly by the poor, you find a filthiness and squalor which would astonish a stranger. The want of comfort, of air, of water, is terrible. Cold is a stern foe in our winters, but in these places I am told that men suffer more from want of water in summer, than want of fire in winter.\* If your bills of mortality were made out so as to show the deaths in each ward of the city, I think all would be astonished at the results. Disease and death are the result of causes, causes too that may for a long time be avoided, and in the more favoured classes are avoided. It is not God's will that the rich be spared and the poor die. Yet the greatest mortality is always among the poor. Out of each hundred Catholics who died in Boston, from 1833 to 1838, more than sixty-one were less than five years of age. The result for the last six years is no better. Of one hundred children born amongst them, only thirty-eight live five years; only eleven become fifty! Gray-haired Irishmen we seldom see. Yet they are not worse off than others equally poor, only we

\* This evil is now happily removed, and all men rejoice in a cheap and abundant supply of pure water.

can more distinctly get at the facts. In the war with disease which mankind is waging, the poor stand in front of the fire, and are mowed down without pity!

Of late years, in Boston, there has been a gradual increase in the mortality of children.\* I think we shall find the increase only among the children of the poor. Of course it depends on causes which may be removed, at least modified, for the average life of mankind is on the increase. I am told, I know not if the authority be good, that mortality among the poor is greater in Boston than in any city of Europe.

Of old times the rich man rode into battle, shirted with mail, covered and shielded with iron from head to foot. Arrows glanced from him as from a stone. He came home unhurt and covered with "glory." But the poor, in his leathern jerkin or his linen frock, confronted the war, where every weapon tore his unprotected flesh. In the modern, perennial battle with disease, the same thing takes place; the poor fall and die.

The destruction of the poor is their poverty. They are ignorant, not from choice but necessity. They cannot, therefore, look round and see the best way of doing things, of saving their strength, and sparing their means. They can have little of what we call thrift, the brain in the hand for which our people are so remarkable. Some of them are also little by nature, ill-born; others well born enough, were abandoned in childhood, and have not since been able to make up the arrears of a neglected youth. They are to fight the great battle of life, for battle it is to them, with feeble arms. Look at the houses they live in, without comfort or convenience, without sun, or air, or water; damp, cold, filthy, and crowded to excess. In one section of the city there are thirty-seven persons on an average in each house.

Consider the rents paid by this class of our brothers. It is they who pay the highest rate for their dwellings. The worth of the house is often little more than nothing, the ground it covers making the only value. I am told that twelve or fifteen per cent. a year on a large valuation is quite commonly paid, and over thirty per cent. on the

\* See the valuable tables and remarks, by Mr. Shattuck, in his *Census of Boston*, pp. 136—177.

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actual value, is not a strange thing. I wish this might not prove true.

But the misery of the poor does not end with their wretched houses and exorbitant rent. Having neither capital nor store-room, they must purchase articles of daily need in the smallest quantities. They buy, therefore, at the greatest disadvantage, and yet at the dearest rates. I am told it is not a rare thing for them to buy inferior qualities of flour at six cents a pound, or \$11.88 a barrel, while another man buys a month's supply at a time for \$4 or \$5 a barrel. This may be an extreme case, but I know that in some places in this city, an inferior article is now retailed to them at \$7.92 the barrel. So it is with all kinds of food; they are bought in the smallest quantities, and at a rate which a rich man would think ruinous. Is not the poor man, too, most often cheated in the weight and the measure? So it is whispered. "He has no friends," says the sharper; "others have broken him to fragments, I will grind him to powder!" And the grinding comes.

Such being the case, the poor man finds it difficult to get a cent beforehand. I know rich men tell us that capital is at the mercy of labour. That may be prophecy; it is not history; not fact. Uneducated labour, brute force without skill, is wholly at the mercy of capital. The capitalist can control the market for labour, which is all the poor man has to part with. The poor cannot combine as the rich. True, a mistake is sometimes made, and the demand for labour is greater than the supply, and the poor man's wages are increased. This result was doubtless God's design, but was it man's intention? The condition of the poor has hitherto been bettered, not so much by the design of the strong, as by God making their wrath and cupidity serve the weak.

Under such circumstances, what marvel that the poor man becomes unthrifty, reckless and desperate? I know how common it is to complain of the extravagance of the poor. Often there is reason for the complaint. It is a wrong thing, and immoral, for a man with a dependent family to spend all his earnings, if it be possible to live with less. I think many young men are much to be blamed, for squandering all their wages to please a dainty palate, or to dress as fine as a richer man, making only the heart of their

tailor foolishly glad. Such men may not be poor now, but destine themselves to be the fathers of poor children. After making due allowance, it must be confessed that much of the recklessness of the poor comes unavoidably from their circumstances; from their despair of ever being comfortable, except for a moment at a time. Every one knows that unmerited wealth tempts a man to squander, while few men know, what is just as true, that hopeless poverty does the same thing. As the tortured Indian will sleep, if his tormentor pause but a moment, so the poor man, grown reckless and desperate, forgets the future storms, and wastes in revel the solitary gleam of sunlight which falls on him. It is nature speaking through his soul.

Now consider the moral temptations before such men. Here is wealth, food, clothing, comfort, luxury, gold, the great enchanter of this age, and but a plank betwixt it and them. Nay, they are shut from it only by a pane of glass, thin as popular justice, and scarcely less brittle! They feel the natural wants of man; the artificial wants of men in cities. They are indignant at their social position, thrust into the mews and the kennels of the land. They think some one is to blame for it. A man in New England does not believe it God's will he should toil for ever, stinting and sparing only to starve the more slowly to death, overloaded with work, with no breathing time but the blessed Sunday. They see others doing nothing, idle as Solomon's lilies, yet wasting the unearned bread God made to feed the children of the poor. They see crowds of idle women elegantly clad, a show of loveliness, a rainbow in the streets, and think of the rag which does not hide their daughter's shame. They hear of thousands of baskets of costly wine imported in a single ship, not brought to recruit the feeble, but to poison the palate of the strong. They begin to ask if wealthy men and wise men have not forgotten their brothers, in thinking of their own pleasure! It is not the poor alone who ask that. In the midst of all this, what wonder is it if they feel desirous of revenge; what wonder that stores and houses are broken into, and stables set on fire! Such is the natural effect of misery like that; it is but the voice of our brother's blood crying to God against us all. I wonder not that it cries in robbery and fire. The gaol and the gallows will not still that

voice, nor silence the answer. I wonder at the fewness of crimes, not their multitude. I must say that, if goodness and piety did not bear a greater proportion to the whole development of the poor than the rich, their crimes would be tenfold. The nation sets the poor an example of fraud, by making them pay highest on all local taxes; of theft, by levying the national revenue on persons, not property. Our navy and army set them the lesson of violence; and, to complete their schooling, at this very moment we are robbing another people of cities and lands, stealing, burning, and murdering, for lust of power and gold. Everybody knows that the political action of a nation is the mightiest educational influence in that nation. But such is the doctrine the State preaches to them, a constant lesson of fraud, theft, violence, and crime. The literature of the nation mocks at the poor, laughing in the popular journals at the poor man's inevitable crime. Our trade deals with the poor as tools, not men. What wonder they feel wronged! Some city missionary may dawdle the matter as he will; tell them it is God's will they should be dirty and ignorant, hungry, cold and naked. Now and then a poor woman, starving with cold and hunger, may think it true. But the poor know better; ignorant as they are, they know better. Great Nature speaks when you and I are still. They feel neglected, wronged, and oppressed. What hinders them from following the example set by the nation, by society, by the strong? Their inertness, their cowardice, and, what does not always restrain abler men, their fear of God! With cultivated men, the intellect is often developed at the expense of conscience and religion. With the poor this is more seldom the case.

The misfortunes of the poor do not end here. To make their degradation total, their name infamous, we have shut them out of our churches. Once in our Puritan meeting-houses, there were "body seats" for the poor; for a long time free galleries, where men sat and were not ashamed. Now it is not so. A Christian society about to build a church, and having \$50,000, does not spend \$40,000 for that, making it a church for all, and keep \$10,000 as a fund for the poor. No; it borrows \$30,000 more, and then shuts the poor out of its bankrupt aisles. A high tower, or a fine-toned bell, yes, marble and mahogany, are thought



better than the presence of these little ones whom God wills not to perish. I have heard ministers boast of the great men, and famous, who sat under their preaching; never one who boasted that the poor came into his church, and were fed, body and soul! You go to our churches—the poor are not in them. They are idling and lounging away their day of rest, like the horse and the ox. Alas me, that the apostles, that the Christ himself could not worship in our churches, till he sold his garment and bought a pew! Many of our houses of public worship would be well named, “Churches for the affluent.” Yet religion is more to the poor man than to the rich. What wonder, then, if the poor lose self-respect, when driven from the only churches where it is thought respectable to pray!

This class of men are perishing; yes, perishing in the nineteenth century; perishing in Boston, wealthy, charitable Boston; perishing soul and body, contrary to God’s will; and perishing all the worse because they die slow, and corrupt by inches. As things now are, their mortality is hardly a curse. The Methodists are right in telling them this world is a valley of tears; it is almost wholly so to them; and Heaven a long June day, full of rest and plenty. To die is their only gain; their only hope. Think of that, you who murmur because money is “tight,” because your investment gives only twenty per cent. a year, or because you are taxed for half your property, meaning to move off next season; think of that, you who complain because the Democrats are in power to-day, and you who tremble lest the Whigs shall be in ’49; think of that, you who were never hungry, nor athirst; who are sick, because you have nothing else to do, and grumble against God, from mere emptiness of soul, and for amusement’s sake; think of men, who, if wise, do not dare to raise the human prayer for life, but for death, as the only gain, the only hope, and you will give over your complaint, your hands stopping your mouth.

What shall become of the children of such men? They stand in the fore-front of the battle, all unprotected as they are; a people scattered and peeled, only a miserable remnant reaches the age of ten! Look about your streets, and see what does become of such as live, vagrant and idle boys. Ask the police, the constables, the gaols; they shall



tell you what becomes of the sons. Will a white lily grow in a common sewer; can you bleach linen in a tan-pit? Yes, as soon as you can rear a virtuous population, under such circumstances. Go to any State Prison in the land, and you shall find that seven-eighths of the convicts came from this class, brought there by crimes over which they had no control; crimes which would have made you and me thieves and pirates. The characters of such men are made for them, far more than by them. There is no more vice, perhaps, born into that class; they have no more "inherited sin" than any other class in the land; all the difference, then, between the morals and manners of rich and poor, is the result of education and circumstances.

The fate of the daughters of the poor is yet worse. Many of them are doomed to destruction by the lust of men, their natural guardians and protectors. Think of an able, "respectable" man, comfortable, educated, and "Christian," helping debase a woman, degrade her in his eyes, her eyes, the eyes of the world! Why, it is bad enough to enslave a man, but thus to enslave a woman—I have no words to speak of that. The crime and sin, foul, polluting and debasing all it touches, has come here to curse man and woman, the married and the single, and the babe unborn! It seems to me as if I saw the genius of this city stand before God, lifting his hands in agony to heaven, crying for mercy on woman, insulted and trodden down, for vengeance on man, who treads her thus infamously into the dust. The vengeance comes, not the mercy. Misery in woman is the strongest inducement to crime. Where self-respect is not fostered; where severe toil hardly holds her soul and body together amid the temptations of a city, and its heated life, it is no marvel to me that this sin should slay its victims, finding woman an easy prey.

Let me follow the children of the poor a step further—I mean to the gaol. Few men seem aware of the frightful extent of crime amongst us, and the extent of the remedy, more awful yet. In less than one year, namely, from the 9th of June, 1845, to the 2nd of June, 1846, there were committed to your House of Correction, in this city, 1228 persons, a little more than one out of every fifty-six in the whole population that is more than ten years old. Of these 377 were women; 851 men. Five were sentenced for an

indefinite period, and forty-seven for an additional period of solitary imprisonment. In what follows I make no account of that. But the whole remaining period of their sentences amounts to more than 544 years, or 198,568 days. In addition to this, in the year ending with June 9, 1846, we sent from Boston to the State Prison, thirty-five more, and for a period of 18,595 days, of which 205 were solitary. Thus it appears that the illegal and convicted crime of Boston, in one year, was punished by imprisonment for 217,163 days. Now as Boston contains but 114,366 persons of all ages, and only 69,112 that are over ten years of age, it follows that the imprisonment of citizens of Boston for crime in one year, amounts to more than one day and twenty-one hours, for each man, woman, and child, or to more than three days and three hours, for each one over ten years of age. This seems beyond belief, yet in making the estimate, I have not included the time spent in gaol before sentence; I have left out the solitary imprisonment in the House of Correction; I have said nothing of the 169 children, sentenced for crime to the House of Reformation in the same period.

What is the effect of this punishment on society at large? I will not now attempt to answer that question. What is it on the criminals themselves? Let the gaol-books answer. Of the whole number, 202 were sentenced for the second time; 131 for the third; 101 for the fourth; 38 for the fifth; 40 for the sixth; 29 for the seventh; 23 for the eighth; 12 for the ninth; 50 for the tenth time, or more; and of the criminals punished for the tenth time, thirty-one were women! Of the thirty-five sent to the State prison, fourteen had been there before; of the 1228 sent to the House of Correction, only 626 were sent for the first time.

There are two classes,—the victims of society, and the foes of society: the men that organize its sins, and then tell us nobody is to blame. May God deal mercifully with the foes; I had rather take my part with the victims. Yet, is there one who wishes to be a foe to mankind?

Here are the sons of the poor, vagrant in your streets, shut out by their misery from the culture of the age; growing up to fill your gaols, to be fathers of a race like themselves, and to be huddled into an infamous grave.

Here are the daughters of the poor, cast out and abandoned, the pariahs of our civilization, training up for a life of shame and pollution, and coming early to a miserable end. Here are the poor, daughters and sons, excluded from the refining influences of modern life, shut out of the very churches by that bar of gold,—ignorant, squalid, hungry and hopeless, wallowing in their death! Are these the results of modern civilization; this in the midst of the nineteenth century, in a Christian city full of churches and gold; this in Boston, which adds \$13,000,000 a year to her actual wealth? Is that the will of God? Tell it not in China; whisper it not in New Holland, lest the heathen turn pale with horror, and send back your missionaries, fearing they shall pollute the land!

There is yet another class of little ones. I mean the intemperate. Within the last few years it seems that drunkenness has increased. I know this is sometimes doubted. But if this fact is not shown by the increased number of legal convictions for the crime, it is by the sight of drunken men in public and not arrested. I think I have not visited the city five times in the last ten months without seeing more or less men drunk in the streets. The cause of this increase, it seems to me, is not difficult to discover. All great movements go forward by undulations, as the waves of the rising tide come up the beach. Now comes a great wave reaching far up the shore, and then recedes. The next, and the next, and the next falls short of the highest mark; yet the tide is coming in all the while. You see this same undulation in other popular movements; for example, in politics. Once the great wave of Democracy broke over the central power, washing it clean. Now the water lies submissive beneath that rock, and humbly licks its feet. In some other day the popular wave shall break with purifying roar clean over that haughty stone and wash off the lazy barnacles, heaps of corrupting drift-weed, and deadly monsters of the deep. By such seemingly unsteady movements do popular affairs get forward. The reformed drunkards, it is said, were violent, ill-bred, theatrical, and only touched the surface. Many respectable men withdrew from the work soon as the Washingtonians came to it. It was a pity they did so;

but they did. I think the conscience of New England did not trust the reformed men; that also is a pity. They seem now to have relaxed their efforts in a great measure, perhaps discouraged at the coldness with which they have in some quarters been treated. I know not why it is, but they do not continue so ably the work they once begun. Besides, the State, it was thought, favoured intemperance. It was for a long time doubted if the licence-laws were constitutional; so they were openly set at naught, for wicked men seize on doubtful opportunities. Then, too, temperance had gone, a few years ago, as far as it could be expected to go until certain great obstacles were removed. Many leading men in the land were practically hostile to temperance, and, with some remarkable exceptions, still are. The sons of the pilgrims, last Forefathers' day, could not honour the self-denial of the Puritans without wine! The Alumni, of Harvard University could never, till this season, keep their holidays without strong drink.\* If rich men continue to drink without need, the poor will long continue to be drunk. Vices, like decayed furniture, go down. They keep their shape, but become more frightful. In this way the refined man who often drinks, but is never drunk, corrupts hundreds of men whom he never saw, and, without intending it, becomes a foe to society.

Then, too, some of our influential temperance men aid us no longer. Beecher is not here; Channing and Ware have gone to their reward. That other man,† benevolent and indefatigable, where is he? He trod the worm of the still under his feet, but the worm of the pulpit stung him, and he too is gone; that champion of temperance, that old man eloquent, driven out of Boston. Why should I not tell an open secret?—driven out by rum and the Unitarian clergy of Boston.

Whatsoever the causes may be, I think you see proofs enough of the fact, that drunkenness has increased within the last few years. You see it in the men drunken in the streets, in the numerous shops built to gratify the intemperate man. Some of these are elegant and costly, only

\* For this much needed reform at the academical table, we are indebted to the Hon. Edward Everett, the President of Harvard College. For this he deserves the hearty thanks of the whole community.

† Rev. John Pierpont.



for the rich ; others so mean and dirty, that one must be low indeed to wallow therein. But the same thing is there in both,—rum, poison-drink. Many of these latter are kept by poor men, and the spider's web of the law now and then catches one of them, though latterly but seldom here. Sometimes they are kept, and, perhaps, generally owned, by rich men who drive through the net. I know how hard it is to see through a dollar, though misery stand behind it, if the dollar be your own, and the misery belong to your brother. I feel pity for the man who helps ruin his race, who scatters firebrands and death throughout society, scathing the heads of rich and poor, and old and young. I would speak charitably of such a one as of a fellow-sinner. How he can excuse it to his own conscience is his affair, not mine. I speak only of the fact. For a poor man there may be some excuse ; he has no other calling whereby to gain his bread ; he would not see his own children beg, nor starve, nor steal ! To see his neighbour go to ruin and drag thither his children and wife, was not so hard. But it is not the shops of the poor men that do most harm ! Had there been none but these, they had long ago been shut, and intemperance done with. It is not poor men that manufacture this poison ; nor they who import it, or sell by the wholesale. If there were no rich men in this trade there would soon be no poor ones ! But how does the rich man reconcile it to his conscience ? I cannot answer that.

It is difficult to find out the number of drink-shops in the city. The assessors say there are eight hundred and fifty ; another authority makes the number twelve hundred. Let us suppose there are but one thousand. I think that much below the real number, for the assistant assessors found three hundred in a single ward ! These shops are open morning and night. More is sold on Sunday, it is said, than on any other day in the week ! While you are here to worship your Father, some of your brothers are making themselves as beasts ; yes, lower. You shall probably see them at the doors of these shops as you go home ; drunk in the streets this day ! To my mind, the retailers are committing a great offence. I am no man's judge, and cannot condemn even them. There is One that judgeth. I cannot stand in the place of any man's con-

science. I know well enough what is sin ; God, only, who is a sinner. Yet I cannot think the poor man who retails half so bad as the rich man who distills, imports or sells by wholesale the infamous drug. He knew better, and cannot plead poverty as the excuse of his crime.

Let me mention some of the statistics of this trade before I speak of its effects. If there are one thousand drink-shops, and each sells liquor to the amount of only six dollars a day, which is the price of only one hundred drams, or two hundred at the lowest shops, then we have the sum of \$2,190,000 paid for liquor to be drunk on the spot every year. This sum is considerably more than double the amount paid for the whole public education of the people in the entire State of Massachusetts ! In Boston alone, last year, there were distilled, 2,873,623 gallons of spirit. In five years, from 1840 to 1845, Boston exported 2,156,990, and imported 2,887,993 gallons. They burnt up a man the other day, at the distillery in Merri-mack-street. You read the story in the daily papers, and remember how the bystanders looked on with horror to see the wounded man attempting with his hands to fend off the flames from his naked head ! Great Heaven ! It was not the first man that distillery has burnt up ! No, not by thousands. You see men about your streets, all on fire ; some half-burnt down ; some with all the soul burnt out, only the cinders left of the man, the shell and wall, and that tumbling and tottering, ready to fall. Who of you has not lost a relative, at least a friend, in that withering flame, that terrible *auto-da-fé*, that hell-fire on earth ?

Let us look away from that. I wish we could look on something to efface that ghastly sight. But see the results of this trade. Do you wonder at the poverty just now spoken of ; at the vagrant children ? In the poor-house at Albany, at one time, there were 633 persons, and of them 615 were intemperate ! Ask your city authorities how many of the poor are brought to their almshouse directly or remotely by intemperance ! Do you wonder at the crime which fills your gaols, and swells the tax of county and city ? Three-fourths of the petty crime in the State comes from this source directly or remotely. Your gaols were never so full before ! When the parents are there, what is left for the children ? In Prussia, the Govern-



ment which imprisons the father takes care of the children, and sends them to school. Here they are forced into crime.

As I gave some statistics of the cause, let me also give some of the effects. Two years ago your grand jury reports that one of the city police, on Sunday morning, between the hours of twelve and two, in walking from Cornhill Square to Cambridge Street, passed more than one hundred persons more or less drunk! In 1844 there were committed to your House of Correction, for drunkenness, 453 persons; in 1845, 595; in 1846, up to the 24th of August, that is, in seven months and twenty-four days, 446. Besides, there have been already in this year, 396 complained of at the police court and fined, but not sent to the house of correction. Thus, in seven months and twenty-four days, 842 persons have been legally punished for public drunkenness. In the last two months and a half 445 persons were thus punished. In the first twenty-four days of this month, ninety-four! In the last year there were 4643 persons committed to your watchhouses, more than the twenty-fifth of the whole population. The thousand drink-shops levy a direct tax of more than \$2,000,000. That is only the first outlay. The whole ultimate cost, in idleness, sickness, crime, death, and broken-hearts—I leave you to calculate that! The men who live in the lower courts, familiar with the sinks of iniquity, speak of this crime as “most awful!” Yet in this month and the last, there were but nine persons indicted for the illegal sale of the poison which so wastes the people’s life! The head of your police and the foreman of your last grand jury are prominent in that trade.

Does the Government know of these things; know of their cause? One would hope not. The last grand jury, in their public report, after speaking manfully of some actual evils, instead of pointing at drunkenness and bar-rooms, direct your attention “to the increased number of omnibuses and other large carriages in the streets.”

These are sad things to think of in a Christian church. What shall we do for all these little ones that are perishing? “Do nothing,” say some. “Am I my brother’s keeper?” asked the first Cain, after killing that brother.

He thought the answer would be, "No! you are not." But he was his brother's keeper, and Abel's blood cried from the ground for justice, and God heard it. Some say we can do nothing. I will never believe that a city which in twelve years can build near a thousand miles of railroad, hedge up the Merrimack and the lakes of New Hampshire; I will never believe that a city, so full of the hardest enterprise and the noblest charity, cannot keep these little ones from perishing. Why, the nation can annex new States and raise armies at uncounted cost. Can it not extirpate pauperism, prevent intemperance, pluck up the causes of the present crime? All that is lacking is the prudent will!

It seems as if something could easily be done to send the vagrant children to school; at least to give them employment, and so teach them some useful art. If some are Catholics, and will not attend the Protestant schools, perhaps it would be as possible to have a special and separate school for the Irish as for the Africans. It was recently proposed in a Protestant assembly to found Sunday schools, with Catholic teachers for Catholic children. The plan is large and noble, and indicates a liberality which astonishes one even here, where some men are ceasing to be sectarian and becoming human. Much may be done to bring many of the children to our Sunday and week-day schools, as they now are, and so brands be snatched from the burning. The State Farm School for Juvenile Offenders, which a good man last winter suggested to your Legislature, will doubtless do much for these idle boys, and may be the beginning of a greater and better work. Could the State also take care of the children when it locks the parents in a gaol, there would be a nearer approach to justice and greater likelihood of obtaining its end. Still the laws act cumbrously and slow. The great work must be done by good men, acting separately or in concert, in their private way. You are your brother's keeper; God made you so. If you are rich, intelligent, refined and religious, why you are all the more a keeper to the poor, the weak, the vulgar, and the wicked. In the pauses of your work there will be time to do something. In the unoccupied hours of the Sunday there is yet leisure to help a brother's need. If there are times when you are disposed to murmur at your

own hard lot, though it is not hard; or hours when grief presses heavy on your heart, go and look after these children, find them employment, and help them to start in life; you will find your murmurings are ended, and your sorrow forgot.

It does not seem difficult to do something for the poor. It would be easy to provide comfortable and convenient houses, and at a reasonable rate. The experiment has been tried by one noble-hearted man, and thus far works well. I trust the same plan, or one better, if possible, will soon be tried on a larger scale, and so repeated, till we are free from that crowding together of miserable persons, which now disgraces our city. It seems to me that a store might be established where articles of good quality should be furnished to the poor at cost. Something has already been done in this way, by the "Trades' Union," who need it much less. A practical man could easily manage the details of such a scheme. All reform and elevation of this class of men must begin by mending their circumstances, though of course it must not end there. Expect no improvement of men that are hungry, naked, and cold. Few men respect themselves in that condition. Hope not of others what would be impossible for you!

You may give better pay when that is possible. I can hardly think it the boast of a man, that he has paid less for his labour than any other in his calling. But it is a common boast, though to me it seems the glory of a pirate! I cannot believe there is that sharp distinction between weekday religion and Sunday religion, or between justice and charity, that is sometimes pretended. A man both just and charitable would find his charity run over into his justice, and the mixture improve its quality. When I remember that all value is the result of work, and see likewise that no man gets rich by his own work, I cannot help thinking that labour is often wickedly underpaid, and capital sometimes as grossly over-fed. I shall believe that capital is at the mercy of labour, when the two extremes of society change places. Is it Christian or manly to reduce wages in hard times, and not raise them in fair times? and not raise them again in extraordinary times? Is it God's will that large dividends and small wages should be paid at the same time? The duty of the

employer is not over, when he has paid "the hands" their wages. Abraham is a special providence for Eliezer, as God, the universal providence, for both. The usages of society make a sharp distinction between the rich and poor; but I cannot believe the churches have done wisely, by making that distinction appear through separating the two, in their worship. The poor are, undesignedly, driven out of the respectable churches. They lose self-respect; lose religion. Those that remain, what have they gained by this expulsion of their brothers? A beautiful and costly house, but a church without the poor. The Catholics were wiser and more humane than that. I cannot believe the mightiest abilities and most exquisite culture were ever too great to preach and apply Christianity among the poor; and that "the best sermons would be wasted on them." Yet such has not been the practical decision here; I trust we shall yet be able to say of all our churches, however costly, "There the rich and poor meet together." They are now equally losers by the separation. The seventy ministers of Boston—how much they can do for this class of little ones, if they will!

It has been suggested by some kindly and wise men, that there should be a Prisoners' Home established, where the criminal, on being released from gaol, could go and find a home and work. As the case now is, there is almost no hope for the poor offender. "Legal justice" proves often legal vengeance, and total ruin to the poor wretch on whom it falls; it grinds him to powder! All reform of criminals, without such a place, seems to me worse than hopeless. If possible, such an institution seems more needed for the women, than even for the men: but I have not now time to dwell on this theme. You know the efforts of two good men amongst us, who, with slender means, and no great encouragement from the public, are, indeed, the friends of the prisoner.\* God bless them in their labours!

We can do something in all these schemes for helping the poor. Each of us can do something in his own sphere, and now and then step out of that sphere to do something more. I know there are many amongst you, who only require a word before they engage in this work, and some who do not require even that, but are more competent

\* The Editors of the *Prisoners' Friend*.

than I to speak that word. Your Committee of Benevolent Action have not been idle. Their works speak for them.

For the suppression of intemperance, redoubled efforts must be made. Men of wealth, education, and influence must use their strength of nature, or position, to protect their brothers, not drive them down to ruin. Temperance cannot advance much further among the people, until this class of men lend their aid; at least, until they withdraw the obstacles they have hitherto and so often opposed to its progress. They must forbear the use, as well as the traffic. I cannot but think the time is coming, when he who makes or sells this poison as a drink, will be legally ranked with other poisoners, with thieves, robbers, and house-burners; when a fortune acquired by such means will be thought infamous, as one now would be if acquired by piracy! I know good men have formerly engaged in this trade; they did it ignorantly. Now, we know the unavoidable effects thereof. I trust the excellent example lately set by the Government of the University will be followed at all public festivals.

We must still have a watchful eye on the sale of this poison. It is not the low shops which do the most harm, but the costly tippling-houses which keep the low ones in countenance, and thus shield them from the law and public feeling. It seems as if a law were needed, making the owner of a tippling-house responsible for the illegal sale of liquors there. Then the real offender might be reached, who now escapes the meshes of the law.

It has long ago been suggested that a Temperance Home was needed for the reformation of the unfortunate drunkard. It is plain that the gaol does not reform him. Those sent to gaol for drunkenness are, on the average, sentenced no less than five times; some of them, fifteen or twenty times! Of what use to shut a man in a gaol, and release him with the certainty that he will come out no better, and soon return for the same offence? When as much zeal and ability are directed to cure this terrible public malady, as now go to increase it, we shall not thus foolishly waste our strength. You all know how much has been done by one man in this matter;\* that in four years he saved three

\* Mr. John Augustus. 22

hundred drunkards from the prison, two hundred of whom have since done well! If it be the duty of the State to prevent crime, not avenge it, is it not plain what is the way?

However, a reform in this matter will be permanent only through a deeper and wider reform elsewhere. Drunkenness and theft in its various illegal forms, are confined almost wholly to the poorest class. So long as there is unavoidable misery, like the present, pauperism and popular ignorance; so long as thirty-seven are crowded into one house, and that not large; so long as men are wretched and without hope, there will be drunkenness. I know much has been done already; I think drunkenness will never be respectable again, or common amongst refined and cultivated men; it will be common among the ignorant, the outcast, and the miserable, so long as the present causes of poverty, ignorance, and misery continue. For that continuance, and the want, the crime, the unimaginable wretchedness and death of heart which comes thereof, it is not these perishing little ones, but the strong that are responsible before God! It will not do for your grand juries to try and hide the matter by indicting "omnibuses and other large carriages;" the voice of God cries, "Where is thy brother?"—and that brother's blood answers from the ground.

What I have suggested only palliates effects; it removes no cause;—of that another time. These little ones are perishing here in the midst of us. Society has never seriously sought to prevent it, perhaps has not been conscious of the fact. It has not so much legislated for them as against them. Its spirit is hostile to them. If the mass of able-headed men were in earnest about this, think you they would allow such unthrifty ways, such a waste of man's productive energies? Never! no, never. They would repel the causes of this evil as now an invading army. The removal of these troubles must be brought about by a great change in the spirit of society. Society is not Christian in form or spirit. So there are many who do not love to hear Christianity preached and applied, but to have some halting theology set upon its crutches. They like, on Sundays, to hear of the sacrifice, not to have mercy and goodness demanded of them. A Christian



State after the pattern of that divine man, Jesus—how different it would be from this in spirit and in form!

Taking all this whole State into account, things, on the whole, are better here, than in any similar population, after all these evils. I think there can be no doubt of that; better now, on the whole, than ever before. A day's work will produce a greater quantity of needful things than hitherto. So the number of little ones that perish is smaller than heretofore, in proportion to the whole mass. I do not believe the world can show such examples of public charity as this city has afforded in the last fifty years. Alas! we want the justice which prevents causes no less than the charity which palliates effects. See yet the unnatural disparity in man's condition: bloated opulence and starving penury in the same street! See the pauperism, want, licentiousness, intemperance and crime, in the midst of us; see the havoc made of woman; see the poor deserted by their elder brother, while it is their sweat which enriches your ground, builds your railroads, and piles up your costly houses. The tall gallows stands in the back-ground of society, overlooking it all; where it should be the blessed gospel of the living God.

What we want to remove the cause of all this is the application of Christianity to social life. Nothing less will do the work. Each of us can help forward that by doing the part which falls in his way. Christianity, like the eagle's flight, begins at home. We can go further, and do something for each of these classes of little ones. Then we shall help others do the same. Some we may encourage to practical Christianity by our example; some we may perhaps shame. Still more, we can ourselves be pure, manly, Christian; each of us that, in heart and life. We can build up a company of such, men of perpetual growth. Then we shall be ready not only for this special work now before us, to palliate effects, but for every Christian and manly duty when it comes. Then, if ever some scheme is offered which is nobler and yet more Christian than what we now behold, it will find us booted, and girded, and road-ready.

I look to you to do something in this matter. You are many; most of you are young. I look to you to set an example of a noble life, human, clean, and Christian, not

debasing these little ones, but lifting them up. Will you cause them to perish; you? I know you will not. Will you let them perish? I cannot believe it. Will you not prevent their perishing? Nothing less is your duty.

Some men say they will do nothing to help liberate the slave, because he is far off, and "our mission is silence!" Well—here are sufferers in a nearer need. Do you say, I can do but little to Christianize society! Very well, do that little, and see if it does not amount to much, and bring its own blessing—the thought that you have given a cup of cold water to one of the little ones. Did not Jesus say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me?"

Since last we met, one of our number\* has taken that step in life commonly called death. He was deeply interested and active in the movement for the perishing classes of men. After his spirit had passed on, a woman whom he had rescued, and her children with her, from intemperance and ruin, came and laid her hand on that cold forehead whence the kindly soul had fled, and mourning that her failures had often grieved his heart before, vowed solemnly to keep steadfast for ever, and go back to evil ways no more! Who would not wish his forehead the altar for such a vow? what nobler monument to a good man's memory! The blessing of those ready to perish fell on him. If his hand cannot help us, his example may.

\* Nathaniel F. Thayer, aged 29.

## III.

A SERMON OF THE DANGEROUS CLASSES IN  
SOCIETY.—PREACHED AT THE MELODEON, ON  
SUNDAY, JANUARY 31, 1847.

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"If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?"—MATTHEW xviii. 12.

WE are first babies, then children, then youths, then men. It is so with the nation; so with mankind. The human race started with no culture, no religion, no morals, even no manners, having only desires and faculties within, and the world without. Now we have attained much more. But it has taken many centuries for mankind to pass from primeval barbarism to the present stage of comfort, science, civilization, and refinement. It has been the work of two hundred generations; perhaps of more. But each new child is born at the foot of the ladder, as much as the first child; with only desires and faculties. He may have a better physical organization than the first child—he certainly has better teachers: but he, in like manner, is born with no culture, no religion, no morals, even with no manners; born into them, not with them; born bare of these things and naked as the first child. He must himself toil up the ladder which mankind have been so long in constructing and climbing up. To attain the present civilization he must pass over every point which the race passed through. The child of the civilized man, born with a good organization and under favourable circumstances, can do this rapidly, and in thirty or forty years attains the height of development which it took the whole human race sixty centuries or more to arrive at. He has the aid of past

experience and the examples of noble men ; he travels a road already smooth and beaten. The world's cultivation, so slowly and painfully achieved, helps civilize him. He may then go further on, and cultivate himself ; may transcend the development of mankind, adding new rounds to the ladder. So doing he aids future children, who will one day climb above his head, he possibly crying against them,—that they climb only to fall, and thereby sweep off him and all below ; that no new rounds can be added to the old ladder.

Still, after all the helps which our fathers have provided, every future child must go through the same points which we and our predecessors passed through, only more swiftly. Every boy has his animal period, when he can only eat and sleep, intelligence slowly dawning on his mind. Then comes his savage period, when he knows nothing of rights, when all thine is mine to him, if he can get it. Then comes his barbarous period, when he is ignorant and dislikes to learn ; study and restraint are irksome. He hates the school, disobeys his mother ; has reverence for nobody. Nothing is sacred to him—no time, nor place, nor person. He would grow up wild. The greater part of children travel beyond this stage. The unbearable boy becomes a tolerable youth ; then a powerful man. He loves his duty ; outstrips the men that once led him so unwilling and reluctant, and will set hard lessons for his grandsire, which that grandsire, perhaps, will not learn. The young learns of the old, mounts the ladder they mounted and the ladder they made. The reverse is seldom true, that the old climbs the ladder which the young have made, and over that storms new heights. Now and then you see it, but such are extraordinary and marvellous men. In the old story, Saturn did not take pains to understand his children, nor learn thereof ; he only devoured them up, till some outgrew and overmastered him. Did the generation that is passing from the stage ever comprehend and fairly judge the new generation coming on ? In the world, the barbarian passes on and becomes the civilized, then the enlightened.

In the physical process of growth from the baby to the man, there is no direct intervention of the will. Therefore the process goes on regularly, and we do not see

abortive men who have advanced in years, but stopped growth in their babyhood, or boyhood. But as the will is the soul of personality, so to say, the heart of intellect, morals, and religion, so the force thereof may promote, retard, disturb, and perhaps for a time completely arrest the progress of intellectual, moral, and religious growth. Still more, this spiritual development of men is hindered or promoted by subtle causes hitherto little appreciated. Hence, by reason of these outward or internal hinderances, you find persons and classes of men who do not attain the average culture of mankind, but stop at some lower stage of this spiritual development, or else loiter behind the rest. You even find whole nations whose progress is so slow, that they need the continual aid of the more civilized to quicken their growth. Outward circumstances have a powerful influence on this development. If a single class in a nation lingers behind the rest, the cause thereof will commonly be found in some outward hinderance. They move in a resisting medium, and therefore with abated speed. No one expects the same progress from a Russian serf and a free man of New England. I do not deny that in the case of some men personal will is doubtless the disturbing force. I am not now to go beyond that fact, and inquire how the will became as it is. Here is a man who, from whatever cause, is bodily ill-born, with defective organs. He stops in the animal period; is incapable of any considerable degree of development, intellectual, moral, or religious. The defect is in his body. Others disturbed by more occult causes do not attain their proper growth. This man wishes to stop in his savage period, he would be a freebooter, a privateer against society, having universal letters of marque and reprisal; a perpetual Arab, his rule is to get what he can, as he will and where he pleases, to keep what he gets. Another stops at the barbarous age. He is lazy and will not work, others must bear his share of the general burden of mankind. He claims letters patent to make all men serve him. He is not only indolent, constitutionally lazy, but lazy, consciously and wilfully idle. He will not work, but in one form or another will beg or steal. Yet a fourth stops in the half-civilized period. He will work with his hands, but no more. He cannot discover; he will not study to

learn ; he will not even be taught what has been invented and taught before. None can teach him. The horse is led to the water, or the water brought to the horse, but the beast will not drink. "The idle fool is whipped at school," but to no purpose. He is always an oaf. No college or tutor mends him. The wild ass will go out free, wild, and an ass.

These four, the idiot, the pirate, the thief, and the clown, are exceptional men. They remain stationary. Meanwhile, mankind advances, continually, but not with an even front. The human race moves not by column or line, but by *échelon* as it were. We go up by stairs, not by slopes. Now comes a great man, of far-reaching and prospective sight, a Moses, and he tells men that there is a land of promise, which they have a right to who have skill to win it. Then lesser men, the Calebs and Joshuas, go and search it out, bringing back therefrom new wine in the cluster and alluring tales. Next troops of pioneers advance, yet lesser men ; then a few bold men who love adventure. Then comes the army, the people with their flocks and herds, the priesthood with their ark of the covenant and the tabernacle, the title-deeds of the new lands which they have heard of but not seen. At last there comes the mixed multitude, following in no order, but not without shouting and tumult, men treading one another under foot, cowards looking back and refusing to march, old men dying without seeing their consolation. If you will lie down on the ground and take the profile of a great city, and see how hill, steeple, dome, tower, the roof of the tall house, gain on the sky, and then come whole streets of warehouses and shops, then common dwellings, then cheap, low tenements, you will have a good profile of man's march to gain new conquests in science, art, morals, religion, and general development. It is so in the family, a bright boy shooting before all the rest, and taking the thunder out of the adverse cloud for his brothers and sisters, who follow and grow rich with unscathed forehead. It is so in the nation, a few great men bearing the brunt of the storm, and wading through the surges to set their weaker brothers, screaming and struggling, with dry feet, in safety, on the firm land of science or religion. It is so in the world, a tall nation achieving art, science, law,



morals, religion, and by the fact revealing their beauty to the barbarian race.

In all departments of human concern there are such pioneers for the family, the nation, or mankind. It is instructive to study this law of human progress, to see the De Gamas and Columbuses, aspiring men who dream of worlds to come and lead the perilous van; to see the Vespuccis, the Cortezes, the Pizarros, who get rank and fame by following in their track; to see next the merchant adventurers, soldiers, sutlers, and the like, who make money out of the new conquest, while the great discoverers had for meet reward the joy of their genius, the nobleness of their work, a sight of the world's future welfare from the prophet's mountain—a hard life, a bad name, and a grave unknown.

Now, while there are those men in the van of society, who aspire at more, chiding and taxing mankind with idleness, cowardice, and even sin, there are yet those others who loiter on the way, from weakness or wilfulness, refusing to advance—idlers, cowards, sinners. If born in the rear, afar from civilization, they are left to die—the savages, the inferior races, the perishing classes of the world. If born in the centre of civilization, for a while they impede the march by actively hindering others, by standing in their way, or by plundering the rest—the dangerous classes of society. They too are slain and trodden under foot of men, and likewise perish.

In most large families there is a bad boy, a black sheep in the flock, an Ishmael whom Abraham will drive out into the wilderness, to meet an angel if he can find one. That story of Hagar and her son is very old, but verified anew each year in families and nations. So in society there are criminals who do not keep up with the moral advance of the mass, stragglers from the march, whom society treats as Abraham his base-born boy, but sending them off with no loaf or skin of water, not even a blessing, but a curse; sending them off as Cain went, with a bad name and a mark on their forehead! So in the world there are inferior nations, savage, barbarous, half-civilized; some are inferior in nature, some perhaps only behind us in development; on a lower form in the great school of Providence—Negroes, Indians, Mexicans, Irish, and the like,

whom the world treats as Ishmael and the Gibeonites got treated: now their land is stolen from them in war; their children, or their persons, are annexed to the strong as slaves. The civilized continually preys on the savage, re-annexing their territory and stealing their persons—owning them or claiming their work. Esau is rough and hungry, Jacob smooth and well fed. The smooth man overreaches the rough; buys his birthright for a mess of pottage; takes the ground from underneath his feet, thereby supplanting his brother. So the elder serves the younger, and the fresh civilization, strong, and sometimes it may be wicked also, overmasters the ruder age that is contented to stop. The young man now a barbarian will come up one day and take all our places, making us seem ridiculous; nothing but timid conservatives!

All these three, the reputed pests of the family, society, and the world, are but loiterers from the march, bad boys, or dull ones. Criminals are a class of such; savages are nations thereof—classes or nations that for some cause do not keep up with the movement of mankind. The same human nature is in us all, only there it is not so highly developed. Yet the bad boy, who to-day is a curse to the mother that bore him, would perhaps have been accounted brave and good in the days of the Conqueror; the dangerous class might have fought in the Crusades, and been reckoned soldiers of the Lord whose chance for heaven was most auspicious. The savage nations would have been thought civilized in the days when "there was no smith in Israel."

David would make a sorry figure among the present kings of Europe, and Abraham would be judged of by a standard not known in his time. There have been many centuries in which the pirate, the land-robber, and the murderer were thought the greatest of men.

Now it becomes a serious question, What shall be done for these stragglers, or even with them? It is sometimes a terrible question to the father and mother what they shall do for their reprobate son who is an offence to the neighbourhood, a shame, a reproach, and a heart-burning to them. It is a sad question to society, What shall be done with the criminals—thieves, housebreakers, pirates, murderers? It is a serious question to the world, What

is to become of the humbler nations—Irish, Mexicans, Malays, Indians, Negroes?

In the world and in society the question is answered in about the same way. In a low civilization, the instinct of self-preservation is the strongest of all. They are done with, not for; are done away with. It is the Old Testament answer:—The inferior nation is hewn to pieces, the strong possess their lands, their cities, their cattle, their persons, also, if they will; the class of criminals gets the prophet's curse: the two bears, the gaol and the gallows, eat them up. In the family alone is the Christian answer given; the good shepherd goes forth to seek the one sheep that has strayed and gone, lost upon the mountains; the father goes out after the poor prodigal, whom the swine's meat could not feed nor fill.\* The world, which is the society of nations, and society, which is the family of classes, still belong mainly to the "old dispensation," heathen or Hebrew, the period of force. In the family there is a certain instinctive love binding the parent to the child, and therefore a certain unity of action, growing out of that love. So the father feels his kinship to his boy, though a reprobate; looks for the causes of his son's folly or sin, and strives to cure him; at least to do something for him, not merely with him. The spirit of Christianity comes into the family, but the recognition of human brotherhood stops mainly there. It does not reach throughout society; it has little influence on national politics or international law—on the affairs of the world taken as a whole. I know the idea of human brotherhood has more influence now than hitherto; I think in New England it has a wider scope, a higher range, and works with more power than elsewhere. Our hearts bleed for the starving thousands of Ireland, whom we only read of; for the down-trodden slave, though of another race, and dyed by heaven with another hue; yes, for the savage and the suffering everywhere. The hand of our charity goes through every land. If there is one quality for which the men of New England may be proud, it is this,—their sympathy with suffering man. Still we are far from the Christian ideal. We still drive out of society the Ishmaels and Esaus. This we do not so much

\* The allusion is to the following passages of Scripture, which were read as the lesson for the day:—Numb. xiv.; 2 Kings, ii. 23—25; and Luke, xv.

from ill-will as want of thought, but thereby we lose the strength of these outcasts. So much water runs over the dam—wasted and wasting!

In all these melancholy cases what is it best to do? what shall the parents do to mend their dull boy, or their wicked one? There are two methods which may be tried. One is the method of force, sometimes referred to Solomon, and recommended by the maxim "Spare not the rod and spoil the child." That is the Old Testament way, "Stripes are prepared for the fool's back." The mischief is, they leave it no wiser than they found it. By the law of the Hebrews, a man brought his stubborn and rebellious son before the magistrates and deposed: "This our son is stubborn and rebellious: he will not obey our voice. He is a glutton and a drunkard." Thereupon, the men of the city stoned him with stones, and so "put away the evil from amongst them!" That was the method of force. It may bruise the body; it may fill men with fear; it may kill. I think it never did any other good. It belonged to a rude and bloody age. I may ask intelligent men who have tried it, and I think they will confess it was a mistake. I think I may ask intelligent men on whom it has been tried, and they will say, "It was a mistake on my father's part, but a curse to me!" I know there are exceptions to that reply; still I think it will be general. A man is seldom elevated by an appeal to low motives; always by addressing what is high and manly within him. Is fear of physical pain the highest element you can appeal to in a child; the most effectual? I do not see how Satan can be cast out by Satan. I think a Saviour never tries it. Yet this method of force is brief and compact. It requires no patience, no thought, no wisdom for its application, and but a moment's time. For this reason, I think, it is still retained in some families and many schools, to the injury alike of all concerned. Blows and violent words are not correction, often but an adjournment of correction: sometimes only an actual confession of inability to correct.

The other is the method of love, and of wisdom not the less. Force may hide, and even silence effects for a time; it removes not the real causes of evil. By the method of love and wisdom the parents remove the causes; they do

not kill the demoniac, they cast out the demon, not by letting in Beelzebub, the chief devil, but by the finger of God. They redress the child's folly and evil birth by their own wisdom and good breeding. The day drives out and off the night.

Sometimes you see that worthy parents have a weak and sickly child, feeble in body. No pains are too great for them to take in behalf of the faint and feeble one. What self-denial of the father; what sacrifice on the mother's part! The best of medical skill is procured; the tenderest watching is not spared. No outlay of money, time, or sacrifice, is thought too much to save the child's life; to insure a firm constitution and make that life a blessing. The able-bodied children can take care of themselves, but not the weak. So the affection of father and mother centres on this sickly child. By extraordinary attention the feeble becomes strong; the deformed is transformed, and the grown man, strong and active, blesses his mother for health not less than life.

Did you ever see a robin attend to her immature and callow child which some heedless or wicked boy had stolen from the nest, wounded, and left on the ground, half living; left to perish? Patiently she brings food and water, gives it kind nursing. Tenderly she broods over it all night upon the ground, sheltering its tortured body from the cold air of night and morning's penetrating dew. She perils herself; never leaves it—not till life is gone. That is nature; the strong protecting the feeble. Human nature may pause and consider the fowls of the air, whence the Greatest once drew His lessons. Human history, spite of all its tears and blood, is full of beauty and majestic worth. But it shows few things so fair as the mother watching thus over her sickly and deformed child, feeding him with her own life. What if she forewent her native instinct, and the mother said, "My boy is deformed, a cripple—let him die?" Where would be the more hideous deformity?

If his child be dull, slow-witted, what pains will a good father take to instruct him; still more if he is vicious, born with a low organization, with bad propensities—what admonitions will he administer; what teachers will he consult; what expedients will he try; what prayers

will he not pray for his stubborn and rebellious son! Though one experiment fail, he tries another, and then again, reluctant to give over. Did it never happen to one of you to be such a child, to have outgrown that rebellion and wickedness? Remember the pains taken with you; remember the agony your mother felt; the shame that bowed your father's head so oft, and brought such bitter tears adown those venerable cheeks. You cannot pay for that agony, that shame, not pay the hearts which burst with both—yet uttering only a prayer for you. Pay it back, then, if you can, to others like yourself, stubborn and rebellious sons.

Have none of you ever been such a father or mother? You know, then, the sad yearnings of heart which tried you. The world condemned you and your wicked child, and said, "Let the elders stone him with stones. The gallows waiteth for its own!" Not so you! You said: "Nay, now, wait a little. Perchance the boy will mend. Come, I will try again. Crush him not utterly and a father's heart besides!" The more he was wicked, the more assiduous were you for his recovery, for his elevation. You saw that he would not keep up with the moral march of men; that he was a barbarian, a savage,—yes, almost a beast amongst men. You saw this; yes, felt it too as none others felt. Yet you could not condemn him wholly and without hope. You saw some good mixed with his evil; some causes for the evil and excuses for it which others were blind to. Because you mourned most you pitied most—all from the abundance of your love. Though even in your highest hour of prayer, the sad conviction came that work or prayer was all in vain—you never gave him over to the world's reproach, but interposed your fortune, character, yes, your own person, to take the blows which the severe and tyrannous world kept laying on. At last, if he would not repent, you hid him away, the best you could, from the mocking sight of other men, but never shut him from your heart; never from remembrance in your deepest prayers. How the whole family suffers for the prodigal till he returns. When he comes back, you rejoice over one recovered olive-plant more than over all the trees of your field which no storm has ever broke or bowed. How you went forth to meet him; with what joy rejoiced! "For this my son was lost and is found," says



the old man ; "he was dead and is alive once more. Let us pray and be glad !" With what a serene and hallowed countenance you met your friends and neighbours, as their glad hearts smiled up in their faces when the prodigal came home from riot and swine's-bread, a new man safe and sound ! Many such things have I seen, and hearts long cold grew bright and warm again. Towards evening the clouds broke asunder ; Simeon saw his consolation, and went home in sunlight and in peace.

The general result of this treatment in the family is, that the dull boy learns by degrees, learns what he is fit for ; the straggler joins the troop, and keeps step with the rest—nay, sometimes becomes the leader of the march ; the vicious boy is corrected ; even the faults of his organization get overcome, not suddenly, but at length. The rejected stone finds its place on the wall, and its use. Such is not always the result. Some will not be mended. I stop not now to ask the cause. Some will not return, though you go out to meet them a great way off. What then ? Will you refuse to go ? Can you wholly abandon a friend or a child who thus deserts himself ? Is he so bad that he cannot be made better ? Perhaps it is so. Can you not hinder him from being worse ? Are you so good that you must forsake him ? Did not God send His greatest, noblest, purest Son to seek and save the lost ? send Him to call sinners to repent ? When sinners slew Him, did God forsake mankind ? Not one of those sinners did His love forget.

Does the good physician spend the night in feasting with the sound, or in watching with the sick ? Nay, though the sick man be past all hope, he will look in to soothe the affliction which he cannot cure ; at least to speak a word of friendly cheer. The wise teacher spends most pains with backward boys, and is most bountiful himself where Nature seems most niggard in her gifts. What would you say if a teacher refused to help a boy because the boy was slow to learn ; because he now and then broke through the rules ? What if the mother said, "My boy is a sickly dunce, not worth the pains of rearing. Let him die !" What if the father said, "He is a born villain, to be bred only for the gallows ; what use to toil or pray for him ! Let the hangman take my son !"

What shall be done for criminals, the backward children of society, who refuse to keep up with the moral or legal advance of mankind? They are a dangerous class. There are three things which are sometimes confounded: there is error, an unintentional violation of a natural law. Sometimes this comes from abundance of life and energy; sometimes from ignorance, general or special; sometimes from heedlessness, which is ignorance for the time. Next there is crime, the violation of a human statute. Suppose the statute also represents a law of God; the violation thereof may be the result of ignorance, or of design, it may come from a bad heart. Then it becomes a sin—the wilful violation of a known law of God. There are many errors which are not crimes; and the best men often commit them innocently, but not without harm, violating laws of the body or the soul, which they have not grown up to understand. There have been many crimes: yes, conscious violations of man's law which were not sins, but rather a keeping of God's law. There are still a great many sins not forbidden by any human statute, not considered as crimes. It is no crime to go and fight in a wicked war; nay, it is thought a virtue. It was a crime in the heroes of the American Revolution to demand the unalienable rights of man—they were "traitors" who did it; a crime in Jesus to sum up the "Law and the Prophets" in one word, love; He was reckoned an "infidel," guilty of blasphemy against Moses! Now, to punish an error as a crime, a crime as a sin, leads to confusion at the first, and to much worse than confusion in the end.

But there are crimes which are a violation of the eternal principles of justice. It is of such, and the men who commit them, that I am now to speak. What shall be done for the dangerous classes, the criminals?

The first question is, What end shall we aim at in dealing with them? The means must be suited to accomplish that end. We may desire vengeance; then the hurt inflicted on the criminal will be proportioned to the loss or hurt sustained by society. A man has stolen my goods, injured my person, traduced my good name, sought to take my life. I will not ask for the motive of his deeds, or the cause of that motive. I will only consider my own damage, and will make him smart for that. I will use

violence—having an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. I will deliver him over to the tormentors till my vengeance is satisfied. If he slew my friend, or sought to slay, but lacked the power, as I have the ability, I will kill him! This desire of vengeance, of paying a hurt with a hurt, has still very much influence on our treatment of criminals. I fear it is still the chief aim of our penal jurisprudence. When vengeance is the aim, violence is the most suitable method; gaols and the gallows most appropriate instruments! But is it right to take vengeance; for me to hurt a man to-day solely because he hurt me yesterday? If so, the proof of that right must be found in my nature, in the law of God; a man can make a statute, God only a right. As I study my nature, I find no such right; reason gives me none; conscience none; religion quite as little. Doubtless I have a right to defend myself by all manly means; to protect myself for the future no less than for the present. In doing that, it may be needful that I should restrain, and in restraining, seize and hold, and in holding incidentally hurt my opponent. But I cannot see what right I have in cold blood wilfully to hurt a man because he once hurt me, and does not intend to repeat the wrong. Do I look to the authority of the greatest Son of man? I find no allusion to such a right. I find no law of God which allows vengeance. In His providence I find justice everywhere as beautiful as certain; but vengeance nowhere. I know this is not the common notion entertained of God and His providence. I shudder to think at the barbarism which yet prevails under the guise of Christianity; the vengeance which is sought for in the name of God!

The aim may be not to revenge a crime, but to prevent it; to deter the offender from repeating the deed, and others from the beginning thereof. In all modern legislation the vindictive spirit is slowly yielding to the design of preventing crime. The method is to inflict certain uniform and specific penalties for each offence, proportionate to the damage which the criminal has done; to make the punishment so certain, so severe, or so infamous, that the offender shall forbear for the future, and innocent men be deterred from crime. But have we a right to punish a man for the example's sake? I may give up my life to save a thousand lives, or one, if I will. But society

has no right to take it, without my consent, to save the whole human race! I admit that society has the right of eminent domain over my property, and may take my land for a street; may destroy my house to save the town; perhaps seize on my store of provisions in time of famine. It can render me an equivalent for those things. I have not the same lien on any portion of the universe as on my life, my person. To these I have rights which none can alienate except myself, which no man has given, which all men can never justly take away. For any injustice wilfully done to me, the human race can render me no equivalent.

I know society claims the right of eminent domain over person and life not less than over house and land—to take both for the Commonwealth. I deny the right—certainly it has never been shown. Hence to me, resting on the broad ground of natural justice, the law of God, capital punishment seems wholly inadmissible, homicide with the pomp and formality of law. It is a relic of the old barbarism—paying hurt for hurt. No one will contend that it is inflicted for the offender's good. For the good of others, I contend we have no right to inflict it without the sufferer's consent. To put a criminal to death seems to me as foolish as for the child to beat the stool it has stumbled over, and as useless too. I am astonished that nations with the name of Christian ever on their lips, continue to disgrace themselves by killing men, formally and in cold blood; to do this with prayers—"Forgive us as we forgive;" doing it in the name of God! I do not wonder that in the codes of nations, Hebrew or heathen, far lower than ourselves in civilization, we should find laws enforcing this punishment; laws too, enacted in the name of God. But it fills me with amazement that worthy men in these days should go back to such sources for their wisdom; should walk dry-shod through the Gospels, and seek in records of a barbarous people to justify this atrocious act! Famine, pestilence, war, are terrible evils, but no one is so dreadful in its effects as the general prevalence of a great theological idea that is false.

It makes me shudder to recollect that out of the twenty-eight States of this Union, twenty-seven should still continue the gallows as a part of the furniture of a Christian

Government. I hope our own State, dignified already by so many noble acts, will soon rid herself of the stain. Let us try the experiment of abolishing this penalty, if we will, for twenty years, or but ten, and I am confident we shall never return to that punishment. If a man be incapable of living in society, so ill-born or ill-bred that you cannot cure or mend him, why, hide him away out of society. Let him do no harm, but treat him kindly, not like a wolf, but a man. Make him work, to be useful to himself, to society, but do not kill him. Or if you do, never say again, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." What if He should take you at your word! What would you think of a father who to-morrow should take the Old Testament for his legal warrant, and bring his son before your mayor and aldermen, because he was "stubborn and rebellious, a drunkard and a glutton," and they should stone him to death in front of the City Hall? But there is quite as good a warrant in the Old Testament for that as for hanging a man. The law is referred to Jehovah as its author. How much better is it to choke the life out of a man behind the prison wall? Is not society the father of us all, our protector and defender? Hanging is vengeance; nothing but vengeance. I can readily conceive of that great Son of man, whom the loyal world so readily adores, performing all needful human works with manly dignity. Artists once loved to paint the Saviour in the lowly toil of lowly men, His garments covered with the dust of common life; His soul sullied by no pollution. But paint Him to your fancy as an executioner; legally killing a man; the halter in His hands, hanging Judas for high treason! You see the relation which that punishment bears to Christianity. Yet what was un-Christian in Jesus, does not become Christian in the sheriff. We call ourselves Christians; we often repeat the name, the words of Christ,—but His prayer? oh, no—not that.

There are now in this land, I think, sixteen men under sentence of death; sixteen men to be hanged till they are dead! Is there not in the nation skill to heal these men? Perhaps it is so. I have known hearts which seemed to me cold stones, so hard, so dry. No kindly steel had alchemy to win a spark from them. Yet their owners went about the streets and smiled their hollow smiles; the

ghastly brother cast his shadow in the sun, or wrapped his cloak about him in the wintry hour, and still the world went on though the worst of men remained unchanged. Perhaps you cannot cure these men!—is there not power enough to keep them from doing harm; to make them useful? Shame on us that we know no better than thus to pour out life upon the dust, and then with reeking hands turn to the poor and weak, and say, “Ye shall not kill.”

But if the prevention of crime be the design of the punishment, then we must not only seek to hinder the innocent from vice, but we must reform the criminal. Do our methods of punishment effect that object? During the past year we have committed to the various prisons in Massachusetts five thousand six hundred and sixty-nine persons for crime. How many of them will be reformed and cured by this treatment, and so live honest and useful lives hereafter? I think very few. The facts show that a great many criminals are never reformed by their punishment. Thus in France, taking the average of four years, it seems that twenty-two out of each hundred criminals were punished oftener than once; in Scotland, thirty-six out of the hundred. Of the seventy-eight received at your State’s prison the last year—seventeen have been sent to that very prison before. How many of them have been tenants of other institutions, I know not; but as only twenty-three of the seventy-eight are natives of this State, it is plain that many, under other names, may have been confined in gaol before. Yet of these seventy-eight, ten are less than twenty years old.\* Of thirty-five men sent from Boston to the State’s prison in one year, fourteen had been there before. More than half the inmates of the House of Correction in this city are punished oftener than once! These facts show that if we aim at the reformation of the offender, we fail most signally. Yet every criminal not reformed lives mainly at the charge of society; and lives, too, in the most costly way, for the articles he steals have seldom the same value to him as to the lawful owner.

It seems to me that our whole method of punishing crimes is a false one; that but little good comes of it, or

\* See other statistics, in *Sermon of the Perishing Classes*, pp. 46, 47.



can come. We beat the stool which we have stumbled over. We punish a man in proportion to the loss or the fear of society ; not in proportion to the offender's state of mind ; not with a careful desire to improve that state of mind. This is wise, if vengeance be the aim ; if reformation, it seems sheer folly. I know our present method is the result of six thousand years' experience of mankind ; I know how easy it is to find fault—how difficult to devise a better mode. Still, the facts are so plain, that one with half an eye cannot fail to see the falseness of the present methods. To remove the evil, we must remove its cause,—so let us look a little into this matter, and see from what quarter our criminals proceed.

Here are two classes.

I. There are the foes of society ; men that are criminals in soul, born criminals, who have a bad nature. The cause of their crime therefore is to be found in their nature itself,—in their organization, if you will. All experience shows that some men are born with a depraved organization, an excess of animal passions, or a deficiency of other powers to balance them.

II. There are the victims of society ; men that become criminals by circumstances, made criminals, not born ; men who become criminals, not so much from strength of evil in their soul, or excess of evil propensities in their organization, as from strength of evil in their circumstances. I do not say that a man's character is wholly determined by the circumstances in which he is placed, but all experience shows that circumstances, such as exposure in youth to good men or bad men, education, intellectual, moral, and religious, or neglect thereof, entire or partial, have a vast influence in forming the character of men, especially of men not well endowed by nature.

Now the criminals in soul are the most dangerous of men, the born foes of society. I will not at this moment undertake to go behind their organization, and ask, "How comes it that they are so ill-born?" I stop now at that fact. The cause of their crime is in their bodily constitution itself. This is always a small class. There are in New England perhaps five hundred men born blind or deaf. Apart from the idiots, I think there are not half so many who by nature and bodily constitution are incapable

of attaining the average morality of the race at this day ; not so many born foes of society as are born blind or deaf.

The criminals from circumstances become what they are by the action of causes which may be ascertained, guarded against, mitigated, and at last overcome and removed. These men are born of poor parents, and find it difficult to satisfy the natural wants of food, clothing, and shelter. They get little culture, intellectual or moral. The school-house is open, but the parent does not send the children, he wants their services,—to beg for him, perhaps to steal, it may be to do little services which lie within their power. Besides, the child must be ill-clad, and so a mark is set on him. The boy of the perishing classes, with but common endowments, cannot learn at school as one of the thrifty or abounding class. Then he receives no stimulus at home ; there everything discourages his attempts. He cannot share the pleasure and sport of his youthful fellows. His dress, his uncleanly habits, the result of misery, forbid all that. So the children of the perishing herd together, ignorant, ill-fed, and miserably clad. You do not find the sons of this class in your colleges, in your high schools, where all is free for the people ; few even in the grammar-schools ; few in the churches. Though born into the nineteenth century after Christ, they grow up almost in the barbarism of the nineteenth century before Him. Children that are blind and deaf, though born with a superior organization, if left to themselves, become only savages, little more than animals. What are we to expect of children, born indeed with eyes and ears, but yet shut out from the culture of the age they live in ? In the corruption of a city, in the midst of its intenser life, what wonder that they associate with crime, that the moral instinct, baffled and cheated of its due, becomes so powerless in the boy or girl ; what wonder that reason never gets developed there, nor conscience, nor that blessed religious sense learns ever to assert its power ? Think of the temptations that beset the boy ; those yet more revolting which address the other sex. Opportunities for crime continually offer. Want impels, desire leagues with opportunity, and the result we know. Add to all this the curse that creates so much disease, poverty, wretchedness, and so perpetually begets

crime; I mean intemperance! That is almost the only pleasure of the perishing class. What recognised amusement have they but this, of drinking themselves drunk? Do you wonder at this? with no air, nor light, nor water, with scanty food and a miserable dress, with no culture, living in a cellar or a garret, crowded, stifling, and offensive even to the rudest sense, do you wonder that man or woman seeks a brief vacation of misery in the dram-shop, and in its drunkenness? I wonder not. Under such circumstances how many of you would have done better? To suffer continually from lack of what is needful for the natural bodily wants of food, of shelter, of warmth, that suffering is misery. It is not too much to say, there are always in this city thousands of persons who smart under that misery. They are indeed a perishing class.

Almost all our criminals, victims and foes, come from this portion of society. Most of those born with an organization that is predisposed to crime are born there. The laws of nature are unavoidably violated from generation to generation. Unnatural results must follow. The misfortunes of the father are visited on his miserable child. Cows and sheep degenerate when the demands of nature are not met, and men degenerate not less. Only the low, animal instincts, those of self-defence and self-perpetuation, get developed; these with preternatural force. The animal man wakes, becomes brutish, while the spiritual element sleeps within him. Unavoidably, then, the perishing is mother of the dangerous class.

I deny not that a portion of criminals come from other sources, but at least nine-tenths thereof proceed from this quarter. Of two hundred and seventy-three thousand eight hundred and eighteen criminals punished in France, from 1825 to 1839, more than half were wholly unable even to read, and had been brought up subject to no family affections. Out of seventy criminals in one prison at Glasgow who were under eighteen, fifty were orphans having lost one or both parents, and nearly all the rest had parents of bad character and reputation. Taking all the criminals in England and Wales in 1841, there were not eight in a hundred that could read and write well. In our country, where everybody gets a mouthful of education, though scarce any one a full meal, the result is a little

different. Thus of the seven hundred and ninety prisoners in the Mount Pleasant State's Prison in New York, one hundred, it is said, could read and understand. Yet of all our criminals only a very small proportion have been in a condition to obtain the average intellectual and moral culture of our times.

Our present mode of treating criminals does no good to this class of men, these victims of circumstances. I do not know that their improvement is even contemplated. We do not ask what causes made this man a criminal, and then set ourselves to remove those causes. We look only at the crime; so we punish practically a man because he had a wicked father; because his education was neglected, and he exposed to the baneful influence of unholy men. In the main we treat all criminals alike if guilty of the same offence, though the same act denotes very different degrees of culpability in the different men, and the same punishment is attended with quite opposite results. Two men commit similar crimes, we sentence them both to the State Prison for ten years. At the expiration of one year let us suppose that one man has thoroughly reformed, and has made strict and solemn resolutions to pursue an honest and useful life. I do not say such a result is to be expected from such treatment; still it is possible, and I think has happened, perhaps many times. We do not discharge the man; we care nothing for his penitence; nothing for his improvement; we keep him nine years more. That is an injustice to him; we have robbed him of nine years of time which he might have converted into life. It is unjust also to society, which needs the presence and the labour of all that can serve. The man has been a burden to himself and to us. Suppose at the expiration of his ten years the other man is not reformed at all; this result, I fear, happens in the great majority of cases. He is no better for what he has suffered; we know that he will return to his career of crime, with new energy and with even malice. Still he is discharged. This is unjust to him, for he cannot bear the fresh exposure to circumstances which corrupted him at first, and he will fall lower still. It is unjust to society, for the property and the persons of all are exposed to his passions just as much as before. He feels indignant as if he had suffered a wrong.

He says, "Society has taken vengeance on me, when I was to be pitied more than blamed. Now I will have my turn. They will not allow me to live by honest toil. I will learn their lesson. I will plunder their wealth, their roof shall blaze!" He will live at the expense of society, and in the way least profitable and most costly to mankind. This idle savage will levy destructive contributions on the rich, the thrifty, and the industrious. Yes, he will help teach others the wickedness which himself once, and perhaps unavoidably learned. So in the very bosom of society there is a horde of marauders waging perpetual war against mankind.

Do not say my sympathies are with the wicked, not the industrious and good. It is not so. My sympathies are not confined to one class, honourable or despised. But it seems to me this whole method of keeping a criminal a definite time and then discharging him, whether made better or worse, is a mistake. Certainly it is so if we aim at his reformation. What if a shepherd made it a rule to lock one hour for each lost sheep, and then return with or without the wanderer? What if a smith decreed that one hour and no more should be spent in shoeing a horse, and so worked that time on each, though half that time were enough—or sent home the beast with but three shoes, or two, or one, because the hour passed by? What if the physicians decreed, that all men sick of some contagious disease should spend six weeks in the hospital, then, if the patient were found well the next day after admission, still kept him the other forty; or, if not mended at the last day, sent him out sick to the world? Such a course would be less unjust, less inhuman, only the wrong is more obvious.

To aggravate the matter still more, we have made the punishment more infamous than the crime. A man may commit great crimes which indicate deep depravity; may escape the legal punishment thereof, by gold, by flight, by further crimes, and yet hold up his head unblushing and unrepentant amongst mankind. Let him commit a small crime, which shall involve no moral guilt, and be legally punished—who respects him again? What years of noble life are deemed enough to wipe the stain out of his reputation? Nay, his children after him, to the third generation, must bear the curse!

The evil does not stop with the infamy. A guilty man has served out his time. He is thoroughly resolved on industry and a moral life. Perhaps he has not learned that crime is wrong, but found it unprofitable. He will live away from the circumstances which before led him to crime. He comes out of prison, and the gaol-mark is on him. He now suffers the severest part of his punishment. Friends and relations shun him. He is doomed and solitary in the midst of the crowd. Honest men will seldom employ him. The thriving class look on him with shuddering pity; the abounding loathe the convict's touch. He is driven among the dangerous and the perishing; they open their arms and offer him their destructive sympathy. They minister to his wants; they exaggerate his wrongs; they nourish his indignation. His direction is no longer in his own hands. His good resolutions—he knows they were good, but only impossible. He looks back, and sees nothing but crime and the vengeance society takes for the crime. He looks around, and the world seems thrusting at him from all quarters. He looks forward, and what prospect is there? "Hope never comes that comes to all." He must plunge afresh into that miry pit, which at last is sure to swallow him up. He plunges anew, and the gaol awaits him; again; deeper yet; the gallows alone can swing him clear from that pestilent ditch. But he is a man and a brother, our companion in weakness. With his education, exposure, temptation, outward and from within, how much better would the best of you become?

No better result is to be looked for from such a course. Of the one thousand five hundred and ninety-two persons in the State's Prison of New York, four hundred have been there more than once. In five years, from 1841 to 1847, there were punished in the House of Correction in this city, five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight persons; of these three thousand one hundred and forty-six received such a sentence oftener than once. Yes, in five years, three hundred and thirteen were sent thither, each ten times or more! How many found a place in other gaols I know not.

What if fathers treated dull or vicious boys in this manner at home—making them infamous for the first offence, or the first dulness, and then refusing to receive them back



again? What if the father sent out his son with bad boys, and when he erred and fell, said, "You did mischief with bad boys once; I know they enticed you. I knew you were feeble, and could not resist their seductions. But I shall punish you. Do as well as you please, I will not forgive you. If you err again, I will punish you afresh. If you do never so well, you shall be infamous for ever!" What if a public teacher never took back to college a boy who once had broke the academic law—but made him infamous for ever? What if the physicians had kept a patient the requisite time in the hospital, and discharged him as wholly cured, but bid men beware of him and shun him for ever? That is just what we are doing with this class of criminals; not intentionally, not consciously—but doing none the less!

Let us look a moment more carefully, though I have already touched on this subject, at the proximate causes of crime in this class of men. The first cause is obvious—poverty. Most of the criminals are from the lowest ranks of society. If you distribute men into three classes,—the abounding, the thriving, the perishing,—you will find the inmates of your prisons come almost wholly from the latter class. The perishing fill the sink of society, and the dangerous the sink of the perishing—for in that "lowest deep there is a lower depth." Of three thousand one hundred and eighty-eight persons confined in the House of Correction in this city, one thousand six hundred and fifty-seven were foreigners; of the five hundred and fifty sent from this city in five years to the State's Prison, one hundred and eighty-five were foreigners. Of five hundred and forty-seven females in the prison on Blackwell's Island at one time—five hundred and nineteen were committed for "vagrancy;" women with no capital but their person, with no friend, no shelter. Examine minutely, you shall find that more than nine-tenths of all criminals come from the perishing class of men. There all cultivation,—intellectual, moral, religious,—is at the lowest ebb. They are a class of barbarians; yes, of savages, living in the midst of civilization, but not of it. The fact, that most criminals come from this class, shows that the causes of the crime lie out of them more than in them; that they are victims of society, not foes. The effect of property in elevating

and moralizing a class of men is seldom appreciated. Historically the animal man comes before the spiritual. Animal wants are imperious; they must be supplied. The lower you go in the social scale, the more is man subordinated to his animal appetites and demonized by them. Nature aims to preserve the individual and repeat the species—so all passions relative to these two designs are pre-eminently powerful. If a man is born into the intense life of an American city, and grows up, having no contact with the loftier culture which naturally belongs to that intense life, why the man becomes mainly an animal, all the more violent for the atmosphere he breathes in. What shall restrain him? He has not the normal check of reason, conscience, religion,—these sleep in the man; nor the artificial and conventional check of honour, of manners. The public opinion which he bows to favours obscenity, drunkenness, and violence. He is doubly a savage. His wants cannot be legally satisfied. He breaks the law, the law which covers property, then goes on to higher crimes.

The next cause is the result of the first—education is neglected, intellectual, moral, and religious. Now and then a boy in whom the soul of genius is covered with the beggar's rags, struggles through the terrible environment of modern poverty to die, the hero of misery, in the attempt at education! His expiring light only makes visible the darkness out of which it shone. Boys born into this condition find at home nothing to aid them, nothing to encourage a love of excellence, or a taste for even the rudiments of learning. What is unavoidably the lot of such? The land has been the schoolmaster of the human race, but the perishing class scarce sees its face. Poverty brings privations, misery, and that a deranged state of the system; then unnatural appetites goad and burn the man. The destruction of the poor is their poverty. They see wealth about them, but have none; so none of what it brings; neither the cleanliness, nor health, nor self-respect, nor cultivation of mind, and heart, and soul. I am told that no Quaker has ever been confined in any gaol in New England for any real crime. Are the Quakers better born than other men? Nay, but they are looked after in childhood. Who ever saw a Quaker in an almshouse? Not a fiftieth part of the people of New York are negroes,

yet more than a sixth part of all the criminals in her four State's prisons are men of colour. These facts show plainly the causes of crime.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the temptations of the perishing class in our great cities. In Boston at this moment there are more than four hundred boys employed about the various bowling-alleys of the city, exposed to the intemperance, the coarseness, the general corruption of the men who mainly frequent those places. What will be their fate? Shall I speak of their sisters; of the education they are receiving; the end that awaits them? Poverty brings misery with its family of vices.

A third cause of crime comes with the rest—intemperance, the destroying angel that lays waste the household of the poor. In our country, misery in a healthy man is almost proof of vice; but the vice may belong to one alone, and the misery it brings be shared by the whole family. A large proportion of the perishing class are intemperate, and a great majority of all our criminals.

Now, our present method is wholly inadequate to reform men exposed to such circumstances. You may punish the man, but it does no good. You can seldom frighten men out of a fever. Can you frighten them from crime, when they know little of the internal distinction between right and wrong; when all the circumstances about them impel to crime? Can you frighten a starving girl into chastity? You cannot keep men from lewdness, theft, and violence, when they have no self-respect, no culture, no development of mind, heart, and soul. The gaol will not take the place of the church, of the school-house, of home. It will not remove the causes which are making new criminals. It does not reform the old ones. Shall we shut men in a gaol, and when there treat them with all manner of violence, crush out the little self-respect yet left, give them a degrading dress, and send them into the world cursed with an infamous name, and all that because they were born in the low places of society, and caught the stain thereof? The gaol does not alter the circumstances which occasioned the crime, and till these causes are removed a fresh crop will spring out of the festering soil. Some men teach dogs and horses things unnatural to these animals; they use violence and blows as their instrument

of instruction. But to teach man what is conformable to his nature, something more is required.

To return to the other class, who are born criminals. Bare confinement in the prison alters no man's constitutional tendencies; it can no more correct moral or mental weakness or obliquity, than it can correct a deficiency of the organs of sensation. You all know the former treatment of men born with defective or deranged intellectual faculties—of madmen and fools. We still pursue the same course towards men born with defective or deranged moral faculties, idiots and madmen of a more melancholy class, and with a like result.

I know how easy it is to find fault, and how difficult to propose a better way; how easy to misunderstand all that I have said, how easy to misrepresent it all. But it seems to me that hitherto we have set out wrong in this undertaking; have gone on wrong, and, by the present means, can never remove the causes of crime, nor much improve the criminals as a class. Let me modestly set down my thoughts on this subject, in hopes that other men, wiser and more practical, will find out a way yet better still. A gaol, as a mere house of punishment for offenders, ought to have no place in an enlightened people. It ought to be a moral hospital where the offender is kept till he is cured. That his crime is great or little, is comparatively of but small concern. It is wrong to detain a man against his will after he is cured; wrong to send him out before he is cured, for he will rob and corrupt society, and at last miserably perish. We shall find curable cases and incurable.

I would treat the small class of born criminals, the foes of society, as maniacs. I would not kill them, more than madmen; I would not inflict needless pain on them. I would not try to shame, to whip, or to starve into virtue men morally insane. I would not torture a man because born with a defective organization. Since he could not live amongst men, I would shut him out from society; would make him work for his own good and the good of society. The thought of punishment for its own sake, or as a compensation for the evil which a man has done, I would not harbour for a moment. If a man has done me a wrong, calumniated, insulted, abused me with all his power,

it renders the matter no better that I turn round and make him smart for it. If he has burned my house over my head, and I kill him in return, it does not rebuild my house. I cannot leave him at large to burn other men's houses. He must be restrained. But, if I cure the man, perhaps he will rebuild it—at any rate, will be of some service to the world, and others gain much while I lose nothing.

When the victims of society violated its laws, I would not torture a man for his misfortune, because his father was poor, his mother a brute; because his education was neglected. I would shut him out from society for a time. I would make him work for his own good and the good of others. The evil he had caught from the world I would overcome by the good that I would present to him. I would not clothe him with an infamous dress, crowd him with other men whom society had made infamous, leaving them to ferment and rot together. I would not set him up as a show to the public, for his enemy, or his rival, or some miserable fop to come and stare at with merciless and tormenting eye. I would not load him with chains, nor tear his flesh with a whip. I would not set soldiers with loaded guns to keep watch over him, insulting their brother by mocking and threats. I would treat the man with firmness, but with justice, with pity, with love. I would teach the man; what his family could not do for him, what society and the church had failed of, the gaol should do, for the gaol should be a manual labour school, not a dungeon of torture. I would take the most gifted, the most cultivated, the wisest and most benevolent, yes, the most Christian man in the State, and set him to train up these poor savages of civilization. The best man is the natural physician of the wicked. A violent man, angry, cruel, remorseless, should never enter the gaol except as a criminal. You have already taken one of the greatest, wisest, and best men of this Commonwealth, and set him to watch over the public education of the people.\* True, you give him little money, and no honour; he brings the honour to you, not asking, but giving that. You begin to see the result of setting such a man to such a work, though unhonoured and ill-paid. Soon you will see it more plainly in the increase

\* Mr. Horace Mann.

of temperance, industry, thrift, of good morals and sound religion! I would set such a man, if I could find such another, to look after the dangerous classes of society. I would pay him for it; honour him for it. I would have a board of public morals to look after this matter of crime, a secretary of public morals, a Christian censor, whose business it should be to attend to this class, to look after the gaols, and make them houses of refuge, of instruction, which should do for the perishing class what the school-house and the church do for others. I would send missionaries amongst the most exposed portions of mankind as well as amongst the savages of New Holland. I would send wise men, good men. There are already some such engaged in this work. I would strengthen their hands. I would make crime infamous. If there are men whose crime is to be traced not to a defective organization of body, not to the influence of circumstances, but only to voluntary and self-conscious wickedness, I would make these men infamous. It should be impossible for such a man, a voluntary foe of mankind, to live in society. I would have the gaol such a place that the friends of a criminal of either class should take him as now they take a lunatic or a sick man, and bring him to the Court that he might be healed if curable, or if not, might be kept from harm and hid away out of sight. Crime and sin should be infamous; not its correction, least of all its cure. I would not loathe and abhor a man who had been corrected and reformed by the gaol, more than a boy who had been reformed by his teacher, or a man cured of lunacy. I would have society a father who goes out to meet the prodigal while yet a great way off; yes, goes and brings him away from his riotous living, washes him, clothes him, and restores him to a right mind. There is a prosecuting attorney for the State; I would have also a defending attorney for the accused, that justice might be done all round. Is the State only a step-mother? Then is she not a Christian Commonwealth, but a barbarous despotism, fitly represented by that uplifted sword on her public seal, and that motto of barbarous and bloody Latin. I would have the State aid men and direct them after they have been discharged from the gaol; not leave them to perish, not force them to perish. Society is the natural guardian of the weak.



I cannot think the method here suggested would be so costly as the present. It seems to me that institutions of this character might be made not only to support themselves, but be so managed as to leave a balance of income considerably beyond the expense. This might be made use of for the advantage of the criminal when he returned to society; or with it he might help make restitution of what he had once stolen. Besides being less costly, it would cure the offender, and send back valuable men into society.

It seems to me that our whole criminal legislation is based on a false principle—force and not love; that it is eminently well adapted to revenge, not at all to correct, to teach, to cure. The whole apparatus for the punishment of offenders, from the gallows down to the House of Correction, seems to me wrong; wholly wrong, unchristian, and even inhuman. We teach crime while we punish it. Is it consistent for the State to take vengeance when I may not? Is it better for the State to kill a man in cold blood, than for me to kill my brother when in a rage? I cannot help thinking that the gallows, and even the gaol, as now administered, are practical teachers of violence and wrong! I cannot think it will always be so. Hitherto we have looked on criminals as voluntary enemies of mankind. We have treated them as wild beasts, not as dull or loitering boys. We have sought to destroy by death, to disable by mutilation or imprisonment, to terrify and subdue, not to convince, to reform, encourage, and bless.

The history of the past is full of prophecy for the future. Not many years ago we shut up our lunatics in gaols, in dungeons, in cages; we chained the maniac with iron; we gave him a bottle of water and a sack of straw; we left him in filth, in cold, and nakedness. We set strong and brutal men to watch him. When he cried, when he gnashed his teeth and tore his hair, we beat him all the more! They do so yet in some places, for they think a madman is not a brother, but a devil. What was the result? Madness was found incurable. Now lunacy is a disease, to be prescribed for as fever or rheumatism; when we find an incurable case we do not kill the man, nor chain him, nor count him a devil. Yet lunacy is not

curable by force, by gaols, dungeons, and cages; only by the medicine of wise men and good men. What if Christ had met one demoniac with a whip and another with chains!

You know how we once treated criminals! with what scourgings and mutilations, what brandings, what tortures with fire and red-hot iron! Death was not punishment enough, it must be protracted amid the most cruel torments that quivering flesh could bear. The multitude looked on and learned a lesson of deadly wickedness. A judicial murder was a holiday! It is but little more than two hundred years since a man was put to death in the most enlightened country of Europe for eating meat on Friday; not two hundred since men and women were hanged in Massachusetts for a crime now reckoned impossible! It is not a hundred years since two negro slaves were judicially burned alive in this very city! These facts make us shudder, but hope also. In a hundred years from this day will not men look on our gallows, gaols, and penal law as we look on the racks, the torture-chambers of the Middle Ages, and the bloody code of remorseless inquisitors?

We need only to turn our attention to this subject to find a better way. We shall soon see that punishment as such is an evil to the criminal, and so swells the sum of suffering with which society runs over; that it is an evil also to the community at large by abstracting valuable force from profitable work, and so a loss.\* We shall one day re-

\* The period of confinement in our State's prisons differs a good deal in the various States, as will appear from the following table.

In Conn.	Whole No. in prison.		Average sentence.	
			7 yrs. 3 mos.	
Va.	181	March 31, 1841	6	10 "
Mass.	322	Sept. 30, 1839	5	" 9 "
La.	68	Sept. 30, 1840	5	" 1 "
N. J.	152	Sept. 30, 1839	4	" 7 "
Ky.	162	Sept. 30, 1840	4	" — "
D. C.	79	Nov. 30, 1840	3	" 8 "
Md.	104		3	" — "
Phila.	129	Sept. 30, 1840	2	" 5 "

The difference between the average term of punishment in Connecticut and Philadelphia is 300 per cent! If the same result is effected by each, there has then been a great amount of gratuitous suffering in one case.

member that the offender is a man, and so his good also is to be consulted. He may be a bad man, voluntarily bad if you will. Still we are to be economical even of his suffering, for the least possible punishment is the best. Already a good many men think that error is better refuted by truth than by fagots and axes. How long will it be before we apply good sense and Christianity to the prevention of crime? One day we must see that a gaol, as it is now conducted, is no more likely to cure a crime than a lunacy or a fever! Hitherto we have not seen the application of the great doctrines of Christianity; not felt that all men are brothers. So our remedies for social evils have been bad almost as the disease; remedies which remedied nothing, but hid the patient out of sight. All great criminals have been thought incurable, and then killed. What if the doctors found a patient sick of a disease which he had foolishly or wickedly brought upon himself, and then, by the advice of twelve other doctors, professionally killed him for justice or example's sake? They would do what all the States in Christendom have done these thousand years. I cannot see why the Legislature has not as good right to authorize the medical college thus to kill men, as to authorize the present forms of destroying life!

We do not look the facts of crime fairly in the face. We do not see what heathens we are. Why, there is not a Christian nation in the world that has not a secretary of war, armies, soldiers, and the terrible apparatus of destruction. But there is not one that has a secretary of peace, not one that takes half the pains to improve its own criminals which it takes to build forts and fleets! Yet it seems to me that a Christian State should be a great peace society, a society for mutual advancement in the qualities of a man!

Do we not see that by our present course we are teaching men violence, fraud, deceit, and murder? What is the educational effect of our present political conduct, of our invasions, our battles, our victories; of the speeches of "our great men?" You all know that this teaches the poor, the low, and the weak that murder and robbery are good things when done on a large scale; that they give wealth, fame, power, and honours. The ignorant man, ill-

born and ill-bred, asks, "Why not, when done on a small scale; why not good for me?" If it is right in the President of the United States to rob and murder, why not for the President of the United States Bank? Do famous men say, "Our country however bounded," and vote to plunder a sister State? then why shall not the poor man, hungry and cold, say, "My purse however bounded," and seize on all he can get? Give one a seat in Congress if you will, and the other a noose of hemp: there is a God before whom seats in Congress and hempen halters are of equal value, but who does justice to great and little!

To reform the dangerous classes of society, to advance those who loiter behind our civilization, we need a special work designed directly for the good of the criminals and such as stand on that perilous ground which slopes towards crime. Some good men undertook this work long ago. They found much to do; a good deal to encourage them. Some of them are well known to you, are labouring here in the midst of us. They need counsel, encouragement, and aid. We must not look coldly on their enterprise nor on them. They can tell far better than I what specific plans are best for their specific work. Already have they accomplished much in this noble enterprise. The society for aiding discharged convicts is a prophecy of yet better things. Soon I trust it will extend its kind offices to all the prisons, and its work be made the affair of the State. The plan now before your Legislature for a "State Manual Labour School," designed to reform vicious children, is also full of promise. The wise and anonymous charity which so beautifully and in silence has dropped its gold into the chest for these poor outcasts, is itself its hundred-fold reward. Institutions like that which we contemplate have been found successful in England, Germany, and France. They actually reform the juvenile delinquent, and bring up useful men, not hardened criminals.\* We

\* I refer to the prisons at Stretton-upon-Dunmore, in Warwickshire; that at Horn, near Hamburg; and the one at Mettray, near Tours, in France. The French penal code allows the guardian or relatives of an offender under age to take him from prison on giving bonds for his good behaviour. While these pages were first passing through the press, I

are beginning to attend to this special work of removing the causes of crime, and restoring at least the young offenders.

However, the greater portion of this work is not special and for the criminal, but general and for society. To change the treatment of criminals, we must change everything else. The dangerous class is the unavoidable result of our present civilization; of our present ideas of man and social life. To reform and elevate the class of criminals, we must reform and elevate all other classes. To do that, we must educate and refine men. We must learn to treat all men as brothers. This is a great work and one of slow achievement. It cannot be brought about by legislation, nor any mechanical contrivance and re-organization alone. There is no remedy for this evil and its kindred but keeping the laws of God; in one word, none but Christianity, goodness, and piety felt in the heart, applied in all the works of life, individually, socially, and politically. While educated and abounding men acknowledge no rule of conduct but self-interest, what can you expect of the ignorant and the perishing? While great men say without rebuke that we do not look at "the natural justice of a war," do you expect men in the lowest places of society, ignorant and brutish, pinched by want, to look at the natural justice of theft, of murder? It were a vain expectation. We must improve all classes to improve one; perhaps the highest first.

Different men acting in the most various directions, without concert, often jealous one of another, and all partial in their aims, are helping forward this universal result. While we are contending against slavery, war, intemperance, or party rage; while we are building up hospitals, colleges, schools; while we are contending for freedom of conscience, or teaching abstractly the love of man and love of God, we are all working for the welfare

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learned the happy effect which followed the execution of the licence laws in this city. In 1846, from the 10th of March to the 24th of April, there were sent to the House of Correction for intemperance one hundred and eighty-nine persons. During the same period of the year 1847, only eighty-four have been thus punished! But, alas! in 1851 the evil has returned, and the demon of drunkenness mows down the wretched in Boston with unrestricted scythe.

of this neglected class. The gallows of the barbarian and the Gospel of Christianity cannot exist together. The times are full of promise. Mankind slowly fulfils what a man of genius prophesies; God grants what a good man asks, and, when it comes, it is better than what he prayed for.



## IV.

A SERMON OF POVERTY. PREACHED AT THE  
MELODEON, ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 14, 1849.

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"The destruction of the poor is their poverty."—PROVERBS x. 15.

LAST Sunday something was said of riches. To-day I ask your attention to a "Sermon of Poverty." By poverty, I mean the state in which a man does not have enough to satisfy the natural wants of food, raiment, shelter, warmth, and the like. From the earliest times that we know of, there have been two classes of men, the rich who had more than enough, the poor who had less. In one of the earliest books which treats of the condition of men, we find that Abraham, a rich man, owns the bodies of three hundred men that are poor. In four thousand years, the difference between rich and poor in our part of America is a good deal lessened, not done away with. In New England property is more uniformly distributed than in most countries, perhaps more equally than in any land as highly civilized. But even here the old distinction remains in a painful form and extended to a pitiful degree.

At one extreme of society is a body called the rich, men who have abundance, not a very numerous body, but powerful, first through the energy which accumulates money, and secondly through the money itself. Then there is a body of men who are comfortable. This class comprises the mass of the people in all the callings of life. Out of this class the rich men come, and into it their children or grandchildren commonly return. Few of the rich men of Boston were sons of rich men; still fewer grandsons; few of them perhaps will be fathers of men

equally rich ; still fewer grandfathers of such. Then there is the class that is miserable. Some of them are supported by public charity, some by private, some of them by their toil alone—but altogether they form a mass of men who only stay in the world, and do not live, in the best sense of that word.

Such are the great divisions of society in respect to property. However, the lines between these three classes are not sharp and distinctly drawn. There are no sharp divisions in nature ; but, for our convenience, we distinguish classes by their centre, where they are most unlike, and not by their circumference, where they intermix and resemble each other. The line between the miserable and comfortable, between the comfortable and rich, is not distinctly drawn. The centre of each class is obvious enough, while the limits thereof are a dissolving view.

The poor are miserable. Their food is the least that will sustain nature,—not agreeable, not healthy ; their clothing scanty and mean, their dwellings inconvenient and uncomfortable, with roof and walls that let in the cold and the rain—dwellings that are painful and unhealthy ; in their personal habits they are commonly unclean. Then they are ignorant ; they have no time to attend school in childhood, no time to read or to think in manhood, even they have learned to do either before that. If they have the time, few men can think to any profit while the body is uncomfortable. The cold man thinks only of the cold ; the wretched of his misery. Besides this, they are frequently vicious. I do not mean to say they are wicked in the sight of God. I never see a poor man carried to gaol for some petty crime, or even for a great one, without thinking that probably, in God's eye, the man is far better than I am, and, from the State's prison or scaffold, will ascend into heaven and take rank a great ways before me. I do not mean to say they are wicked before God ; but it is they who commit the minor crimes, against decency, sobriety, against property and person, and most of the major crimes, against human life. I mean that they commit the crimes that get punished by law. They crowd your courts ; they tenant your gaols ; they occupy your gallows. If some man would write a book describing the life of all the men hanged in Massachusetts for fifty years

past, or tried for some capital offence, and show what class of society they were from, how they were bred, what influences were about them in childhood, how they passed their Sundays, and also describe the configuration of their bodies, it would help us to a valuable chapter in the philosophy of crime, and furnish mighty argument against the injustice of our mode of dealing with offenders.

Poverty is the dark side of modern society. I say modern society, though poverty is not modern, for ancient society had poverty worse than ours, and a side still darker yet. Cannibalism, butchery of captives after battle, frequent or continual wars for the sake of plunder, and the slavery of the weak—these were the dark side of society in four great periods of human history,—the savage, the barbarous, the classic, and the feudal. Poverty is the best of these five bad things, each of which, however, has grimly done its service in its day.

There is no poverty among the Gaboon negroes. Put them in our latitude, and it soon comes. Nay, as they get to learn the wants of cultivated men, there will be a poorer class even in the torrid zone. Poverty prevails in every civilized nation on earth; yes, in every savage nation in austere climes. Let us look at some examples. England is the richest country in Europe. I mean she has more wealth in proportion to her population than any other in a similar climate. Look at her possessions in every corner of the globe; at her armies, which Europe cannot conquer; at her ships, which weave the great commercial web that spreads all round about the world; at home what factories, what farms, what houses, what towns, what a vast and wealthy metropolis; what an aristocracy—so rich, so cultivated, so able, so daring, and so unconquered.

But in that very English nation the most frightful poverty exists. Look at the two sister islands: this the queen, and that the beggar of all nations; the rose and the shamrock; the one throned in royal beauty, the other bowed to the dust, torn, and trampled under foot. In that capital of the world's wealth, in that centre of power far greater than the power of all the Cæsars, there is the most squalid poverty. Look at St. Giles's and St. James's—that the earthly hell of want and crime, this the worldly heaven

of luxury and power! Put on the one side the stately nobility of England, well born, well bred, armed with the power of manners, the power of money, the power of culture, and the power of place, and on the other side put the beggary of England, the two million paupers who are kept wholly on public or private charity; the three million labourers who formerly fed on potatoes, God knows what they feed on now, and all the other hungry sons of want who are kept in awe only by the growling lion who guards the British throne; and you see at once the result of modern civilization in the ablest, the foremost, the freest, the most practical, and the richest nation in the old world.

Even here in New England, a country not two hundred and fifty years old, a little patch of cleared land on the edge of the continent, we hear of poverty which is frightful to think of. It is a serious question, what shall be done for the poor? There are few that can tell what shall be done with them, or what is to become of them. Want is always here in Boston. Misery is here. Starvation is not unknown. What is now serious will one day be alarming. Even now it is awful to think of the misery that lurks in this Christian town. New England in fifty years has increased vastly in wealth, but poverty increases too. There has been a great advance in the productiveness of human labour; with our tools a man can do as much rude work in one day as he could in three days a hundred years ago. I mean work with the axe, the plough, the spade; of nicer work, yet more; of the most delicate work, see what machines do for him. The end is not yet; soon we shall have engines that will whittle granite, as a gang of saws cleaves logs into broad smooth boards. Yet with all this advance in the productiveness of human toil, still there is poverty. A day's work now will bring a man greater proportionate pay than ever before in New England. I mean to say that the ordinary wages for an ordinary day's work will support a man comfortably and respectably longer than they ever would before. On the whole, the price of things has come down and the price of work has gone up. Yet still there are the poor; there is want, there is misery, there is starvation. The community gives more than ever before; a

better public provision is made for the poor, private benevolence is more active and works far more wisely—yet still there is poverty, want, misery, unremoved, unmitigated, and, many think, immitigable!

Now I am not going to deny that poverty, like other forms of suffering, plays a part in the economy of the human race. If God's children will not work, or will throw away their bread, I do not complain that He sends them to bed without their supper—to a hard bed, and a narrow, and a cold. "Earn your breakfast before you eat it," is not merely the counsel of Poor Richard, but of Almighty God; it is a just counsel, and not hard. But is poverty an essential, substantial, integral element in human civilization, or is it an accidental element thereof, and transiently present; is it amenable to suppression? For my own part, I believe that all evil is transient, a thing that belongs to the process of development, not to the nature of man, or the higher forms of social life towards which he is advancing. If God be absolutely good, then only good things are everlasting. This general opinion, which comes from my religion as well as my philosophy, affects my special opinion of the history and design of poverty. I look on it as on cannibalism, the butchery of captives, the continual war for the sake of plunder, or on Slavery; yes, as I look on the diseases incidental to childhood, things that mankind live through and outgrow; which, painful as they are, do not make up the greatest part of the entire life of mankind. If it shall be said that I cannot know this, that I have not a clear intellectual perception of the providential design thereof, or the means of its removal, still I believe it, and if I have not the knowledge which comes of philosophy, I have still faith, the result of instinctive trust in God.

Let us look a little at the causes of poverty. Some things we see best on a large scale. So let us look at poverty thus, and then come down to the smaller forms thereof.

I. There may be a natural and organic cause. The people of Lapland, Iceland, and Greenland are a poor people compared with the Scotch, the Danes, or the French. There is a natural and organic cause for their

poverty in the soil and climate of those countries, which cannot be changed. They must emigrate before they can become rich or comfortable in our sense of the word. Hence their poverty is to be attributed to their geographical position. Put the New Englanders there, even they would be a poor people. Thus the poverty of a nation may depend on the geographical position of the nation.

Suppose a race of men has little vigour of body or of mind, and yet the same natural wants as a vigorous race; put them in favourable circumstances, in a good climate, on a rich soil, they will be poor on account of the feebleness of their mind and body; put them in a stern climate, on a sterile soil, and they will perish. Such is the case with the Mexicans. Soil and climate are favourable, yet the people are poor. Suppose a nation had only one-third part of the Laplander's ability, and yet needed the result of all his power, and was put in the Laplander's position, they would not live through the first winter. Had they been Mexicans who came to Plymouth in 1620, not one of them, it is probable, would have seen the next summer. Take away half the sense or bodily strength of the Bushmans of South Africa, and though they might have sense enough to dig nuts out of the ground, yet the lions and hyenas would eventually eat up the whole nation. So the poverty of a nation may come from want of power of body or of mind.

Then if a nation increases in numbers more rapidly than in wealth, there is a corresponding increase of want. Let the number of births in England for the next ten years be double the number for the last ten, without a corresponding creation of new wealth, and the English are brought to the condition of the Irish. Let the number of births in Ireland in like manner multiply, and one-half the population must perish for want of food. So the poverty of a nation may depend on the disproportionate increase of its numbers.

Then an able race, under favourable outward circumstances, without an over-rapid increase of numbers, if its powers are not much developed, will be poor in comparison with a similar race under similar circumstances, but highly developed. Thus England, under Egbert, in the ninth



century, was poor compared with England under Victoria, in the nineteenth century. The single town of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, or even Sheffield, is probably worth many times the wealth of all England in the ninth century. So the poverty of a nation may depend on its want of development.

Old England and New England are rich, partly through the circumstances of climate and soil, partly and chiefly through the great vigour of the race, with only a normal increase of numbers, and partly through a more complete development of the nations. Such are the chief natural and organic causes of poverty on a large scale in a nation.

II. The causes may be political. By political, I mean such as are brought about by the laws, either the fundamental laws, the constitution, or the minor laws, statutes. Sometimes the laws tend to make the whole nation poor. Such are the laws which force the industry of the people out of the natural channel, restricting commerce, agriculture, manufactures, industry in general. Sometimes this is done by promoting war, by keeping up armies and navies, by putting the destructive work of fighting, or the merely conservative work of ruling, before the creative works of productive industry. France was an example of that a hundred years ago. Spain yet continues such, as she has been for two centuries.

Sometimes this is done by hindering the general development of the nation, by retarding education, by forbidding all freedom of thought. The States of the Church are an example of this when compared with Tuscany; all Italy and Austria when compared with England; Spain, when compared with Germany, France, and Holland.

Sometimes this is brought about by keeping up an unnatural institution—as Slavery, for example. South Carolina is an instance of this, when compared with Massachusetts. South Carolina has many advantages over us, yet South Carolina is poor while Massachusetts is rich.

Sometimes this political action primarily affects only the distribution of wealth, and so makes one class rich and another poor. Such is the case with laws which give all the real estate to the eldest son, laws which allow property to be entailed for a long time or for ever, laws which

cut men off from the land. These laws at first seem only to make one class rich and the others poor, and merely to affect the distribution of wealth in a nation; but they are unnatural, and retard the industry of the people, and diminish their productive power, and make the whole nation less rich. Legislation may favour wealth and not men—property which is accumulated labour, rather than labour which is the power that accumulates property. Such legislation always endangers wealth in the end, lessening its quantity and making its tenure uncertain.

Two things may be said of European legislation in general, and especially of English legislation. First, that it has aimed to concentrate wealth in the hands of a few and keep it there. Hence it favours primogeniture, entails monopolies of posts of profit and of honour. Second, it has always looked out for the proprietor and his property, and cared little for the man without property; hence it always wanted the price of things high, the wages of men low, and, in addition to natural and organic obstacles, it continually put social impediments in the poor man's way. In England no son of a labourer could rise to eminence in the law or in medicine, scarcely in the church; no, not even in the army or navy.

These two statements will bear examination. The genius of England has demanded these two things. The genius of America demands neither, but rejects both; demands the distribution of property, puts the rights of man first, the rights of things last. Such are the political causes, and such their effects.

III. Then there are social causes which make a nation poor. Such are the prevalence of an opinion that industry is not respectable; that it is honourable to consume, disgraceful to create; that much must be spent, though little earned. The Spanish nation is poor in part through the prevalence of this opinion.

Sometimes social causes seem only to affect a class. The Pariahs in India must not fill any office that is well paid. They are despised, and of course they are poor and miserable. The blacks in New England are despised and frowned down, not admitted to the steamboat, the omnibus, to the school-houses in Boston, or even to the meeting-house with white men; not often allowed to work in

company with the whites ; and so they are kept in poverty. In Europe the Jews have been equally despised and treated in the same way, but not made poor, because they are in many respects a superior race of men, and because they have the advantage of belonging to a nation whose civilization is older than any other in Europe ; a nation specially gifted with the faculty of thrift ; a tribe whom none but other Jews, Scotchmen, or New Englanders, could outwit, over-reach, and make poor. No Ferdinand and Isabella, no inquisition could so completely expel them from any country, as the superior craft and cunning of the Yankee has driven them out of New England. There are Jews in every country of Europe, everywhere despised and maltreated, and forced into the corners of society, but everywhere superior to the men who surround them. Such are the social causes which produce poverty.

Now, let us look at the matter on a smaller scale, and see the cause of poverty in New England, of poverty in Broad Street and Sea Street. From the great mass let me take out a class who are accidentally poor. There are the widows and orphan children who inherit no estate ; the able men reduced by sickness before they have accumulated enough to sustain them. Then let me take out a class of men transiently poor, men who start with nothing, but have vigour and will to make their own way in the world. The majority of the poor still remain—the class who are permanently poor. The accidentally poor can easily be taken care of by public or private charity ; the transient poor will soon take care of themselves. The young man who lives on six cents a day while studying medicine in Boston, is doubtless a poor man, but will soon repay society for the slight aid it has lent him, and in time will take care of other poor men. So these two classes—the accidental and the transient poor—can easily be disposed of.

What causes have produced the class that is permanently poor ? What has just been said of nations, is true also of individuals.

First, there are natural and organic causes of poverty. Some men are born into the midst of want, ignorance, idleness, filthiness, intemperance, vice, crime ; their earliest

associations are debasing, their companions bad. They are born into the Iceland of society, into the frigid zone, some of them under the very pole-star of want. Such men are born and bred under the greatest disadvantages. Every star in their horoscope has a malignant aspect, and sheds disastrous influence. I do not remember five men in New England, from that class, becoming distinguished in any manly pursuit,—not five. Almost all of our great men and our rich men came from the comfortable class, none from the miserable. The old poverty is parent of new poverty. It takes at least two generations to outgrow the pernicious influence of such circumstances.

Then much of the permanent poverty comes from the lack of ability, power of body and of mind. In that Iceland of society men are commonly born with a feeble organization, and bred under every physical disadvantage; the man is physically weak, or else runs to muscle and not brain, and so is mentally weak. His feebleness is the result of the poverty of his fathers, and his own want in childhood. The oak tree grows tall and large in a rich valley; stunted, small, and scrubby on the barren sand.

Again, this class of men increase most rapidly in numbers. When the poor man has not half enough to fill his own mouth, and clothe his own back, other backs are added, other mouths opened. He abounds in nothing but naked and hungry children.

Further still, he has not so good a chance as the comfortable to get education and general development. A rude man, with superior abilities, in this century, will often be distanced by the well-trained man who started at birth with inferior powers. But if the rude man begin with inferior abilities, inferior circumstances, incumbered also with a load becoming rapidly more burdensome, you see under what accumulated disadvantages he labours all his life. So to the first natural and organic cause of poverty, his untoward position in society; to the second, his inferior ability; and to the third, the increase of his family, excessively rapid, we must add a fourth cause, his inferior development. An ignorant man, who is also weak in body, and besides that, starts with every disadvantage, his burdens annually increasing, may be expected to con-

tinue a poor man. It is only in most extraordinary cases that it turns out otherwise.

To these causes we must add what comes therefrom as their joint result: idleness, by which the poor waste their time; thriftlessness and improvidence, by which they lose their opportunities and squander their substance. The poor are seldom so economical as the rich; it is so with children, they spoil the furniture, soil and rend their garments, put things to a wasteful use, consume heedlessly and squander, careless of to-morrow. The poor are the children of society.

To these five causes I must add intemperance, the great bane of the miserable class. I feel no temptation to be drunken, but if I were always miserable, cold, hungry, naked, so ignorant that I did not know the result of violating God's laws, had I been surrounded from youth with the worst examples, not respected by other men, but a loathsome object in their sight, not even respecting myself, I can easily understand how the temporary madness of strong drink would be a most welcome thing. The poor are the prey of the rum-seller. As the lion in the Hebrew wilderness eateth up the wild ass, so in modern society the rum-seller and rum-maker suck the bones of the miserable poor. I never hear of a great fortune made in the liquor trade, but I think of the wives that have been made widows thereby, of the children bereft of their parents, of the fathers and mothers whom strong drink has brought down to shame, to crime, and to ruin. The history of the first barrel of rum that ever visited New England is well known. It brought some forty men before the bar of the court. The history of the last barrel can scarcely be much better.

Such are the natural and organic causes which make poverty.

With the exception of laws which allow the sale of intoxicating drink, I think there are few political causes of poverty in New England, and they are too inconsiderable to mention in so brief a sketch as this. However, there are some social causes of our permanent poverty. I do not think we have much respect for the men who do the rude work of life, however faithfully and well—little respect for work itself. The rich man is ashamed to have



begun to make his fortune with his own hard hands; even if the rich man is not, his daughter is for him. I do not think we have cared much to respect the humble efforts of feeble men; not cared much to have men dear, and things cheap. It has not been thought the part of political economy, of sound legislation; or of pure Christianity, to hinder the increase of pauperism, to remove the causes of poverty; yes, the causes of crime—only to take vengeance on it when committed!

Boston is a strange place; here is energy enough to conquer half the continent in ten years; power of thought to seize and tame the Connecticut and the Merrimack; charity enough to send missionaries all over the world; but not justice enough to found a high school for her own daughters, or to forbid her richest citizens from letting bar-rooms as nurseries of poverty and crime, from opening wide gates which lead to the almshouse, the gaol, the gallows, and earthly hell!

Such are the causes of poverty, organic, political, social. You may see families pass from the comfortable to the miserable class, by intemperance, idleness, wastefulness, even by feebleness of body and of mind; yet, while it is common for the rich to descend into the comfortable class, solely by lack of the eminent thrift which raised their fathers thence, or because they lack the common stimulus to toil and save, it is not common for the comfortable to fall into the pit of misery in New England, except through wickedness, through idleness, or intemperance.

It is not easy to study poverty in Boston. But take a little inland town, which few persons migrate into, you will find the miserable families have commonly been so, for a hundred years; that many of them are descended from the "servants," or white slaves, brought here by our fathers; that such as fall from the comfortable classes are commonly made miserable by their own fault, sometimes by idleness, which is certainly a sin: for any man who will not work, and persists in living, eats the bread of some other man, either begged or stolen—but chiefly by intemperance. Three-fourths of the poverty of this character is to be attributed to this cause.

Now there is a tendency in poverty to drive the ablest



men to work, and so get rid of the poverty ; and this I take it is the providential design thereof. Poverty, like an armed man, stalks in the rear of the social march, huge and haggard, and gaunt and grim, to scare the lazy, to goad the idle with his sword, to trample and slay the obstinate sluggard. But he treads also the feeble under his feet, for no fault of theirs, only for the misfortune of being born in the rear of society. But in poverty there is also a tendency to intimidate, to enfeeble, to benumb. The poverty of the strong man compels him to toil ; but with the weak, the destruction of the poor is his poverty. An active man is awakened from his sleep by the cold ; he arises and seeks more covering ; the indolent, or the feeble, shiver on till morning, benumbed and enfeebled by the cold. So weakness begets weakness ; poverty, poverty ; intemperance, intemperance ; crime, crime.

Everything is against the poor man ; he pays the dearest tax, the highest rent for his house, the dearest price for all he eats or wears. The poor cannot watch their opportunity, and take advantage of the markets, as other men. They have the most numerous temptations to intemperance and crime ; they have the poorest safeguards from these evils. If the chief value of wealth, as a rich man tells us, be this—that “it renders its owner independent of others,” then on what shall the poor men lean, neglected and despised by others, looked on as loathsome, and held in contempt, shut out even from the sermons and the prayers of respectable men ? It is no marvel if they cease to respect themselves.

The poor are the most obnoxious to disease ; their children are not only most numerous, but most unhealthy. More than half of the children of that class perish at the age of five. Amongst the poor, infectious diseases rage with frightful violence. The mortality in that class is amazing. If things are to continue as now, I thank God it is so. If Death is their only guardian, he is at least powerful, and does not scorn his work.

In addition to the poor, whom these causes have made and kept in poverty, the needy of other lands flock hither. The nobility of Old England, so zealous in pursuing their game, in keeping their entails unbroken, and primogeniture safe, have sent their beggary to New England, to be supported by the crumbs that fall from our table. So, in the

same New England city, the extremes of society are brought together. Here is health, elegance, cultivation, sobriety, decency, refinement—I wish there was more of it; there is poverty, ignorance, drunkenness, violence, crime, in most odious forms—starvation! We have our St. Giles's and St. James's; our nobility, not a whit less noble than the noblest of other lands, and our beggars, both in a Christian city. Amid the needy population, misery and death have found their parish. Who shall dare stop his ears, when they preach their awful denunciation of want and woe?

Good men ask, "What shall we do?" Foreign poverty has had this good effect; it has shamed or frightened the American beggar into industry and thrift.

Poverty will not be removed till the causes thereof are removed. There are some who look for a great social revolution. So do I; only I do not look for it to come about suddenly, or by mechanical means. We are in a social revolution, and do not know it. While I cannot accept the peculiar doctrines of the Associationists, I rejoice in their existence. I sympathize with their hope. They point out the evils of society, and that is something. They propose a method of removing its evils. I do not believe in that method, but mankind will probably make many experiments before we hit upon the right one. For my own part, I confess I do not see any way of removing poverty wholly or entirely, in one or two, or in four or five generations. I think it will linger for some ages to come. Like the snow, it is to be removed by a general elevation of the temperature of the air, not all at once; and will long hang about the dark and cold places of the world. But I do think it will at last be overcome, so that a man who cannot subsist will be as rare as a cannibal. "Ye have the poor with you always," said Jesus; and many who remember this, forget that He also said, "And whensoever ye will ye may do them good." I expect to see a mitigation of poverty in this country, and that before long.

It is likely that the legal theory of property in Europe will undergo a great change before many years; that the right to bequeath enormous estates to individuals will be cut off; that primogeniture will cease, and entailments be broken, and all monopolies of rank and power come

to an end, and so a great change take place in the social condition of Europe, and especially of England. That change will bring many of the comfortable into the rich class, and eventually many of the miserable into the comfortable class. But I do not expect such a radical change here, where we have not such enormous abuses to surmount.

I think something will be done in Europe for the organization of labour, I do not know what; I do not know how; I have not the ability to know, and will not pretend to criticize what I know I cannot create, and do not at present understand. I think there will be a great change in the form of society; that able men will endeavour to remove the causes of crime, not merely to make money out of that crime; that intemperance will be diminished; that idleness in rich or poor will be counted a disgrace; that labour will be more respected; education more widely diffused; and that institutions will be founded, which will tend to produce these results. But I do not pretend to devise those institutions, and certainly shall not throw obstacles in the way of such as can or will try. It seems likely that something will be first done in Europe, where the need is greatest. There a change must come. By and by, if it does not come peaceably, the continent will not furnish "special constables" enough to put down human nature. If the white republicans cannot make a revolution peacefully, wait a little, and the red republicans will make it in blood. "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," says mankind, first in a whisper, then in a voice of thunder. If powerful men will not write justice with black ink, on white paper, ignorant and violent men will write it on the soil, in letters of blood, and illuminate their rude legislation with burning castles, palaces, and towns. While the social change is taking place never so peacefully, men will think the world is going to ruin. But it is an old world, pretty well put together, and, with all these changes, will probably last some time longer. Human society is like one of those enormous boulders, so nicely poised on another rock, that a man may move it with a single hand. You are afraid to come under its sides, lest it fall. When the wind blows, it rocks with formidable noise, and men say it will soon be down upon us. Now

and then a rude boy undertakes to throw it over ; but all the men who can get their shoulders under, cannot raise the ponderous mass from its solid and firm-set base.

Still, after all these changes have taken place, there remains the difference between the strong and the weak, the active and the idle, the thrifty and the spendthrift, the temperate and the intemperate ; and, though the term poverty ceases to be so dreadful, and no longer denotes want of the natural necessities of the body, there will still remain the relatively rich and the relatively poor.

But now something can be done directly to remove the causes of poverty, something to mitigate their effects ; we need both the palliative charity, and the remedial justice. Tenements for the poor can be provided at a cheap rent, that shall yet pay their owner a reasonable income. This has been proved by actual experiment, and, after all that has been said about it, I am amazed that no more is done. I will not exhort the churches to this in the name of religion—they have other matters to attend to ; but if capitalists will not, in a place like Boston, it seems to me the city should see that this class of the population is provided with tenements, at a rate not ruinous. It would be good economy to do it, in the pecuniary sense of good economy ; certainly to hire money at six per cent., and rent the houses built therewith at eight per cent., would cost less than to support the poor entirely in almshouses, and punish them in gaols.

Something yet more may be done, in the way of furnishing them with work, or of directing them to it ; something towards enabling them to purchase food and other articles cheap.

Something might be done to prevent street beggary, and begging from house to house, which is rather a new thing in this town. The indiscriminate charity, which it is difficult to withhold from a needy and importunate beggar, does more harm than good.

Much may be done to promote temperance ; much more, I fear, than is likely to be done ; that is plainly the duty of society. Intemperance is bad enough with the comfortable and the rich ; with the poor it is ruin—sheer, blank, and swift ruin. The example of the rich, of the comfortable, goes down there like lightning, to shatter, to blast, and to

burn. It is marvellous, that in Christian Boston, men of wealth, and so above the temptation which lurks behind a dollar, men of character otherwise thought to be elevated, can yet continue a traffic which leads to the ruin and slow butchery of such masses of men. I know not what can be done by means of the public law. I do know what can be done by private self-denial, by private diligence.

Something also may be done to promote religion amongst the poor, at least something to make it practicable for a poor man to come to church on Sunday, with his fellow-creatures who are not miserable—and to hear the best things that the ablest men in the church have to offer. We are very democratic in our State, not at all so in our church. In this matter the Catholics put us quite to shame. If, as some men still believe, it be a manly calling and a noble to preach Christianity, then to preach it to men who stand in the worst and most dangerous positions in society; to take the highest truths of human consciousness, the loftiest philosophy, the noblest piety, and bring them down into the daily life of poor men, rude men, men obscure, unfriended, ready to perish; surely this is the noblest part of that calling, and demands the noblest gifts, the fairest and the largest culture, the loftiest powers.

It is no hard thing to reason with reasoning men, and be intelligible to the intelligent; to talk acceptably and even movingly to scholars and men well read, is no hard thing, if you are yourself well read and a scholar. But to be intelligible to the ignorant, to reason with men who reason not, to speak acceptably and movingly with such men, to inspire them with wisdom, with goodness, and with piety,—that is the task only for some men of rare genius who can stride over the great gulf betwixt the thrones of creative power, and the humble positions of men ignorant, poor, and forgot! Yet such men there are, and here is their work.

Something can be done for the children of the poor—to promote their education, to find them employment, to snatch these little ones from underneath the feet of that grim poverty. It is not less than awful to think, while there are more children born in Boston of Catholic parents than of Protestant, that yet more than three-fifths thereof



die before the sun of their fifth year shines on their luckless heads. I thank God that thus they die. If there be not wisdom enough in society, nor enough of justice there to save them from their future long-protracted suffering, then I thank God that Death comes down betimes, and moistens his sickle while his crop is green. I pity not the miserable babes who fall early before that merciful arm of Death. They are at rest. Poverty cannot touch them. Let the mothers who bore them rejoice, but weep only for those that are left—left to ignorance, to misery, to intemperance, to vice that I shall not name; left to the mercies of the gaol, and perhaps the gallows at the last. Yet Boston is a Christian city—and it is eighteen hundred years since one great Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost!

I see not what more can be done directly, and I see not why these things should not be done. Still some will suffer; the idle, the lazy, the proud who will not work, the careless who will voluntarily waste their time, their strength, or their goods—they must suffer, they ought to suffer. Want is the only schoolmaster to teach them industry and thrift. Such as are merely unable, who are poor not by their fault—we do wrong to let them suffer; we do wickedly to leave them to perish. The little children who survive—are they to be left to become barbarians in the midst of our civilization?

Want is not an absolutely needful thing, but very needful for the present distress, to teach us industry, economy, thrift, and its creative arts. There is nature—the whole material world—waiting to serve. "What would you have thereof?" says God. "Pay for it and take it, as you will; only pay as you go!" There are hands to work, heads to think; strong hands, hard heads. God is an economist; He economizes suffering; there is never too much of it in the world for the purpose it is to serve, though it often falls where it should not fall. It is here to teach us industry, thrift, justice. It will be here no more when we have learned its lesson. Want is here on sufferance; misery on sufferance; and mankind can eject them if we will. Poverty, like all evils, is amenable to suppression.

Can we not end this poverty—the misery and crime it



brings? No, not to-day. Can we not lessen it? Soon as we will. Think how much ability there is in this town—cool, far-sighted talent. If some of the ablest men directed their thoughts to the reform of this evil, how much might be done in a single generation; and in a century—what could not they do in a hundred years? What better work is there for able men? I would have it written on my tombstone: "This man had but little wit, and less fame, yet he helped remove the causes of poverty, making men better off and better;" rather by far than this: "Here lies a great man; he had a great place in the world, and great power, and great fame, and made nothing of it, leaving the world no better for his stay therein, and no man better off."

After all the special efforts to remove poverty, the great work is to be done by the general advance of mankind. We shall outgrow this, as cannibalism, butchery of captives, war for plunder, and other kindred miseries have been outgrown. God has general remedies in abundance, but few specific. Something will be done by diffusing throughout the community principles and habits of economy, industry, temperance; by diffusing ideas of justice, sentiments of brotherly love, sentiments and ideas of religion. I hope everything from that—the noiseless and steady progress of Christianity; the snow melts not by sunlight, or that alone, but as the whole air becomes warm. You may in cold weather melt away a little before your own door, but that makes little difference till the general temperature rises. Still, while the air is getting warm, you facilitate the process by breaking up the obdurate masses of ice, and putting them where the sun shines with direct and unimpeded light. So must we do with poverty.

It is only a little that any of us can do—for anything. Still we can do a little; we can each do by helping towards raising the general tone of society: first, by each man raising himself; by industry, economy, charity, justice, piety; by a noble life. So doing, we raise the moral temperature of the whole world, and just in proportion thereto. Next, by helping those who come in our way; nay, by going out of our way to help them. In

each of these modes, it is our duty to work. To a certain extent each man is his brother's keeper. Of the powers we possess we are but trustees under Providence, to use them for the benefit of men, and render continually an account of our stewardship to God. Each man can do a little directly to help convince the world of its wrong, a little in the way of temporizing charity, a little in the way of remedial justice; so doing, he works with God, and God works with him.

## V.

A SERMON OF THE MORAL CONDITION OF  
BOSTON.—PREACHED AT THE MELODEON, ON  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1849.

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“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”—1 SAMUEL, vii. 12.

A MAN who has only the spirit of his age can easily be a popular man ; if he have it in an eminent degree, he must be a popular man in it : he has its hopes and its fears ; his trumpet gives a certain and well-known sound ; his counsel is readily appreciated ; the majority is on his side. But he cannot be a wise magistrate, a just judge, a competent critic, or a profitable preacher. A man who has only the spirit of a former age can be none of these four things ; and not even a popular man. He remembers when he ought to forecast, and compares when he ought to act ; he cannot appreciate the age he lives in, nor have a fellow-feeling with it. He may easily obtain the pity of his age, not its sympathy or its confidence. The man who has the spirit of his own, and also that of some future age, is alone capable of becoming a wise magistrate, a just judge, a competent critic, and a profitable preacher. Such a man looks on passing events somewhat as the future historian will do, and sees them in their proportions, not distorted ; sees them in their connection with great general laws, and judges of the falling rain not merely by the bonnets it may spoil and the pastime it disturbs, but by the grass and corn it shall cause to grow. He has hopes and fears of his own, but they are not the hopes and fears of men about him ; his trumpet cannot give a welcome or well-known sound, nor his counsel be presently heeded.

Majorities are not on his side, nor can he be a popular man.

To understand our present moral condition, to be able to give good counsel thereon, you must understand the former generation, and have potentially the spirit of the future generation; must appreciate the past, and yet belong to the future. Who is there that can do this? No man will say, "I can." Conscious of the difficulty, and aware of my own deficiencies in all these respects, I will yet endeavour to speak of the moral condition of Boston.

First, I will speak of the actual moral condition of Boston, as indicated by the morals of trade. In a city like Rome, you must first feel the pulse of the church, in St. Petersburg that of the court, to determine the moral condition of those cities. Now trade is to Boston what the church is to Rome and the imperial court to St. Petersburg: it is the pendulum which regulates all the common and authorized machinery of the place; it is an organization of the public conscience. We care little for any Pius the Ninth, or Nicholas the First; the dollar is our emperor and pope, above all the parties in the State, all sects in the church, lord paramount over both, its spiritual and temporal power not likely to be called in question; revolt from what else we may, we are loyal still to that.

A little while ago, in a "Sermon of Riches," speaking of the character of trade in Boston, I suggested that men were better than their reputation oftener than worse; that there were a hundred honest bargains to one that was dishonest. I have heard severe strictures from friendly tongues, on that statement, which gave me more pain than any criticism I have received before. The criticism was, that I overrated the honesty of men in trade. Now, it is a small thing to be convicted of an error—a just thing and a profitable to have it detected and exposed; but it is a painful thing to find you have overrated the moral character of your townsmen. However, if what I said be not true as history, I hope it will become so as prophecy; I doubt not my critics will help that work.

Love of money is out of proportion to love of better things—to love of justice, of truth, of a manly character developing itself in a manly life. Wealth is often made

the end to live for ; not the means to live by, and attain a manly character. The young man of good abilities does not commonly propose it to himself to be a nobleman, equipped with all the intellectual and moral qualities which belong to that, and capable of the duties which come thereof. He is satisfied if he can become a rich man. It is the highest ambition of many a youth in this town to become one of the rich men of Boston ; to have the social position which wealth always gives, and nothing else in this country can commonly bestow. Accordingly, our young men that are now poor, will sacrifice everything to this one object ; will make wealth the end, and will become rich without becoming noble. But wealth without nobleness of character is always vulgar. I have seen a clown staring at himself in the gorgeous mirror of a French palace, and thought him no bad emblem of many an ignoble man at home, surrounded by material riches which only reflected back the vulgarity of their owner.

Other young men inherit wealth, but seldom regard it as a means of power for high and noble ends, only as the means of selfish indulgence ; unneeded means to elevate yet more their self-esteem. Now and then you find a man who values wealth only as an instrument to serve mankind withal. I know some such men ; their money is a blessing akin to genius, a blessing to mankind, a means of philanthropic power. But such men are rare in all countries, perhaps a little less so in Boston than in most other large trading towns ; still, exceeding rare. They are sure to meet with neglect, abuse, and perhaps with scorn ; if they are men of eminent ability, superior culture, and most elevated moral aims, set off, too, with a noble and heroic life, they are sure of meeting with eminent hatred. I fear the man most hated in this town would be found to be some one who had only sought to do mankind some great good, and stepped before his age too far for its sympathy. Truth, justice, humanity, are not thought in Boston to have come of good family ; their followers are not respectable. I am not speaking to blame men, only to show the fact ; we may meddle with things too high for us, but not understand nor appreciate.

Now, this disproportionate love of money appears in various ways. You see it in the advantage that is taken of

the feeblest, the most ignorant, and the most exposed classes in the community. It is notorious that they pay the highest prices, the dearest rents, and are imposed upon in their dealings oftener than any other class of men; so the raven and the hooded crow, it is said, seek out the sickliest sheep to pounce upon. The fact that a man is ignorant, poor, and desperate, furnishes to many men an argument for defrauding the man. It is bad enough to injure any man; but to wrong an ignorant man, a poor and friendless man; to take advantage of his poverty or his ignorance, and to get his services or his money for less than a fair return—that is petty baseness under aggravated circumstances, and as cowardly as it is mean. You are now and then shocked at rich men telling of the arts by which they got their gold—sometimes of their fraud at home, sometimes abroad; and a good man almost thinks there must be a curse on money meanly got at first, though it falls to him by honest inheritance.

This same disproportionate love of money appears in the fact that men, not driven by necessity, engage in the manufacture, the importation, and the sale of an article which corrupts and ruins men by hundreds; which has done more to increase poverty, misery, and crime, than any other one cause whatever; and, as some think, more than all other causes whatever. I am not speaking of men who aid in any just and proper use of that article, but in its ruinous use. Yet such men, by such a traffic, never lose their standing in society, their reputation in trade, their character in the church. A good many men will think worse of you for being an Abolitionist; men have lost their place in society by that name; even Dr. Channing "hurt his usefulness" and "injured his reputation" by daring to speak against that sin of the nation; but no man loses caste in Boston by making, importing, and selling the cause of ruin to hundreds of families—though he does it with his eyes open, knowing that he ministers to crime and to ruin! I am told that large quantities of New England rum have already been sent from this city to California; it is notorious that much of it is sent to the nations of Africa—if not from Boston, at least from New England—as an auxiliary in the slave trade. You know with what feelings of grief and indignation a clergyman of this city saw that charac-



teristic manufacture of his town on the wharves of a Mahometan city. I suppose there are not ten ministers in Boston who would not "get into trouble," as the phrase is, if they were to preach against intemperance, and the causes that produce intemperance, with half so much zeal as they innocently preach "regeneration" and a "form of piety" which will never touch a single corner of the earth. As the minister came down, the spirit of trade would meet him on the pulpit stairs to warn him: "Business is business; religion is religion; business is ours, religion yours; but if you make or even allow religion to interfere with our business, then it will be the worse for you—that is all!" You know it is not a great while since we drove out of Boston the one Unitarian minister who was a fearless apostle of temperance.\* His presence here was a grief to that "form of piety;" a disturbance to trade. Since then the peace of the churches has not been much disturbed by the preaching of temperance. The effect has been salutary; no Unitarian minister has risen up to fill that place!

This same disproportionate love of money appears in the fact, that the merchants of Boston still allow coloured seamen to be taken from their ships and shut up in the gaols of another State. If they cared as much for the rights of man as for money, as much for the men who sail the ship as for the cargo it carries, I cannot think there would be brass enough in South Carolina, or all the South, to hold another freeman of Massachusetts in bondage, merely for the colour of his skin. No doubt, a merchant would lose his reputation in this city by engaging directly in the slave trade, for it is made piracy by the law of the land.† But did any one ever lose his reputation by taking a mortgage on slaves as security for a debt; by becoming, in that way, or by inheritance, the owner of slaves, and still keeping them in bondage?

You shall take the whole trading community of Boston,

\* Rev. John Pierpont.

† This statement was made in 1849; subsequent events have shown that I was mistaken. It is now thought respectable and patriotic not only to engage in the slave trade, but to kidnap men and women in Boston. Most of the prominent newspapers, and several of the most prominent clergy, defend the kidnapping. Attempts have repeatedly been made to kidnap my own parishioners. Kidnapping is not even a matter of church discipline in Boston in 1851.

rich and poor, good and bad, study the phenomena of trade as astronomers the phenomena of the heavens, and from the observed facts, by the inductive method of philosophy, construct the ethics of trade, and you will find one great maxim to underlie the whole: Money must be made. Money-making is to the ethics of trade what attraction is to the material world; what truth is to the intellect, and justice in morals. Other things must yield to that; that to nothing. In the effort to comply with this universal law of trade, many a character gives way; many a virtue gets pushed aside; the higher, nobler qualities of a man are held in small esteem.

This characteristic of the trading class appears in the thought of the people as well as their actions. You see it in the secular literature of our times; in the laws, even in the sermons; nobler things give way to love of gold. So in an ill-tended garden, in some bed where violets sought to open their fragrant bosoms to the sun, have I seen a cabbage come up and grow apace, with thick and vulgar stalk, with coarse and vulgar leaves, with rank unsavoury look; it thrust aside the little violet, which, underneath that impenetrable leaf, lacking the morning sunshine and the dew of night, faded and gave up its tender life; but above the grave of the violet there stood the cabbage, green, expanding, triumphant, and all fearless of the frost. Yet the cabbage also had its value and its use.

There are men in Boston, some rich, some poor, old and young, who are free from this reproach; men that have a well-proportioned love of money, and make the pursuit thereof an effort for all the noble qualities of a man. I know some such men, not very numerous anywhere, men who show that the common business of life is the place to mature great virtues in; that the pursuit of wealth, successful or not, need hinder the growth of no excellence, but may promote all manly life. Such men stand here as violets among the cabbages, making a fragrance and a loveliness all their own; attractive anywhere, but marvellous in such a neighbourhood as that.

Look next on the morals of Boston, as indicated by the newspapers, the daily and the weekly press. Take the whole newspaper literature of Boston, cheap and costly,

good and bad, study it all as a whole, and by the inductive method construct the ethics of the press, and here you find no signs of a higher morality in general than you found in trade. It is the same centre about which all things gravitate here as there. But in the newspapers the want of great principles is more obvious, and more severely felt than in trade—the want of justice, of truth, of humanity, of sympathy with man. In trade you meet with signs of great power; the highway of commerce bears marks of giant feet. Our newspapers seem chiefly in the hands of little men, whose cunning is in a large ratio to their wisdom or their justice. You find here little ability, little sound learning, little wise political economy; of lofty morals almost nothing at all. Here, also, the dollar is both pope and king; right and truth are vassals, not much esteemed, nor over-often called to pay service to their lord, who has other soldiers with more pliant neck and knee.

A newspaper is an instrument of great importance; all men read it; many read nothing else; some it serves as reason and conscience too: in lack of better, why not? It speaks to thousands every day on matters of great moment—on matters of morals, of politics, of finance. It relates daily the occurrences of our land, and of all the world. All men are affected by it; hindered or helped. To many a man his morning paper represents more reality than his morning prayer. There are many in a community like this who do not know what to say—I do not mean what to think, thoughtful men know what to think—about anything till somebody tells them; yet they must talk, for “the mouth goes always.” To such a man a newspaper is invaluable; as the idolater in the Judges had “a Levite to his priest,” so he has a newspaper to his reason or his conscience, and can talk to the day’s end. An able and humane newspaper would get this class of persons into good habits of speech, and do them a service, inasmuch as good habits of speech are better than bad.

One portion of this literature is degrading; it seems purposely so, as if written by base men, for base readers, to serve base ends. I know not which is most depraved thereby, the taste or the conscience. Obscene advertisements are there, meant for the licentious eye; there are loathsome details of vice, of crime, of depravity, related

with the design to attract, yet so disgusting that any but a corrupt man must revolt from them; there are accounts of the appearance of culprits in the lower courts, of their crime, of their punishment; these are related with an impudent flippancy, and a desire to make sport of human wretchedness and perhaps depravity, which amaze a man of only the average humanity. We read of Judge Jeffreys and the bloody assizes in England, one hundred and sixty years ago, but never think there are in the midst of us men who, like that monster, can make sport of human misery; but for a cent you can find proof that the race of such is not extinct. If a penny-a-liner were to go into a military hospital, and make merry at the sights he saw there, at the groans he heard, and the keen smart his eye witnessed, could he publish his fiendish joy at that spectacle—you would not say he was a man. If one mock at the crimes of men, perhaps at their sins, at the infamous punishments they suffer—what can you say of him?

It is a significant fact that the commercial newspapers, which of course in such a town are the controlling newspapers, in reporting the European news, relate first the state of the markets abroad, the price of cotton, of consols, and of corn; then the health of the English Queen, and the movements of the nations. This is loyal and consistent; at Rome the journal used to announce first some tidings of the Pope, then of the lesser dignitaries of the church, then of the discovery of new antiques, and other matters of great pith and moment; at St. Petersburg, it was first of the Emperor that the journal spoke; at Boston it is legitimate that the health of the dollar should be reported first of all.

The political newspapers are a melancholy proof of the low morality of this town. You know what they will say of any party movement; that measures and men are judged on purely party grounds. The country is commonly put before mankind, and the party before the country. Which of them in political matters pursues a course that is fair and just; how many of them have ever advanced a great idea, or been constantly true to a great principle of natural justice; how many resolutely oppose a great wrong; how many can be trusted to expose the most notorious blunders of their party; how many of them aim to promote the

higher interests of mankind? What servility is there in some of these journals, a cringing to the public opinion of the party; a desire that "our efforts may be appreciated!" In our politics everything which relates to money is pretty carefully looked after, though not always well looked after; but what relates to the moral part of politics is commonly passed over with much less heed. Men would compliment a senator who understood finance in all its mysteries, and sneer at one who had studied as faithfully the mysteries of war, or of Slavery. The Mexican war tested the morality of Boston, as it appears both in the newspapers and in trade, and showed its true value.

There are some few exceptions to this statement; here and there is a journal which does set forth the great ideas of this age, and is animated by the spirit of humanity. But such exceptions only remind one of the general rule.

In the sectarian journals the same general morality appears, but in a worse form. What would have been political hatred in the secular prints, becomes theological odium in the sectarian journals; not a mere hatred in the name of party, but hatred in the name of God and Christ. Here is less fairness, less openness, and less ability than there, but more malice; the form, too, is less manly. What is there a strut or a swagger, is here only a snivel. They are the last places in which you need look for the spirit of true morality. Which of the sectarian journals of Boston advocates any of the great reforms of the day? nay, which is not an obstacle in the path of all manly reform? But let us not dwell upon this, only look and pass by.

I am not about to censure the conductors of these journals, commercial, political, or theological. I am no judge of any man's conscience. No doubt they write as they can or must. This literature is as honest and as able as "the circumstances will admit of." I look on it as an index of our moral condition, for a newspaper literature always represents the general morals of its readers. Grocers and butchers purchase only such articles as their customers will buy; the editors of newspapers reveal the moral character of their subscribers as well as their correspondents. The transient literature of any age is always a good index of the moral taste of the age. These two witnesses attest the moral condition of the better part of the



city ; but there are men a good deal lower than the general morals of trade and the press. Other witnesses testify to their moral character.

Let me now speak of your moral condition as indicated by the poverty in this city. I have so recently spoken on the subject of poverty in Boston, and printed the sermon, that I will not now mention the misery it brings. I will only speak of the moral condition which it indicates, and the moral effect it has upon us.

In this age, poverty tends to barbarize men ; it shuts them out from the educational influences of our times. The sons of the miserable class cannot obtain the intellectual, moral, and religious education which is the birth-right of the comfortable and the rich. There is a great gulf between them and the culture of our times. How hard it must be to climb up from a cellar in Cove Place to wisdom, to honesty, to piety. I know how comfortable pharisaic self-righteousness can say, "I thank thee I am not wicked like one of these ;" and God knows which is the best before His eyes, the scorner, or the man he loathes and leaves to dirt and destruction. I know this poverty belongs to the state of transition we are now in, and can only be ended by our passing through this into a better. I see the medicinal effect of poverty, that with cantharidian sting it drives some men to work, to frugality and thrift ; that the Irish has driven the American beggar out of the streets, and will shame him out of the almshouse ere long. But there are men who have not force enough to obey this stimulus ; they only cringe and smart under its sting. Such men are made barbarians by poverty,—barbarians in body, in mind and conscience, in heart and soul. There is a great amount of this barbarism in Boston ; it lowers the moral character of the place, as icebergs in your harbour next June would chill the air all day.

The fact that such poverty is here, that so little is done by public authority, or by the ablest men in the land, to remove the evil tree and dig up its evil root ; that amid all the wealth of Boston and all its charity, there are not even comfortable tenements for the poor to be had at any but a ruinous rent—that is a sad fact, and bears a sad



testimony to our moral state ! Sometimes the spectacle of misery does good, quickening the moral sense and touching the electric tie which binds all human hearts into one great family ; but when it does not lead to this result, then it debases the looker on. To know of want, of misery, of all the complicated and far-extended ill they bring ; to hear of this, and to see it in the streets ; to have the money to alleviate, and yet not to alleviate ; the wisdom to devise a cure therefore, and yet make no effort towards it—that is to be yourself debased and barbarized. I have often thought, in seeing the poverty of London, that the daily spectacle of such misery did more in a year to debauch the British heart than all the slaughter at Waterloo. I know that misery has called out heroic virtue in some men and women, and made philanthropists of such as otherwise had been only getters and keepers of gain. We have noble examples of that in the midst of us ; but how many men has poverty trod down into the mire ; how many has this sight of misery hardened into cold worldliness, the man frozen into mere respectability, its thin smile on his lips, its ungodly contempt in his heart !

Out of this barbarism of poverty there come three other forms of evil which indicate the moral condition of Boston ; of that portion named just now as below the morals of trade and the press. These also I will call up to testify.

One is intemperance. This is a crime against the body ; it is felony against your own frame. It makes a schism amongst your own members. The amount of it is fearfully great in this town. Some of our most wealthy citizens, who rent their buildings for the unlawful sale of rum to be applied to an intemperate abuse, are directly concerned in promoting this intemperance ; others, rich but less wealthy, have sucked their abundance out of the bones of the poor, and are actual manufacturers of the drunkard and the criminal. Here are numerous distilleries owned, and some of them conducted, I am told, by men of wealth. The fire thereof is not quenched at all by day, and there is no night there ; the worm dieth not. There out of the sweetest plant which God has made to grow under a tropic sun, men distil a poison the most

baneful to mankind which the world has ever known. The poison of the Borgias was celebrated once; cold-hearted courtiers shivered at its name. It never killed many; those with merciful swiftness. The poison of rum is yet worse; it yearly murders thousands; kills them by inches, body and soul. Here are respectable and wealthy men, men who this day sit down in a Christian church, and thank God for His goodness, with contrite hearts praise Him for that Son of man who gave His life for mankind, and would gladly give it to mankind; yet these men have ships on the sea to bring the poor man's poison here, or bear it hence to other men as poor; have distilleries on the land to make still yet more for the ruin of their fellow-Christians; have warehouses full of this plague, which "outvenoms all the worms of Nile;" have shops which they rent for the illegal and murderous sale of this terrible scourge. Do they not know the ruin which they work; are they the only men in the land who have not heard of the effects of intemperance? I judge them not, great God! I only judge myself. I wish I could say, "They know not what they do;" but at this day who does not know the effect of intemperance in Boston?

I speak not of the sale of ardent spirits to be used in the arts, to be used for medicine, but of the needless use thereof; of their use to damage the body and injure the soul of man. The chief of your police informs me there are twelve hundred places in Boston where this article is sold to be drunk on the spot; illegally sold. The Charitable Association of Mechanics, in this city, have taken the accumulated savings of more than fifty years, and therewith built a costly establishment, where intoxicating drink is needlessly but abundantly sold! Low as the moral standard of Boston is, low as are the morals of the press and trade, I had hoped better things of these men, who live in the midst of hard-working labourers, and see the miseries of intemperance all about them. But the dollar was too powerful for their temperance.

Here are splendid houses, where the rich man or the thrifty needlessly drinks. Let me leave them; the evil demon of intemperance appears not there; he is there, but under well-made garments, amongst educated men, who are respected and still respect themselves. Amid

merriment and song the demon appears not. He is there, gaunt, bony, and destructive; but so elegantly clad, with manners so unoffending, you do not mark his face, nor fear his steps. But go down to that miserable lane, where men mothered by misery and sired by crime, where the sons of poverty and the daughters of wretchedness, are huddled thick together, and you see this demon of intemperance in all his ugliness. Let me speak soberly; exaggeration is a figure of speech I would always banish from my rhetoric, here, above all, where the fact is more appalling than any fiction I could devise. In the low parts of Boston, where want abounds, where misery abounds, intemperance abounds yet more, to multiply want, to aggravate misery, to make savage what poverty has only made barbarian; to stimulate passion into crime. Here it is not music and the song which crown the bowl; it is crowned by obscenity, by oaths, by curses, by violence, sometimes by murder. These twine the ivy round the poor man's bowl; no, it is the Upas that they twine. Think of the sufferings of the drunkard himself, of his poverty, his hunger, and his nakedness, his cold; think of his battered body; of his mind and conscience, how they are gone. But is that all? Far from it. These curses shall become blows upon his wife; that savage violence shall be expended on his child.

In his senses this man was a barbarian; there are centuries of civilization betwixt him and cultivated men. But the man of wealth, adorned with respectability, and armed with science, harbours a demon in the street, a profitable demon to the rich man who rents his houses for such a use. The demon enters our barbarian, who straightway becomes a savage. In his fury he tears his wife and child. The law, heedless of the greater culprits, the demon and the demon-breeder, seizes our savage man and shuts him in the gaol. Now he is out of the tempter's reach; let us leave him; let us go to his home. His wife and children still are there, freed from their old tormentor. Enter: look upon the squalor, the filth, the want, the misery, still left behind. Respectability halts at the door with folded arms, and can no further go. But charity, the love of man which never fails, enters even there; enters to lift up the fallen, to cheer the despairing, to comfort and

to bless. Let us leave her there, loving the unlovely, and turn to other sights.

In the streets, there are about nine hundred needy boys, and about two hundred needy girls, the sons and daughters mainly of the intemperate: too idle or too thriftless to work; too low and naked for the public school. They roam about—the nomadic tribes of this town, the gipsies of Boston—doing some chance work for a moment, committing some petty theft. The temptations of a great city are before them.\* Soon they will be impressed into the regular army of crime, to be stationed in your gaols, perhaps to die on your gallows. Such is the fate of the sons of intemperance; but the daughters! their fate—let me not tell of that.

In your Legislature they have just been discussing a law against dogs, for now and then a man is bitten, and dies of hydrophobia. Perhaps there are ten mad dogs in the State at this moment, and it may be that one man in a year dies from the bite of such. Do the legislators know how many shops there are in this town, in this State, which all the day and all the year sell to intemperate men a poison that maddens with a hydrophobia still worse? If there were a thousand mad dogs in the land, if wealthy men had embarked a large capital in the importation or the production of mad dogs, and if they bit and maddened and slew ten thousand men in a year, do you believe your Legislature would discuss that evil with such fearless

\* The conduct of public magistrates, who are paid for serving the people, is not what it should be in respect to temperance. The city authorities allow the laws touching the sale of the great instrument of demoralization to be violated continually. There is no serious effort made to enforce these laws. Nor is this all; the shameless conduct of conspicuous men at the supper given in this city after the funeral of John Quincy Adams, and the debauchery on that occasion, are well known, and will long be remembered.

At the next festival (in September, 1851), it is notorious that the city authorities, at the expense of the citizens, provided a large quantity of intoxicating drink for the entertainment of our guests during the excursion in the harbour. It is also a matter of great notoriety, that many were drunk on that occasion. I need hardly add, that on board one of the crowded steamboats, three cheers were given for the "Fugitive Slave Law," by men who it is hoped will at length become sober enough to "forget" it. When the magistrates of Boston do such deeds, and are not even officially friends of temperance, what shall we expect of the poor and the ignorant and the miserable? "Cain, where is thy brother?" may be asked here and now as well as in the Bible story.

speech? Then you are very young, and know little of the tyranny of public opinion, and the power of money to silence speech, while justice still comes in, with feet of wool, but iron hands.\*

There is yet another witness to the moral condition of Boston. I mean crime. Where there is such poverty and intemperance, crime may be expected to follow. I will not now dwell upon this theme; only let me say, that in 1848, three thousand four hundred and thirty-five grown persons, and six hundred and seventy-one minors, were lawfully sentenced to your gaol and house of correction; in all, four thousand one hundred and six; three thousand four hundred and forty-four persons were arrested by the night police, and eleven thousand one hundred and seventy-eight were taken into custody by the watch; at one time there were one hundred and forty-four in the common gaol. I have already mentioned that more than a thousand boys and girls, between six and sixteen, wander as vagrants about your streets; two hundred and thirty-eight of these are children of widows, fifty-four have neither parent living. It is a fact known to your police, that about one thousand two hundred shops are unlawfully open for re-

\* The statistics of intemperance are instructive and surprising. Of the one thousand two hundred houses in Boston where intoxicating drink is retailed to be drunken on the premises, suppose that two hundred are too insignificant to be noticed, or else are large hotels to be considered presently; then there are one thousand common retail groggeries. Suppose they are in operation three hundred and thirteen days in the year, twelve hours each day; that they sell one glass in a little less than ten minutes, or one hundred glasses in the day, and that five cents is the price of a glass. Then each groggers receives \$5 a day, or \$1,565 ( $313 \times 5$ ) in a year, and the one thousand groggeries receive \$1,565,000. Let us suppose that each sells drink for really useful purposes to the amount of \$65 per annum, or all to the amount of \$65,000; there still groggeries. This is about twice the sum raised by taxation for the remains the sum of \$1,500,000 spent for intemperance in these one thousand public education of all the children in the State of Massachusetts! But this calculation does not equal the cost of intemperance in these places; the receipts of these retail houses cannot be less than \$2,000 per annum, or in the aggregate, \$2,000,000. This sum in two years would pay for the new aqueduct. Suppose the amount paid for the needless, nay, for the injurious use of intoxicating drink in private families, in boarding houses, and hotels, is equal to the smallest sum above named (\$1,500,000), then it appears that the city of Boston spends ( $\$1,500,000 + \$1,500,000 =$ ) \$3,000,000 annually for an article that does no good to any, but harm to all, and brings ruin on thousands each year. But if a school-house or a school costs a little money, a complaint is soon made. |



tailoring the means of intemperance. These are most thickly strewn in the haunts of poverty. On a single Sunday the police found there hundred and thirteen shops in the full experiment of unblushing and successful crime. These rum-shops are the factories of crime; the raw material is furnished by poverty; it passes into the hands of the rum-seller, and is soon ready for delivery at the mouth of the gaol or the foot of the gallows. It is notorious that intemperance is the proximate cause of three-fourths of the crime in Boston; yet it is very respectable to own houses and rent them for the purpose of making men intemperate; nobody loses his standing by that. I am not surprised to hear of women armed with knives, and boys with six-barrelled revolvers in their pockets; not surprised at the increase of capital trials.

One other matter let me name—I call it the crime against woman. Let us see the evil in its type, its most significant form. Look at that thing of corruption and of shame—almost without shame—whom the judge, with brief words, despatches to the gaol. That was a woman once. No! At least, she was once a girl. She had a mother; perhaps beyond the hills, a mother, in her evening prayer, remembers still this one child more tenderly than all the folded flowers that slept the sleep of infancy beneath her roof; remembers, with a prayer, her child, whom the world curses after it has made corrupt! Perhaps she had no such mother, but was born in the filth of some reeking cellar, and turned into the mire of the streets, in her undefended innocence, to mingle with the coarseness, the intemperance, and the crime of a corrupt metropolis. In either case, her blood is on our hands. The crime which is so terribly avenged on woman—think you that God will hold men innocent of that? But on this sign of our moral state I will not long delay.

Put all these things together: the character of trade, of the press; take the evidence of poverty, intemperance, and crime—it all reveals a sad state of things. I call your attention to these facts. We are all affected by them more or less—all more or less accountable for them.

Hitherto I have only stated facts, without making com-  
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parisons. Let me now compare the present condition of Boston with that in former times. Every man has an ideal, which is better than the actual facts about him. Some men amongst us put that ideal in times past, and maintain it was then an historical fact; they are commonly men who have little knowledge of the past, and less hope for the future; a good deal of reverence for old precedents, little for justice, truth, humanity; little confidence in mankind, and a great deal of fear of new things. Such men love to look back and do homage to the past, but it is only a past of fancy, not of fact, they do homage to. They tell us we have fallen; that the golden age is behind us, and the garden of Eden; ours are degenerate days; the men are inferior, the women less winning, less witty, and less wise, and the children are an untoward generation, a disgrace, not so much to their fathers, but certainly to their grandsires. Sometimes this is the complaint of men who have grown old; sometimes of such as seem to be old without growing so, who seem born to the gift of age, without the grace of youth.

Other men have a similar ideal, commonly a higher one, but they place it in the future, not as an historical reality, which has been, and is therefore to be worshipped, but one which is to be made real by dint of thought, of work. I have known old persons who stoutly maintained that the pears, and the plums, and the peaches, are not half so luscious as they were many years ago; so they bewailed the existing race of fruits, complaining of "the general decay" of sweetness, and brought over to their way of speech some aged juveniles. Meanwhile, men born young, set themselves to productive work, and, instead of bewailing an old fancy, realized a new ideal in new fruits, bigger, fairer, and better than the old. It is to men of this latter stamp that we must look for criticism and for counsel. The others can afford us a warning, if not by their speech, at least by their example.

It is very plain that the people of New England are advancing in wealth, in intelligence, and in morality; but in this general march there are little apparent pauses, slight waverings from side to side; some virtues seem to straggle from the troop; some to lag behind, for it is not always the same virtue that leads the van. It is with the flock of

virtues, as with wild fowl—the leaders alternate. It is probable that the morals of New England in general, and of Boston in special, did decline somewhat from 1775 to 1790; there were peculiar but well-known causes, which no longer exist, to work that result. In the previous fifteen years it seems probable that there had been a rapid increase of morality, through the agency of causes equally peculiar and transient. To estimate the moral growth or decline of this town, we must not take either period as a standard. But take the history of Boston from 1650 to 1700, from 1700 to 1750, thence to 1800, and you will see a gradual, but a decided progress in morality, in each of these periods. It is not easy to prove this in a short sermon; I can only indicate the points of comparison, and state the general fact. From 1800 to 1849, this progress is well marked, indisputable, and very great. Let us look at this a little in detail, pursuing the same order of thought as before.

It is generally conceded that the moral character of trade has improved a good deal within fifty or sixty years. It was formerly a common saying, that "If a Yankee merchant were to sell salt-water at high-tide, he would yet cheat in the measure." The saying was founded on the conduct of American traders abroad, in the West Indies and elsewhere. Now things have changed for the better. I have been told by competent authority, that two of the most eminent merchants of Boston, fifty or sixty years ago, who conducted each a large business, and left very large fortunes, were notoriously guilty of such dishonesty in trade as would now drive any man from the Exchange. The facility with which notes are collected by the banks, compared to the former method of collection, is itself a proof of an increase of practical honesty; the law for settling the affairs of a bankrupt tells the same thing. Now this change has not come from any special effort, made to produce this particular effect, and, accordingly, it indicates the general moral progress of the community.

The general character of the press, since the end of the last century, has decidedly improved, as any one may convince himself of by comparing the newspapers of that period with the present; yet a publicity is now-a-days given to certain things which were formerly kept more

closely from the public eye and ear. This circumstance sometimes produces an apparent increase of wrong-doing, while it is only an increased publicity thereof. Political servility and political rancour are certainly bad enough and base enough at this day, but not long ago both were baser and worse; to show this, I need only appeal to the memories of men before me, who can recollect the beginning of the present century. Political controversies are conducted with less bitterness than before; honesty is more esteemed; private worth is more respected. It is not many years since the Federal party, composed of men who certainly were an honour to their age, supported Aaron Burr, for the office of President of the United States—a man whose character, both public and private, was notoriously marked with the deepest infamy. Political parties are not very puritanical in their virtue at this day; but I think no party would now for a moment accept such a man as Mr. Burr for such a post.\* There is another pleasant sign of this improvement in political parties; last autumn the victorious party, in two wards of this city, made a beautiful demonstration of joy at their success in the Presidential election; and on Thanksgiving-day, and on Christmas, gave a substantial dinner to each poor person in their section of the town. It was a trifle, but one pleasant to remember.

Even the theological journals have improved within a few years. I know it has been said that some of them are not only behind their times, which is true, "but behind all times." It is not so. Compared with the sectarian writings—tracts, pamphlets, and hard-bound volumes of an earlier day—they are human, enlightened, and even liberal.

In respect to poverty, there has been a great change for the better. However, it may be said in general, that a good deal of the poverty, intemperance, and crime, is of foreign origin; we are to deal with it, to be blamed if we allow it to continue; not at all to be blamed for its origin. I know it is often said, "The poor are getting poorer, and soon will become the mere vassals of the rich;" that "The past is full of discouragement: the future full of fear." I cannot think so. I feel neither the discouragement nor the fear. It should be remembered that many of the

\* It must be remembered that this was written, not in 1851, but in 1849.

Fathers of New England owned the bodies of their labourers and domestics! The condition of the working man has improved relatively to the wealth of the land ever since. The wages of any kind of labour, at this day, bear a higher proportion to the things needed for comfort and convenience than ever before for two hundred years.

If you go back one hundred years, I think you will find that, in proportion to the population and wealth of this town or this State, there was considerably more suffering from native poverty then than now. I have not, however, before me the means of absolute proof of this statement; but this is plain, that now public charity is more extended, more complete, works in a wiser mode, and with far more beneficial effect; and that pains are now taken to uproot the causes of poverty—pains which our fathers never thought of. In proof of this increase of charity, and even of the existence of justice, I need only refer to the numerous benevolent societies of modern origin, and to the establishment of the ministry at large, in this city—the latter the work of Unitarian philanthropy. Some other churches have done a little in this good work. But none have done much. I am told the Catholic clergy of this city do little to remove the great mass of poverty, intemperance, and crime among their followers. I know there are some few honourable exceptions, and how easy it is for Protestant hostility to exaggerate matters; still I fear the reproach is but too well founded, that the Catholic clergy are not vigilant shepherds, who guard their sacred flock against the terrible wolves which prowl about the fold. I wish to find myself mistaken here.

Some of you remember the "Old Almshouse" in Park Street; the condition and character of its inmates; the effect of the treatment they there received. I do not say that our present attention to the subject of poverty is anything to boast of—certainly we have done little in comparison with what common sense demands; very little in comparison with what Christianity enjoins; still it is something; in comparison with "the good old times," it is much that we are doing.

There has been a great change for the better in the matter of intemperance in drinking. Within thirty years, the progress towards sobriety is surprising, and so well-

marked and obvious that to name it is enough. Probably there is not a "respectable" man in Boston who would not be ashamed to have been seen drunk yesterday; even to have been drunk in ever so private a manner; not one who would willingly get a friend or a guest in that condition to-day! Go back a few years, and it brought no public reproach, and, I fear, no private shame. A few years further back, it was not a rare thing, on great occasions, for the fathers of the town to reel and stagger from their intemperance—the magistrates of the land voluntarily furnishing the warning which a romantic historian says the Spartans forced upon their slaves.

It is easy to praise the Fathers of New England; easier to praise them for virtues they did not possess, than to discriminate and fairly judge those remarkable men. I admire and venerate their characters, but they were rather hard drinkers; certainly a love of cold water was not one of their loves. Let me mention a fact or two. It is recorded in the Probate Office, that in 1678, at the funeral of Mrs. Mary Norton, widow of the celebrated John Norton, one of the ministers of the first church in Boston, fifty-one gallons and a half of the best Malaga wine were consumed by the "mourners;" in 1685, at the funeral of the Rev. Thomas Cobbett, minister at Ipswich, there were consumed one barrel of wine and two barrels of cider—"and as it was cold," there was "some spice and ginger for the cider." You may easily judge of the drunkenness and riot on occasions less solemn than the funeral of an old and beloved minister. Towns provided intoxicating drink at the funeral of their paupers; in Salem, in 1728, at the funeral of a pauper, a gallon of wine and another of cider are charged as "incidental;" the next year, six gallons of rum on a similar occasion; in Lynn, in 1711, the town furnished "half a barrel of cider for the Widow Dispaw's funeral." Affairs had come to such a pass, that, in 1742, the General Court forbade the use of wine and rum at funerals. In 1673, Increase Mather published his *Wo unto Drunkards*. Governor Winthrop complains, in 1630, that "the young folk gave themselves to drink hot waters very immoderately."\*

\* In 1679, "The Reforming Synod," assembled at Boston, thus complained of intemperance, amongst other sins of the times:—"That



But I need not go back so far. Who that is fifty years of age does not remember the aspect of Boston on public days—on the evening of such days? Compare the “Election-day,” or the 4th of July, as they were kept thirty or forty years ago, with such days in our time. Some of you remember the Celebration of Peace, in 1783; many of you can recollect the similar celebration in 1815. On each of those days the inhabitants from the country towns came here to rejoice with the citizens of this town. Compare the riot, the confusion, the drunkenness then, with the order, decorum, and sobriety of the celebration at the introduction of water last autumn, and you see what has been done in sixty or seventy years for temperance.

A great deal of the crime in Boston is of foreign origin: of the one thousand and sixty-six children vagrant in your streets, only one hundred and three had American

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heathenish and idolatrous practice of health-drinking is too frequent. That shameful iniquity of sinful drinking is become too general a provocation. Days of training and other public solemnities have been abused in this respect; and not only English, but Indians have been debauched by those that call themselves Christians. . . . This is a crying sin, and the more aggravated in that the first planters of this colony did . . . come into this land with a design to convert the heathen unto Christ, but if instead of that they be taught wickedness . . . the Lord may well punish by them. . . . There are more temptations and occasions unto that sin, publicly allowed of, than any necessity doth require. The proper end of taverns, etc., being for the entertainment of strangers . . . a far less number would suffice,” etc.

Cotton Mather says of intemperance in his time: “To see . . . a drunken man become a drowned man, is to see but a most retaliating hand of God. Why we have seen this very thing more than threescore times in our land. And I remember the drowning of one drunkard, so oddly circumstanced; it was in the hold of a vessel that lay full of water near the shore. We have seen it so often, that I am amazed at you, O ye drunkards of New England; I am amazed that you can harden your hearts in your sin, without expecting to be destroyed suddenly and without remedy. Yea, and we have seen the devil that has possessed the drunkard, throwing him into fire, and then kept shrieking, ‘Fire! Fire!’ till they have gone down to the fire that never shall be quenched. Yea, more than one or two drunken women in this very town have, while in their drink, fallen into the fire, and so they have tragically gone roaring out of one fire into another. O ye daughters of Belial, hear and fear, and do wickedly no more.”

The history of the first barrel of rum which was brought to Plymouth has been carefully traced out to a considerable extent. Nearly forty of the “Pilgrims” or their descendants were publicly punished for the drunkenness it occasioned.



parents ; of the nine hundred and thirty-three persons in the house of correction here, six hundred and sixteen were natives of other countries ; I know not how many were the children of Irishmen, who had not enjoyed the advantages of our institutions. I cannot tell how many rum-shops are kept by foreigners.\* Now, in Ireland, no pains have been taken with the education of the people by the Government ; very little by the Catholic church ; indeed, the British Government for a long time rendered it impossible for the church to do anything in this way. For more than seventy years, in that Catholic country, none but a Protestant could keep a school, or even be a tutor in a private family. A Catholic schoolmaster was to be transported, and, if he returned, adjudged guilty of high treason, barbarously put to death, drawn, and quartered. A Protestant schoolmaster is as repulsive to a Catholic as a Mahometan schoolmaster or an Atheist would be to you. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Irish are ignorant ; and, as a consequence thereof, are idle, thriftless, poor, intemperate, and barbarian ; not to be wondered at if they conduct like wild beasts when they are set loose in a land where we think the individual must be left free to the greatest extent. Of course they will violate our laws, those wild bisons leaping over the fences which easily restrain the civilized domestic cattle ; will commit the great crimes of violence, even capital offences, which certainly have increased rapidly of late. This increase of foreigners is prodigious ; more than half the children in your public schools are children of foreigners ; there are more Catholic than Protestant children born in Boston.

With the general and unquestionable advance of morality, some offences are regarded as crimes which were not noticed a few years ago. Drunkenness is an example of this. An Irishman in his native country thinks little of beating another or being beaten ; he brings his habits of violence with him, and does not at once learn to conform to our laws. Then, too, a good deal of crime which was once concealed is now brought to light by the press, by the superior activity of the police ; and yet, after all that is said, it seems quite clear that what is legally called crime, and

\* Over eight hundred in 1851.

committed by Americans, has diminished a good deal in fifty years. Such crime, I think, never bore so small a proportion to the population, wealth, and activity of Boston, as now. Even if we take all the offences committed by these strangers who have come amongst us, it does not compare so very unfavourably, as some allege, with the "good old times." I know men often look on the fathers of this colony as saints; but in 1635, at a time when the whole State contained less than one-tenth of the present population of Boston, and they were scattered from Weymouth Fore-River to the Merrimack, the first grand jury ever impanelled at Boston "found" a hundred bills of indictment at their first coming together.

If you consider the circumstances of the class who commit the greater part of the crimes which get punished, you will not wonder at the amount. The criminal court is their school of morals; the constable and judge are their teachers; but under this rude tuition I am told that the Irish improve, and actually become better. The children who receive the instruction of our public schools, imperfect as they are, will be better than their fathers; and their grandchildren will have lost all trace of their barbarian descent.

I have often spoken of our penal law as wrong in its principle, taking it for granted that the ignorant and miserable men who commit crime do it always from wickedness, and not from the pressure of circumstances which have brutalized the man; wrong in its aim, which is to take vengeance on the offender, and not to do him a good in return for the evil he has done; wrong in its method, which is to inflict a punishment that is wholly arbitrary, and then to send the punished man, overwhelmed with new disgrace, back to society, often made worse than before,—not to keep him till we can correct, cure, and send him back a reformed man. I would retract nothing of what I have often said of that; but not long ago all this was worse; the particular statutes were often terribly unjust; the forms of trial afforded the accused but little chance of justice; the punishments were barbarous and terrible. The plebeian tyranny of the Lord Brethren in New England was not much lighter than the patrician despotism of the Lord Bishops in the old world, and was more insulting. Let me mention a few facts, to refresh the memories of those who

think we are going to ruin, and can only save ourselves by holding to the customs of our fathers, and of the "good old times." In 1631, a man was fined forty pounds, whipped on the naked back, both his ears cut off, and then banished this colony, for uttering hard speeches against the government and the church at Salem. In the first century of the existence of this town, the magistrates could banish a woman because she did not like the preaching, nor all the ministers, and told the people why; they could whip women naked in the streets, because they spoke reproachfully of the magistrates; they could fine men twenty pounds, and then banish them, for comforting a man in gaol before his trial; they could pull down, with legal formality, the house of a man they did not like; they could whip women at a cart's tail from Salem to Rhode Island for fidelity to their conscience; they could beat, imprison, and banish men out of the land, simply for baptizing one another in a stream of water, instead of sprinkling them from a dish; they could crop the ears, and scourge the backs, and bore the tongues of men, for being Quakers—yes, they could shut them in gaols, could banish them out of the colony, could sell them as slaves, could hang them on a gallows, solely for worshipping God after their own conscience; they could convulse the whole land, and hang some thirty or forty men for witchcraft, and do all this in the name of God, and then sing psalms, with most nasal twang, and pray by the hour, and preach—I will not say how long, nor what, nor how! It is not yet one hundred years since two slaves were judicially burnt alive on Boston Neck, for poisoning their master.

But why talk of days so old? Some of you remember when the pillory and the whipping-post were a part of the public furniture of the law, and occupied a prominent place in the busiest street in town. Some of you have seen men and women scourged, naked and bleeding, in State Street; have seen men judicially branded in the forehead with a hot iron, their ears clipped off by the sheriff, and held up to teach humanity to the gaping crowd of idle boys and vulgar men. A magistrate was once brought into odium in Boston, for humanely giving back to his victim a part of the ear he had officially shorn off, that the mutilated member might be restored and made whole. How

long is it since men sent their servants to the "work-house" to be beaten "for disobedience," at the discretion of the master? It is not long since the gallows was a public spectacle here in the midst of us, and a hanging made a holiday for the rabble of this city and the neighbouring towns; even women came to see the death-struggle of a fellow-creature, and formed the larger part of the mob. Many of you remember the procession of the condemned man sitting on his coffin, a procession from the gaol to the gallows, from one end of the city to the other. I remember a public execution some fourteen or fifteen years ago, and some of the students of theology at Cambridge, of undoubted soundness in the Unitarian faith, came here to see men kill a fellow-man!

Who can think of these things, and not see that a great progress has been made in no long time? But if these things be not proof enough, then consider what has been done here in this century for the reformation of juvenile offenders; for the discharged convict; for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb; for the insane, and now even for the idiot. Think of the numerous societies for the widows and orphans; for the seamen; the Temperance Societies; the Peace Societies; the Prison Discipline Society; the mighty movement against Slavery, which, beginning with a few heroic men who took the roaring lion of public opinion by the beard, fearless of his roar, has gone on now, till neither the hardest nor the softest courage in the State dares openly defend the unholy institution. A philanthropic female physician delivers gratuitous lectures on physiology to the poor of this city, to enable them to take better care of their houses and their bodies; an unpretending man, for years past, responsible to none but God, has devoted all his time and his toil to the most despised class of men, and has saved hundreds from the gaol, from crime, and ruin at the last. Here are many men and women not known to the public, but known to the poor, who are daily ministering to the wants of the body and the mind. Consider all these things, and who can doubt that a great moral progress has been made? It is not many years since we had white slaves, and a Scotch boy was invoiced at fourteen pounds lawful money, in the inventory of an estate in Boston. In 1630, Governor Dudley complains that some of the founders

of New England, in consequence of a famine, were obliged to set free one hundred and eighty servants, "to our extreme loss," for they had cost sixteen or twenty pounds each. Seventy years since, negro slavery prevailed in Massachusetts, and men did not blush at the institution. Think of the treatment which the leaders of the anti-Slavery reform met with but a few years ago, and you see what a progress has been made!\*

I have extenuated nothing of our condition; I have said the morals of trade are low morals, and the morals of the press are low; that poverty is a terrible evil to deal with, and we do not deal with it manfully; that intemperance is a mournful curse, all the more melancholy when rich men purposely encourage it; that here is an amount of crime which makes us shudder to think of; that the voice of human blood cries out of the ground against us. I disguise nothing of all this; let us confess the fact, and, ugly as it is, look it fairly in the face. Still, our moral condition is better than ever before. I know there are men who seem born with their eyes behind, their hopes all running into memory; some who wish they had been born long ago—they might as well; sure it is no fault of theirs that they were not. I hear what they have to tell us. Still, on the whole, the aspect of things is most decidedly encouraging; for if so much has been done when men understood the matter less than we, both cause and cure, how much more can be done for the future?

What can we do to make things better?

I have so recently spoken of poverty that I shall say little now. A great change will doubtless take place before many years in the relations between capital and labour; a great change in the spirit of society. I do not believe the disparity now existing between the wealth of men has its origin in human nature, and therefore is to last for ever; I do not believe it is just and right that less than one-twentieth of the people in the nation should own more than ten-twentieths of the property of the nation, unless by their own head, or hands, or heart, they do actually create and earn that amount. I am not now blaming any

\* This statement appears somewhat exaggerated in 1851.



class of men ; only stating a fact. There is a profound conviction in the hearts of many good men, rich as well as poor, that things are wrong ; that there is an ideal right for the actual wrong ; but I think no man yet has risen up with ability to point out for us the remedy of these evils, and deliver us from what has not badly been named the feudalism of capital. Still, without waiting for the great man to arise, we can do something with our littleness even now ; the truant children may be snatched from vagrancy, beggary, and ruin ; tenements can be built for the poor, and rented at a reasonable rate. It seems to me that something more can be done in the way of providing employment for the poor, or helping them to employment.

In regard to intemperance, I will not say we can end it by direct efforts. So long as there is misery there will be continued provocation to that vice, if the means thereof are within reach. I do not believe there will be much more intemperance amongst well-bred men ; among the poor and wretched it will doubtless long continue. But if we cannot end, we can diminish it, fast as we will. If rich men did not manufacture, nor import, nor sell ; if they would not rent their buildings for the sale of intoxicating liquor for improper uses ; if they did not by their example favour the improper use thereof, how long do you think your police would arrest and punish one thousand drunkards in the year ? how long would twelve hundred rum-shops disgrace your town ? Boston is far more sober, at least in appearance, than other large cities of America ; but it is still the head-quarters of intemperance for the State of Massachusetts. In arresting intemperance, two-thirds of the poverty, three-fourths of the crime of this city would end at once, and an amount of misery and sin which I have not the skill to calculate. Do you say we cannot diminish intemperance, neither by law, nor by righteous efforts without law ? Oh, fie upon such talk ! Come, let us be honest, and say we do not wish to, not that we cannot. It is plain that in sixteen years we can build seven great railroads radiating out of Boston, three or four hundred miles long ; that we can conquer the Connecticut and the Merrimack, and all the lesser streams of New England ; can build up Lowell, and Chicopee, and Lawrence ; why,



in four years Massachusetts can invest eight-and-fifty millions of dollars in railroads and manufactures, and cannot prevent intemperance! cannot diminish it in Boston! So there are no able men in this town! I am amazed at such talk, in such a place, full of such men, surrounded by such trophies of their work! When the churches preach and men believe that Mammon is not the only God we are practically to serve; that it is more reputable to keep men sober, temperate, comfortable, intelligent, and thriving, than it is to make money out of other men's misery; more Christian, than to sell and manufacture rum, to rent houses for the making of drunkards and criminals, then we shall set about this business with the energy that shows we are in earnest, and by a method which will do the work.

In the matter of crime, something can be done to give efficiency to the laws. No doubt a thorough change must be made in the idea of criminal legislation; vengeance must give way to justice, policemen become moral missionaries, and gaols moral hospitals, that discharge no criminal until he is cured. It will take long to get the idea into men's minds. You must encounter many a doubt, many a sneer, and expect many a failure, too. Men who think they "know the world," because they know that most men are selfish, will not believe you. We must wait for new facts to convince such men. After the idea is established, it will take long to organize it fittingly.

Much can be done for juvenile offenders, much for discharged convicts, even now. We can pull down the gallows, and with it that loathsome theological idea on which it rests—the idea of a vindictive God. A remorseless court, and careful police, can do much to hinder crime;\* but they cannot remove the causes thereof.

Last year a good man, to whom the State was deeply indebted before, suggested that a moral police should be appointed to look after offenders; to see why they committed their crime; and if only necessity compelled them, to seek out for them some employment, and so remove the causes of crime in detail. The thought was worthy of the

\* In 1847, the amount of goods stolen in Boston, and reported to the police, beyond what was received, was more than \$87,000; in 1848, less than \$11,000. In 1849, the police were twice as numerous as in the former year, and organized and directed with new and remarkable skill.

age and of the man. In the hands of a practical man, this thought might lead to good results. A beginning has already been made in the right direction, by establishing the State Reform School for Boys. It will be easy to improve on this experiment, and conduct prisons for men on the same scheme of correction and cure, not merely of punishment, in the name of vengeance. But, after all, so long as poverty, misery, intemperance, and ignorance continue, no civil police, no moral police, can keep such causes from creating crime. What keeps you from a course of crime? Your morality, your religion? Is it? Take away your property, your home, your friends, the respect of respectable men; take away what you have received from education, intellectual, moral, and religious; and how much better would the best of us be than the men who will to-morrow be huddled off to gaol, for crimes committed in a dram-shop to-day? The circumstances which have kept you temperate, industrious, respectable, would have made nine-tenths of the men in gaol as good men as you are.

It is not pleasant to think that there are no amusements which lie level to the poor in this country. In Paris, Naples, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, there are cheap pleasures for poor men, which yet are not low pleasures. Here there are amusements for the comfortable and the rich, not too numerous, rather too rare, perhaps, but none for the poor, save only the vice of drunkenness; that is hideously cheap; the inward temptation powerful; the outward occasion always at hand. Last summer, some benevolent men treated the poor children of the city to a day of sunshine, fresh air, and frolic in the fields. Once a year the children, gathered together by another benevolent man, have a floral procession in the streets; some of them have charitably been taught to dance. These things are beautiful to think of; signs of our progress from "the good old times," and omens of a brighter day, when Christianity shall bear more abundantly flowers, and fruit even yet more fair.

The morals of the current literature, of the daily press—you can change when you will. If there is not in us a demand for low morals there will be no supply. The morals of trade, and of politics, the handmaid thereof, we can make better soon as we wish.

It has been my aim to give suggestions, rather than propose distinct plans of action ; I do not know that I am capable of that. But some of you are rich men, some able men ; many of you, I think, are good men. I appeal to you to do something to raise the moral character of this town. All that has been done in fifty years, or a hundred and fifty, seems very little, while so much still remains to do ; only a hint and an encouragement. You cannot do much, nor I much ; that is true. But, after all, everything must begin with individual men and women. You can at least give the example of what a good man ought to be and to do to-day ; to-morrow you will yourself be the better man for it. So far as that goes, you will have done something to mend the morals of Boston. You can tell of actual evils, and tell of your remedy for them ; can keep clear from committing the evils yourself ; that also is something.

Here are two things that are certain : We are all brothers, rich and poor, American and foreign ; put here by the same God, for the same end, and journeying towards the same heaven, owing mutual help. Then, too, the wise men and good men are the natural guardians of society, and God will not hold them guiltless, if they leave their brothers to perish. I know our moral condition is a reproach to us ; I will not deny that, nor try to abate the shame and grief we should feel. When I think of the poverty and misery in the midst of us, and all the consequences thereof, I hardly dare feel grateful for the princely fortunes some men have gathered together. Certainly it is not a Christian society, where such extremes exist ; we are only in the process of conversion ; proselytes of the gate, and not much more. There are noble men in this city, who have been made philanthropic, by the sight of wrong, of intemperance, and poverty, and crime. Let mankind honour great conquerors, who only rout armies, and " plant fresh laurels where they kill ;" I honour most the men who contend against misery, against crime and sin ; men that are the soldiers of humanity, and in a low age, amidst the mean and sordid spirits of a great trading town, lift up their serene foreheads, and tell us of the right, the true, first good, first perfect, and first fair. From such men I hear the prophecy of the better time to come. In their

example I see proofs of the final triumph of good over evil. Angels are they who keep the tree of life, not with flaming sword, repelling men, but, with friendly hand, plucking therefrom, and giving unto all the leaves, the flower, and the fruit of life, for the healing of the nations. A single good man, kindling his early flame, wakens the neighbours with his words of cheer; they, at his lamp, shall light their torch and household fire, anticipating the beamy warmth of day. Soon it will be morning, warm and light; we shall be up and a doing, and the lighted lamp, which seemed at first too much for eyes to bear, will look ridiculous, and cast no shadow in the noonday sun. A hundred years hence, men will stand here as I do now, and speak of the evils of these times as things past and gone, and wonder that able men could ever be appalled by our difficulties, and think them not to be surpassed. Still, all depends on the faithfulness of men—your faithfulness and mine.

The last election has shown us what resolute men can do on a trifling occasion, if they will. You know the efforts of the three parties—what meetings they held, what money they raised, what talent was employed, what speeches made, what ideas set forth; not a town was left unattempted; scarce a man who had wit to throw a vote, but his vote was solicited. You see the revolution which was wrought by that vigorous style of work. When such men set about reforming the evils of society, with such a determined soul, what evil can stand against mankind? We can leave nothing to the next generation worth so much as ideas of truth, justice, and religion, organized into fitting institutions; such we can leave, and, if true men, such we shall.

## VI.

A SERMON OF THE SPIRITUAL CONDITION OF  
BOSTON. PREACHED AT THE MELODEON, ON  
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1849.

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"By their fruits ye shall know them."—MATTHEW, viii. 20.

LAST Sunday I said something of the moral condition of Boston; to-day I ask your attention to a "Sermon of the Spiritual Condition of Boston." I use the word spiritual in its narrower sense, and speak of the condition of this town in respect to piety. A little while since, in a "Sermon of Piety," I tried to show that love of God lay at the foundation of all manly excellence, and was the condition of all noble, manly development; that love of truth, love of justice, love of love, were respectively the condition of intellectual, moral, and affectional development, and that they were also respectively the intellectual, moral, and affectional forms of piety; that the love of God as the Infinite Father, the totality of truth, justice, and love, was the general condition of the total development of man's spiritual powers. But I showed that sometimes this piety, intellectual, moral, affectional, or total, did not arrive at self-consciousness; the man only unconsciously loving the Infinite in one or all these modes, and in such cases the man was a loser by frustrating his piety, and allowing it to stop in the truncated form of unconsciousness.

Now what is in you will appear out of you; if piety be there in any of these forms, in either mode, it will come out; if not there, its fruits cannot appear. You may reason forward or backward; if you know piety exists, you



may foretell its appearance; if you find fruits thereof, you may reason back, and be sure of its existence. Piety is love of God as God; and as we only love what we are like, and in that degree, so it is also a likeness to God. Now it is a general doctrine in Christendom that divinity must manifest itself; and, in assuming the highest form of manifestation known to us, divinity becomes humanity. However, that doctrine is commonly taught in the specific and not generic form, and is enforced by an historical and concrete example, but not by way of a universal thesis. It appears thus: The Christ was God; as such He must manifest himself; the form of manifestation was that of a complete and perfect man. I reject the concrete example, but accept the universal doctrine on which the special dogma of the Trinity is erected. From that I deduce this as a general rule: if you follow the law of your nature, and are simple and true to that, as much of godhead as there is in you, so much of manhood will come out of you; and, as much of manhood comes out of you, so much of godhead was there within you; as much subjective divinity, so much objective humanity.

Such being the case, the demands you can make on a man for manliness must depend for their answer on the amount of piety on deposit in his character; so it becomes important to know the condition of this town in respect of piety, for if this be not right in the above sense, nothing else is right; or, to speak more clerically, "Unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain;" and unless piety be developed or a developing in men, it is vain for the minister to sit up late of a Saturday night to concoct his sermon, and to rise up early of a Sunday morning to preach the same; he fights but as one that beateth the air, and spends his strength for that which is nought. They are in the right, therefore, who first of all things demand piety; so let us see what signs or proof we have, and of what amount of piety in Boston.

To determine this, we must have some test by which to judge of the quality, distinguishing piety from impiety, and some standard whereby to measure the quantity thereof; for though you may know what piety is in you, I what is in me, and God what is in both and in all the rest of us, it is plain that we can only judge of the existence of piety



in other men, and measure its quantity by an outward manifestation thereof, in some form which shall serve at once as a trial test and a standard measure.

Now, then, as I mentioned in that former sermon, it is on various sides alleged that there are two outward manifestations of piety, a good deal unlike; each is claimed by some men as the exclusive trial test and standard measure. Let me say a word of each.

I. Some contend for what I call the conventional standard; that is, the manifestation of piety by means of certain prescribed forms. Of these forms there are three modes or degrees, namely: first, the form of bodily attendance on public worship; second, the belief in certain doctrines, not barely because they are proven true, or known without proof, but because they are taught with authority; and, third, a passive acquiescence in certain forms and ceremonies, or an active performance thereof.

II. The other I call the natural standard; that is, the manifestation of piety in the natural form of morality in its various degrees and modes of action.

It is plain that the amount of piety in a man or a town, will appear very different when tested by one or the other of these standards. It may be that very little water runs through the wooden trough which feeds the saw-mill at Niagara, and yet a good deal, blue and bounding, may leap over the rock, adown its natural channel. In a matter of this importance, when taking account of a stock so precious as piety, it is but fair to try it by both standards.

Let us begin with the conventional standard, and examine piety by its manifestation in the ecclesiastical forms. Here is a difficulty at the outset, in determining upon the measure, for there is no one and general ecclesiastical standard, common to all parties of Christians, from the Catholic to the Quaker; each measures by its own standard, but denies the correctness of all the others. It is as if a foot were declared the unit of long measure, and then the actual foot of the chief justice of a State, were taken as the rule by which to correct all measurements; then the foot would vary as you went from North Carolina to South, and, in any one State, would vary with the health of the

judge. However, to do what can be done with a measure thus uncertain, it is plain that, estimated by any ecclesiastical standard, the amount of piety is small. There is, as men often say, "a general decline of piety;" that is a common complaint, recorded and registered. But what makes the matter worse to the ecclesiastical philosopher, and more appalling to the complainers, is this: it is a decline of long standing. The disease which is thus lamented is said to be acute, but is proved to be chronic also; only it would seem, from the lamentations of some modern Jeremiahs, that the decline went on with accelerated velocity, and, the more chronic the disease was, the acuter it also became.

Tried by this standard, things seem discouraging. To get a clearer view, let us look a little beyond our own borders, at first, and then come nearer home. The Catholic church complains of a general defection. The majority of the Christian church confesses that the Protestant Reformation was not a revival of religion, not a "great awakening," but a great falling to sleep; the faith of Luther and Calvin was a great decline of religion—a decline of piety in the ecclesiastical form; that modern philosophy, the physics of Galileo and Newton, the metaphysics of Descartes and of Kant, mark another decline of religion—a decline of piety in the philosophical form; that all the modern Democracy of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries marks a yet further decline of religion—a decline of piety in the political form; that all the modern secular societies, for removing the evils of men and their sins, mark a yet fourth decline of religion—a decline of piety in the philanthropic form. Certainly, when measured by the mediæval standard of Catholicism, these mark four great declensions of piety, for, in all four, the old principle of subordination to an external and personal authority is set aside.

All over Europe this decline is still going on; ecclesiastical establishments are breaking down; other establishments are a building up. Pius the Ninth seems likely to fulfil his own prophecy, and be the last of the popes; I mean the last with temporal power. There is a great schism in the north of Europe; the Germans will be Catholics, but no longer Roman. The old forms of piety,

such as service in Latin, the withholding of the Bible from the people, compulsory confession, the ungrateful celibacy of a reluctant priesthood—all these are protested against. It is of no avail that the holy coat of Jesus, at Treves, works greater miracles than the apostolical napkins and aprons; of no avail that the Virgin Mary appeared on the 19th of September, 1846, to two shepherd-children, at La Salette, in France. What are such things to Ronge and Wessenberg? Neither the miraculous coat, nor the miraculous mother, avails aught against this untoward generation, charm they never so wisely. The decline of piety goes on. By the new Constitution of France, all forms of religion are equal; the Catholic and the Protestant, the Mahometan and the Jew, are equally sheltered under the broad shield of the law. Even Spain, the fortress walled and moated about, whither the spirit of the Middle Ages retired and shut herself up long since, womanning her walls with unmanly priests and kings, with unfeminine queens and nuns—even Spain fails with the general failure. British capitalists buy up her convents and nunneries, to turn them into woollen mills. Monks and nuns forget their beads in some new handicraft; sister Mary, who sat still in the house, is now also busy with serving—careful, indeed, about more things than formerly, but not cumbered nor troubled as before. Meditative Rachels, and Hannahs, long unblest, who sat in solitude, have now become like practical Dorcas, making garments for the poor; the Bank is become more important than the Inquisition. The order of St. Francis d'Assisi, of St. Benedict, even of St. Dominic himself, is giving way before the new order of Arkwright, Watt, and Fulton,—the order of the spinning jenny and the powerloom. It is no longer books on the miraculous conception, or meditations on the five wounds of the Saviour, or commentaries on the song of songs which is Solomon's, that get printed there; but fiery novels of Eugene Sue and George Sand; and so extremes meet.

Protestant establishments share the same peril. A new sect of Protestants rises up in Germany, who dissent as much from the letter and spirit of Protestantism, as the Protestants from Catholicism; men that will not believe the infallibility of the Bible, the doctrine of the Trinity,

the depravity of man, the eternity of future punishment, nor justification by faith—a justification before God, for mere belief before men. The new spirit gets possession of new men, who cannot be written down, nor even howled down. Excommunication or abuse does no good on such men as Bauer, Strauss, and Schwegler; and it answers none of their questions. It seems pretty clear, that in all the north of Germany, within twenty years, there will be entire freedom of worship, for all sects, Protestant and Catholic.

In England, Protestantism has done its work less faithfully than in Germany. The Protestant spirit of England came here two hundred years ago, so that new and Protestant England is on the west of the ocean; in England, an established church lies there still, an iceberg in the national garden. But even there the decline of the ecclesiastical form of piety is apparent: the new bishops must not sit in the House of Lords, till the old ones die out, for the number of lords spiritual must not increase, though the temporal may; the new attempt, at Oxford and elsewhere, to restore the Middle Ages, will not prosper. Bring back all the old rites and forms into Leeds and Manchester; teach men the theology of Thomas Aquinas, or of St. Bernard; bid them adore the uplifted wafer, as the very God, men who toil all day with iron mills, who ride in steam-drawn coaches, and talk by lightning in a whisper, from the Irk to the Thames,—they will not consent to the philosophy or the theology of the Middle Ages, nor be satisfied with the old forms of piety, which, though too elevated for their fathers in the time of Elizabeth, are yet too low for them, at least too antiquated. Dissenters have got into the House of Commons; the Test Act is repealed, and a man can be a captain in the army, or a postmaster in a village, without first taking the Lord's Supper, after the fashion of the Church of England. Some men demand the abandonment of tithes, the entire separation of Church and State, the return to "the voluntary principle" in religion. "The battering ram which levelled old Sarum," and other boroughs as corrupt, now beats on the church, and the "Church is in danger." Men complain of the decline of piety in England. An intelligent and very serious writer, not long ago, lamenting this

decline, in proof thereof relates that formerly men began their last wills, "In the name of God, Amen;" and headed bills of lading with, "Shipped in good order, by the grace of God;" that indictments for capital crimes charged the culprit with committing felony, "At the instigation of the devil," and now, he complains, these forms have gone out of use.

In America, in New England, in Boston, when measured by that standard, the same decline of piety is apparent. It is often said that our material condition is better than our moral; that in advance of our spiritual condition. There is a common clerical complaint of a certain thinness in the churches; men do not give their bodily attendance, as once they did; they are ready enough to attend lectures, two or three in a week, no matter how scientific and abstract, or how little connected with their daily work, yet they cannot come to the church without teasing beforehand, nor keep awake while there. It is said the minister is not respected as formerly. True, a man of power is respected, heard, sought, and followed, but it is for his power, for his words of grace and truth, not for his place in a pulpit; he may have more influence as a man, but less as a clergyman. Ministers lament a prevalent disbelief of their venerable doctrines; that there is a concealed scepticism in regard to them, often not concealed. This, also, is a well-founded complaint; the well-known dogmas of theology were never in worse repute; there was never so large a portion of the community in New England who were doubtful of the Trinity, of eternal damnation, of total depravity, of the atonement, of the Godhead of Jesus, of the miracles of the New Testament, and of the truth of every word of the Bible. A complaint is made, that the rites and forms which are sometimes called "the ordinances of religion," are neglected; that few men join the church, and though the old hedge is broken down before the altar, yet the number of communicants diminishes, and it is no longer able-headed men, the leaders of society, who come; that the ordinances seem haggard and ghastly to young men, who cannot feed their hungry souls on such a thin pittance of spiritual aliment as these afford; that the children are not baptized. These things are so; so in Europe, Catholic and Protestant; so in America, so in Boston. Notwith-

standing the well-founded complaint that our modern churches are too costly for the times, we do not build temples which bear so high a proportion to our wealth as the early churches of Boston; the attendance at meeting does not increase as the population; the ministers are not prominent, as in the days of Wilson, of Cotton, and of Norton; their education is not now in the same proportion to the general culture of the times. Harvard College, dedicated to "Christ and the Church," designed at first chiefly for the education of the clergy, graduates few ministers; theological literature no longer overawes all other. The number of church members was never so small in proportion to the voters as now; the number of Protestant births never so much exceeded the number of Protestant baptisms. Young men of superior ability and superior education have little affection for the ministry; take little interest in the welfare of the church. Nay, youths descended from a wealthy family seldom look that way. It is poor men's sons, men of obscure family, who fill the pulpits; often, likewise, men of slender ability, eked out with an education proportionately scant. The most active members of the churches are similar in position, ability, and culture. These are undeniable facts. They are not peculiar to New England. You find them wherever the voluntary principle is resorted to. In England, in Catholic countries, you find the old historic names in the Established Church; there is no lack of aristocratic blood in clerical veins; but there and everywhere the church seems falling astern of all other craft which can keep the sea.

Since these things are so, men who have only the conventional standard wherewith to measure the amount of piety, only that test to prove its existence by, think we are rapidly going to decay; that the tabernacle is fallen down, and no man rises to set it up. They complain that Zion is in distress; theological newspapers lament that there are no revivals to report; that "the Lord has withheld His arm," and does not "pour out His Spirit upon the churches." Ghastly meetings are held by men with sincere and noble heart, but saddened face; speeches are made which seem a groan of linked wailings long drawn out. Men mourn at the infidelity of the times, at the coldness of some, at the deadness of others. All the sects complain of



this, yet each loves to attribute the deadness of the rival sects to their special theology ; it is Unitarianism which is choking the Unitarians, say their foes, and the Unitarians know how to retort after the same fashion. The less enlightened put the blame of this misfortune on the good God, who has somehow "withheld His hand," or omitted to "pour out His Spirit,"—the people perishing for want of the open vision. Others put the blame on mankind ; some on "poor human nature," which is not what might have been expected, not perceiving that if the fault be there, it is not for us to remedy, and if God made man a bramble-bush, that no wailing will make him bear figs. Yet others refer this condition to the use made of human nature, which certainly is a more philosophical way of looking at the matter.

Now there is one sect which has done great service in former days, which is, I think, still doing something to enlighten and liberalize the land, and, I trust, will yet do more, more even than it consciously intends. The name of Unitarian is deservedly dear to many of us, who yet will not be shackled by any denominational fetters. This sect has always been remarkable for a certain gentlemanly reserve about all that pertained to the inward part of religion ; other faults it might have, but it did not incur the reproach of excessive enthusiasm, or a spirituality too sublimated and transcendental for daily use. This sect has long been a speckled bird among the denominations, each of which has pecked at her, or at least cawed with most unmelodious croak against this new-fledged sect. It was said the Unitarians had "denied the Lord that bought them ;" that theirs was the church of unbelief—not the church of Christ, but of no-Christ ; that they had a Bible of their own, and a thin, poor Bible, too ; that their ways were ways of destruction ; "Touch not, taste not, handle not," was to be written on their doctrines ; that they had not even the grace of lukewarmness, but were moral and stone-cold ; that they looked fair on the side turned towards man, but on the Godward side it was a blank wall with no gate, nor window, nor loop-hole, nor eyelet for the Holy Ghost to come through ; that their prayers were only a show of devotion to cover up the hard rock of the flinty heart, or the frozen ground of morality. Their faith, it was said,

was only a conviction after the case was proven by unimpeachable evidence, and good for nothing; while belief without evidence, or against proof, seems to be the right ecclesiastical talisman.

For a long time the Unitarian sect did not grumble unduly, but set itself to promote the cultivation of reason, and apply that to religion; to cultivate morality and apply it to life; and to demand the most entire personal freedom for all men in all matters pertaining to religion. Hence came its merits; they were very great merits, too, and not at all the merits of the times, held in common with the other sects. I need not dwell on this, and the good works of Unitarianism, in this the most Unitarian city in the world; but as a general thing the Unitarians, it seems to me, did neglect the culture of piety; and of course their morality, while it lasted, would be unsatisfactory; and in time would wither and dry up because it had no deepness of earth to grow out of. The Unitarians, as a general thing, began outside, and sought to work inward, proceeding from the special to the general, by what might be called the inductive mode of religious culture: that was the form adopted in pulpits, and in families, so far as there was any religious education attempted in private. That is not the method of nature, where all growth is the development of a living germ, which by an inward power appropriates the outward things it needs, and grows thereby. Hence came the defects of Unitarianism, and they were certainly very great defects; but they came almost unavoidably from the circumstances of the times. The sensational philosophy was the only philosophy that prevailed! The Orthodox sects had always rejected a part of that philosophy, not in the name of science, but of piety; and they supplied its place not with a better philosophy, but with tradition, speaking with an authority which claimed to be above human nature. It was not in the name of reason that they rejected a false philosophy, but in the name of religion often denounced all philosophy and the reason which demanded it. The Unitarians rejected that portion of orthodoxy, became more consistent sensationalists, and arrived at results which we know. Now it is easy to see their error; not difficult to avoid it; but forty or fifty years ago it was almost impossible not to fall

into this mistake. Sometimes it seems as if the Unitarians were half conscious of this defect, and so dared not be original, but borrowed Orthodox weapons, or continued to use Trinitarian phrases, long after they had blunted those weapons of their point, and emptied the phrases of their former sense. In the controversy between the Orthodox and Unitarians, neither party was wholly right: the Unitarians had reason to charge the Orthodox with debasing man's nature, and representing God as not only unworthy, but unjust, and somewhat odious; the Trinitarians were mainly right in charging us with want of conscious piety, with beginning to work at the wrong end; but at the same time it must be remembered that, in proportion to their numbers, the Unitarians have furnished far more philanthropists and reformers than any of the other sects. It is time to confess this on both sides.

For a long time the Unitarian sect did not complain much of the decline of piety; it did not care to have an organization, loving personal freedom too well for that, and it had not much denominational feeling; indeed, its members were kept together, not so much by an agreement and unity of opinion among themselves, as by a unity of opposition from without; it was not the hooks on their shields that held the legion together with even front, but the pressure of hostile shields crowded upon them from all sides. They did not believe in spasmodic action; if a body was dead, they gave it burial, without trying to galvanize it into momentary life, not worth the spark it cost; they knew that a small cloud may make a good many flashes in the dark, but that many lightnings cannot make light. They stood apart from the violent efforts of other churches to get converts. The converts they got commonly adhered to their faith, and in this respect differed a good deal from those whom "Revivals" brought into other churches; with whom Christianity sprung up in a night, and in a night also perished. Some years ago, when this city was visited and ravaged by Revivals, the Unitarians kept within doors, gave warning of the danger, and suffered less harm and loss from that tornado than any of the sects. Unitarianism seems, in this city, to have done its original work; so the company is breaking up by degrees, and the men are going off, to engage in other

business, to weed other old fields, or to break up new land, each man following his own sense of duty, and for himself determining whether to go or stay. But at the same time an attempt is made to keep the company together; to cultivate a denominational feeling; to put hooks and staples on the shields which no longer offer that formidable and even front; to teach all trumpets to give the same sectarian bray, all voices to utter the same war-cry. The attempt does not succeed; the ranks are disordered, the trumpets give an uncertain sound, and the soldiers do not prepare themselves for denominational battle; nay, it often happens that the camp lacks the two sinews of war—both money and men. Hence the denominational view of religious affairs has undergone a change; I make no doubt a real and sincere change, though I know this has been denied, and the change thought only official. The men I refer to are sincere and devout men; some of them quite above the suspicion of mere official conduct. This sect is now the loudest in its wailing; these Christian Jeremiahs tell us that we do not realize spiritual things, that we are all dead men, that there is no health in us. These cold Unitarian Thomases crowd unwontedly together in public to bewail the spiritual weather, the dearth of piety in Boston, the “general decline of religion” in New England. Church unto church raises the Macedonian cry, “Come over and help us!” The opinion seems general that piety is in a poor way, and must have watchers, the strongest medicine, and nursing quite unusual, or it will soon be all over, and Unitarianism will give up the ghost. Various causes have I heard assigned for the malady; some think that there has been over-much preaching of philosophy, though perhaps there is not evidence to convict any one man in particular of the offence; that philosophy is the dog in the manger, who keeps the hungry Unitarian flock from their spiritual hay, and cut straw, which are yet of not the smallest use to him. But look never so sharp, and you do not find this dangerous beast in the neighbourhood of the fold. Others think that there has been also an excess of moral preaching, against the prevalent sins of the nation, I suppose—but few individuals seem liable to conviction on that charge. Yet others think this decline comes from the fact that the terrors have not been duly and sufficiently

administered from the pulpit; that while Catholics and Methodists thrive under such influences, the Unitarian widows are neglected in the weekly ministration of terror and of threat; that there has not been so much an excess of lightning in the form of philosophy or morality, but only a lack of thunder.

This temporary movement among the Unitarians of Boston is natural; in some respects it is what our fathers would have called "judicial." The Unitarians have been cold, have looked more at the outward manifestations of goodness than at the inward spirit of piety which was to make the manifestations; they have not had an excess of philosophy, or of morality, but a defect of piety. They have been more respectable than pious. They have not always quite rightly appreciated the enthusiasm of sterner and more austere sects; not always done justice to the inwardness of religion those sects sought to promote. When their churches get a little thin, and their denominational affairs a little disturbed, it is quite natural these Unitarians should look after the cause, and pass over to lamentations at the present state of things; while looking at the community from the new point of view, it is quite natural that they should suppose piety on the decline, and religion dying out. Yes, in general it is plain that, if men have no eyes but conventional eyes, no spirit but that of the ecclesiastical order they serve in, and of the denomination they belong to, it is natural for them to think that because piety does not flow in the old ecclesiastical channel, it does not flow anywhere, and there is none at all to run. Thus it is easy to explain the complaint of the Catholics at the great defection of the most enlightened nations of Europe; the lamentation of the Protestants at the heresy of the most enlightened portion of their sect; and the Unitarian wail over the general decline of piety in the city of Boston. Some men can only judge the present age by the conventional standard of the past, and as the old form of piety does not appear, they must conclude there is no piety.

Let us now recur to the other or natural standard, and look at the manifestation of piety in the form of morality. Last Sunday I spoke of our moral condition; and it ap-

peared that morals were in a low state here when compared with the ideal morals of Christianity. Now, as the outward deed is but the manifestation of the inward life, and objective humanity the index of subjective divinity, so the low state of morals proves a low state of piety; if the heart of this town was right towards God, then would its hand also be right towards man. I am one of those who for long years have lamented the want of vital piety in this people. We not only do not realize spiritual things, but we do not make them our ideals. I see proofs of this want of piety in the low morals of trade, of the public press; in poverty, intemperance, and crime; in the vices and social wrongs touched on the last Sunday. I judge the tree by its fruit. But it is not on this ground that the ecclesiastical complaint is based. Men who make so much ado about the absence of piety, do not appeal for proof thereof to the great vices and prominent sins of the times; they see no sign of that in our trade and our politics; in the misery that festers in putrid lanes, one day to breed a pestilence, which it were even cheaper to hinder now, than cure at a later time; nobody mentions as proof the Mexican war, the political dishonesty of officers, the rapacity of office-seekers, the servility of men who will tamely suffer the most sacred rights of three millions of men to be trodden into the dust. Matters which concern millions of men came up before your Congress; the great senator of Massachusetts loitered away the time of the session here in Boston, managing a lawsuit for a few thousand dollars, and no fault was publicly found with such neglect of public duty; but men see no lack of piety indicated by this fact, and others like it; they find signs of that lack in empty pews, in a deserted communion-table, in the fact that children, though brought up to reverence truth and justice, to love man and to love God, are not baptized with water; or in the fact that Unitarianism or Trinitarianism is on the decline! How many wailings have we all heard, or read, because the Puritan churches of Boston have not kept the faith of their grim founders; what lamentations at the rising up of a sect which refuses the doctrine of the Trinity, or at the appearance of a few men who, neglecting the common props of Christianity, rest it, for its basis, on the nature of man and the nature of God: though almost



all the eminent philanthropy of the day is connected with these men, yet they are still called "infidel," and reviled on all hands!

The state of things mentioned in the last sermon does indicate a want of piety, a deep and a great want. I do not see signs of that in the debt and decay of churches, in absence from meetings, in doubt of theological dogmas, in neglect of forms and ceremonies which once were of great value; but I do see it in the low morals of trade, of the press; in the popular vices. On a national scale I see it in the depravity of political parties, in the wicked war we have just fought, in the slavery we still tolerate and support. Yes, as I look on the churches of this city, I see a want of piety in the midst of us. If eminent piety were in them, and allowed to follow its natural bent, it would come out of them in the form of eminent humanity; they would lead in the philanthropies of this day, where they hardly follow. In this condition of the churches I see a most signal proof of the low estate of piety; they do not manifest a love of truth, which is the piety of the intellect; nor a love of justice, which is the piety of the moral sense; nor a love of love, which is the piety of the affections; nor a love of God as the Infinite Father of all men, which is the total piety of the whole soul. For lack of this internal divinity there is a lack of external humanity. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? This is what I complain of, what I mourn over.

The clergymen of this city are most of them sincere men, I doubt not; some of them men of a superior culture; many of them laborious men; most, perhaps all of them, deeply interested in the welfare of the churches, and the promotion of piety. But how many of them are marked and known for their philanthropy, distinguished for their zeal in putting down any of the major sins of our day, zealous in any work of reform? I fear I can count them all on the fingers of a single hand; yet there are enough to bewail the departure of monastic forms, and of the theology which led men in the dimness of a darker age, but cannot shine in the rising light of this. I find no fault with these men; I blame them not; it is their profession which so blinds their eyes. They are as wise and as valiant as the churches let them be. What sect in all

this land ever cared about temperance, education, peace betwixt nations, or even the freedom of all men in our own, so much as this sect cares for the baptizing of children with water, and that for the baptizing of men; this for the doctrine of the Trinity, and all for the infallibility of the Bible? Do you ask the sects to engage in the work of extirpating concrete wrong? It is in vain; each reformer tries it—the mild sects answer, “I pray thee have me excused;” the sterner sects reply with awful speech.

A distinguished theological journal of another city thinks the philanthropies of this day are hostile to piety, and declares that true spiritual Christianity never prevails where men think Slavery is a sin. A distinguished minister of a highly respectable sect declares the temperance societies unchristian, and even atheistical. He reasons thus: The church is an instrument appointed by God and Christ to overcome all forms of wrong, intemperance among the rest; to neglect this instrument and devise another, a temperance society, to wit, is to abandon the institutions of God and Christ, and so it is unchristian and atheistical. In other words, here is intemperance, a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, in our way; there is an old wooden beetle, which has done great service of old time, and is said to have been made by God’s own hand; men smite therewith the stone or smite it not; still it lies there a stone of stumbling and a stone of shame; other men approach, and with a sledge-hammer of well-tempered steel smite the rock, and break off piece after piece, smoothing the rough impracticable way; they call on men to come to their aid, with such weapons as they will. But our minister bids them beware; the beetle is “of the Lord,” the iron which breaks the rock in pieces is an unchristian and atheistical instrument. Yet was this minister an earnest, a pious, and a self-denying man, who sincerely sought the good of men. He had been taught to know no piety but in the church’s form. I would not do dishonour to the churches; they have done great service, they still do much; I would only ask them to be worthy of their Christian name. They educate men a little, and allow them to approach emancipation, but never to be free and go alone.

I see much to complain of in the condition of piety; yet nothing to be alarmed at. When I look back, it seems worse still, far worse. There has not been "a decline of piety" in Boston of late years. Religion is not sick. Last Sunday I spoke of the great progress made in morality within fifty years; I said it was an immense progress within two hundred years. Now, there cannot be such a progress in the outward manifestation without a corresponding and previous development of the inward principle. Morality cannot grow without piety, more than an oak without water, earth, sun, and air. Let me go back one hundred years; see what a difference between the religious aspect of things then and now! certainly there has been a great growth in spirituality since that day. I am not to judge men's hearts; I may take their outward lives as the test and measure of their inward piety. Will you say the outward life never completely comes up to that? It does so as completely now as then. Compare the toleration of these times with those; compare the intelligence of the community; the temperance, sobriety, chastity, virtue in general. Look at what is now done in a municipal way by towns and States for mankind; see the better provision made for the poor, for the deaf, the dumb, the blind, for the insane, even for the idiot; see what is done for the education of the people—in schools, academies, colleges, and by public lectures; what is done for the criminal, to prevent the growth of crime. See what an amelioration of the penal laws; how men are saved and restored to society, who had once been wholly lost. See what is done by philanthropy still more eminent, which the town and State have not yet overtaken and enacted into law; by the various societies for reform—those for temperance, for peace, for the discipline of prisons, for the discharged convicts, for freeing the slave. See this anti-Slavery party, which, in twenty years, has become so powerful throughout all the Northern States, so strong that it cannot be howled down, and men begin to find it hardly safe to howl over it; a party which only waits the time to lift up its million arms, and hurl the hateful institution of Slavery out of the land! All these humane movements come from a divine piety in the soul of man. A tree which bears such fruits is not a dead tree; is not wholly to

be despaired of; is not yet in a "decline," and past all hope of recovery. Is the age wanting in piety, which makes such efforts as these? Yes, you will say, because it does no more. I agree to this; but it is rich in piety compared to other times. Ours is an age of faith; not of mere belief in the commandments of men, but of faith in the nature of man and the commandments of God.

This prevailing and contagious complaint about the decline of religion is not one of the new things of our time. In the beginning of the last century, Dr. Colman, first minister of the church in Brattle Street, lamented in small capitals over the general decline of piety:—"The venerable name of religion and of the church is made a sham pretence for the worst of villanies, for uncharitableness and unnatural oppression of the pious and the peaceable;" "the perilous times are come, wherein men are lovers only of their own selves." "Ah! calamitous day," says he, "into which we are fallen, and into which the sins of our infatuated age have brought us!" He looks back to the founders of New England; they "were rich in faith, and heirs of a better world;" "men of whom the world was not worthy;" "they laid in a stock of prayers for us which have brought down many blessings on us already." Samuel Willard bewailed "the chequered state of the gospel church;" it was "in every respect a gloomy day, and covered with thick clouds."

We retire yet further back, to the end of the seventeenth century; a hundred and sixty or seventy years ago, Dr. Increase Mather, not only in his own pulpit, but also at "the great and Thursday lecture," lamented over "the degeneracy and departing glory of New England." He complained that there was a neglect of the Sabbath, of the ordinances, and of family worship; he groaned at the lax discipline of the churches, and looked, says another, "as fearfully on the growing charity as on the growing vices of the age." He called the existing generation "an unconverted generation." "Atheism and profaneness," says he, "have come to a prodigious height;" "God will visit" for these things; "God is about to open the windows of heaven, and pour down the cataracts of His wrath ere this generation . . . is passed away." If a comet appeared in the sky, it was to admonish men of the visitation, and

make "the haughty daughters of Zion reform their pride of apparel." "The world is full of unbelief" (that is, in the malignant aspect and disastrous influence of comets), "but there is an awful Scripture for them that do profanely condemn such signal works!"

One of the present and well-known indications of the decline of piety, that is often thought a modern luxury, and ridiculously denounced in the pulpit, which has done its part in fostering the enjoyment, was practised to an extent that alarmed the prim shepherds of the New England flock in earlier days. The same Dr. Mather preached a series of sermons "tending to promote the power of godliness," and concludes the whole with a discourse "of sleeping at sermons," and says: "To sleep in the public worship of God is a thing too frequently and easily practised; it is a great and a dangerous evil." "Sleeping at a sermon is a greater sin than speaking an idle word. Therefore, if men must be called to account for idle words, much more for this!" "Gospel sermons are among the most precious talents which any in this world have conferred upon them. But what a sad account will be given concerning those sermons which have been slept away! As light as thou makest of it now, it may be conscience will roar for it upon a death-bed!" "Verily, there is many a soul that will find this to be a dismal thought at the day of judgment, when he shall remember, so many sermons I might have heard for my everlasting benefit, but I slighted and slept them all away. Therefore consider, if men allow themselves in this evil their souls are in danger to perish." "It is true that a godly man may be subject unto this as well as unto other infirmities; but he doth not allow himself therein." "The name of the glorious God is greatly prophaned by this inadvertency." "The support of the evangelical ministry is . . . discouraged." He thought the character of the pulpit was not sufficient explanation of this phenomenon, and adds, in his supernatural way, "Satan is the external cause of this evil;" "he had rather have men wakeful at any time than at sermon time." The good man mentions, by way of example, a man who "had not slept a wink at a sermon for more than twenty years together;" and also, but by way of warning, the unlucky youth in the Acts who



slept at Paul's long sermon, and fell out of the window, and "was taken up dead." Sleeping was "adding something of our own to the worship of God;" "when Nadab and Abihu did so, there went out fire from the Lord and consumed them to death." "The holy God hath not been a little displeased for this sin." "It is not punished by men, but therefore the Lord himself will visit for it." "Tears of blood will trickle down thy dry and damned cheeks for ever and ever, because thou mayest not be so happy as to hear one sermon, or to have one offer of grace more throughout the never-ending days of eternity." Other men denounced their "Woe to sleepy sinners," and issued their "Proposals for the revival of dying religion."

Dr. Mather thought there was "a deluge of prophane-ness," and bid men "be much in mourning and humiliation, that God's bottle may be filled with tears." He thought piety was going out because surplices were coming in; it was wicked to "consecrate a church;" keeping Christmas was "like the idolatry of the calf." The common-prayer, an organ, a musical instrument in a church, was "not of God." Such things were to our worthy fathers in the ministry what temperance and anti-Slavery societies are to many of their sons—an "abomination," "unchristian and atheistic!" The introduction of "regular singing" was an indication to some that "all religion is to cease;" "we might as well go over to Popery at once." Inoculation for the small-pox was as vehemently and ably opposed as the modern attempt to abolish the gallows; it was "a trusting more to the machinations of men than to the all-wise providence of God."

"When the enchantments of this world," says the ecclesiastical historian, "caused the rising generation more sensibly to neglect the primitive designs and interests of religion propounded by their fathers, a change in the tenour of the Divine dispensation towards this country was quickly the matter of every one's observation." "Our wheat and our peas fell under an unaccountable blast." "We were visited with multiplied shipwrecks;" "pestilential sicknesses did sometimes become epidemic among us." "Indians cruelly butchered many hundreds of our inhabitants, and scattered whole towns with miserable



ruins." "The serious people throughout the land were awakened by these intimations of Divine displeasure to inquire into the causes and matters of the controversie." Accordingly, 1679, a synod was convened at Boston, to "inquire into the causes of the Lord's controversie with His New England people," who determined the matter.\*

A little later, in 1690, the General Court considered the subject anew, and declared that "A corruption of manners, attended with inexcusable degeneracies and apostacies . . .

\* The synod declared: "That God hath a controversie with His New England people is undeniable." "There are visible manifest evils, which without doubt the Lord is provoked by." 1. "A great and visible decay of the power of godliness amongst many professors in these churches." 2. "Pride doth abound in New England. Many have offended God by strange apparel." 3. "Church fellowship and other divine institutions are grossly neglected." "Quakers are false worshippers," "and Anabaptists . . . do no better than set up an altar against the Lord's altar." 4. "The holy and glorious name of God hath been polluted;" "because of swearing the land mourns." "It is a frequent thing for men to sit in prayer-time . . . and to give way to their own sloth and sleepiness." "We read of but one man in Scripture that slept at a sermon, and that sin had like to have cost him his life." 5. "There is much Sabbath-breaking; since there are multitudes that do profanely absent themselves from the public worship of God, . . . walking abroad and travelling . . . being a common practice on the Sabbath day." "Worldly unsuitable discourses are very common upon the Lord's day." "This brings wrath, fires, and other judgments upon a professing people." 6. "As to what concerns families and Government thereof, there is much amiss." "Children and servants . . . are not kept in due subjection." "This is a sin which brings great judgments, as we see in Eli's and David's family." 7. "Inordinate passions, sinful heats and hatreds, and that amongst church members." 8. "There is much intemperance:" "it is a common practice for town-dwellers, yea, and church members, to frequent public-houses, and there to mispend precious time." 9. "There is much want of truth amongst men." "The Lord is not wont to suffer such an iniquity to pass unpunished." 10. "Inordinate affection unto the world." "There hath been in many professors an insatiable desire after land and worldly accommodations; yea, so as to forsake churches and ordinances, and to live like heathen, only so that they might have elbow-room in the world. Farms and merchandisings have been preferred before the things of God." "Such iniquity causeth war to be in the gate, and cities to be burned up." "When Lot did forsake the land of Canaan and the church which was in Abraham's family, that so he might have better worldly accommodations in Sodom, God fired him out of all." "There are some traders that sell their goods at excessive rates; day-labourers and mechanics are unreasonable in their demands." 11. "There hath been opposition to the work of reformation." 12. "A public spirit is greatly wanting in the most of men." 13. "There are sins against the gospel, whereby the Lord has been provoked." "Christ is not prized and embraced in all His offices and ordinances as ought to be."

is the cause of the controversie." We "are now arriving at such an extremity, that the axe is laid to the root of the trees, and we are in imminent danger of perishing, if a speedy reformation of our provoking evils prevent it not." In 1702, Cotton Mather complains that "Our manifold indispositions to recover the dying power of godliness were successive calamities, under all of which our apostacies from that godliness have rather proceeded than abated." "The old spirit of New England has been sensibly going out of the world, as the old saints in whom it was have gone; and, instead thereof, the spirit of the world, with a lamentable neglect of strict piety, has crept in upon the rising generation."

You go back to the time of the founders and fathers of the colony, and it is no better. In 1667, Mr. Wilson, who had "a singular gift in the practice of discipline," on his death-bed declared, that "God would judge the people for their rebellion and self-willed spirit, for their contempt of civil and ecclesiastical rulers, and for their luxury and sloth;" and before that he said, "People rise up as Corah, against their ministers." "And for our neglect of baptizing the children of the church, . . . I think God is provoked by it. Another sin I take to be the making light . . . of the authority of the synods." John Norton, whose piety was said to be "Grace, grafted on a crab-stock," in 1660, growled, after his wont, on account of the "Heart of New England, rent with the blasphemies of this generation." John Cotton, the ablest man in New England, who "liked to sweeten his mouth with a piece of Calvin, before he went to sleep," and was so pious that another could not swear while he was under the roof, mourned at "the condition of the churches;" and, in 1652, on his death-bed, after bestowing his blessing on the President of Harvard College, who had begged it of him, exhorted the elders to "Increase their watch against those declensions, which he saw the professors of religion falling into."\* In 1641, such was the condition of piety in

\* In 1646, Mr. Samuel Symonds wrote to Governor Winthrop, as follows: "I will also mention the text preached upon at our last fast, and the propositions raised thereupon, because it was so seasonable to New England's condition. Jeremiah xxx. 17: For I will restore health to thee, and heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they called thee an outcast, saying, This is Zion, whom noe man careth for.

Boston, that it was thought necessary to banish a man, because he did not believe in original sin. In 1639, a fast was appointed, "To deplore the prevalence of the small-pox, the want of zeal in the professors of religion, and the general decay of piety." "The church of God had not been long in this wilderness," thus complains a minister, one hundred and fifty years ago, "before the dragon cast forth several floods to devour it; but not the least of these floods was one of the Antinomian and familistical heresies." "It is incredible what alienations of mind, and what a very calenture the devil raised in the country upon this odd occasion." "The sectaries" "began usually to seduce women into their notions, and by these women, like their first mother, they soon hooked in the husbands also." So, in 1637, the synod of Cambridge was convened, to despatch "The apostate serpent:" one woman was duly convicted of holding "about thirty monstrous opinions," and subsequently, by the civil authorities, banished from the colony. The synod, after much time was "spent in ventilation and emptying of private passions," condemned eighty-two opinions, then prevalent in the colony, as erroneous, and decided to "refer doubts to be resolved by the great God." Even in 1636, John Wilson lamented "the dark and distracted condition of the churches of New England."

"The good old times," when piety was in a thriving state, and the churches successful and contented, lay as far behind the "Famous Johns," as it now does behind their successors in office and lamentation. Then, as now, the complaint had the same foundation: ministers and other good men could not see that new piety will not be put into the old forms, neither the old forms of thought nor the old forms of action. In the days of Wilson, Cotton,

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"1. Prop. That sick tymes doe passe over Zion.

"2. That sad and bitter neglect is the portion, aggravation and affliction of Zion in the tyme of his sicknesse and wounds, but especially in the neglect of those that doe neglect it, and yet, notwithstanding, doe acknowledge it to be Zion.

"3. That the season of penitent Zion's passion is the season of God's compassion.

"This sermon tended much to the settling of godly minds here in God's way, and to raise their spirits, and, as I conceive, hath suitable effects."

and Norton, there was a gradual growth of piety; in the days of the Mathers, of Colman, and Willard, and from that time to this, there has been a steady improvement of the community, in intellectual, moral, and religious culture. Some men could not see the progress two hundred years ago, because they believed in no piety, except as it was manifested in their conventional forms. It is so now. Mankind advances by the irresistible law of God, under the guidance of a few men of large discourse, who look before and after, but amid the wailing of many who think each advance is a retreat, and every stride a stumble.

Now-a-days nobody complains at "the ungodly custom of wearing long hair;" no dandy is dealt with by the church for his dress; the weakest brother is not offended by "regular singing"—so it be regular,—“by organs and the like;” nobody laments at “the reading of Scripture lessons,” or “the use of the Lord’s Prayer” in public religious services, or is offended because a clergyman makes a prayer at a funeral, and solemnizes a marriage,—though these are “prelatical customs,” and were detested by our fathers. Yet, other things, now as much dreaded, and thought “of a bad and dangerous tendency,” will one day prove themselves as innocent, though now as much mourned over. Many an old doctrine will fade out, and though some think a star has fallen out of heaven, a new truth will rise up and take its place. It is to be expected that ministers will often complain of “the general decay of religion.” The position of a clergyman, fortunate in many things, is unhappy in this: he seldom sees the result of his labours, except in the conventional form mentioned above. The lawyer, the doctor, the merchant and mechanic, the statesman and the farmer, all have visible and palpable results of their work, while the minister can only see that he has baptized men, and admitted them to his church; the visible and quotable tokens of his success are a large audience, respectable and attentive, a thriving Sunday school, or a considerable body of communicants. If these signs fail, or become less than formerly, he thinks he has laboured in vain, that piety is on the decline: for it is only by this form that he commonly tests and measures piety itself. Hence, a sincere and earnest minister, with the limitations which he so easily gets from his profession

and social position, is always prone to think ill of the times, to undervalue the new wine which refuses to be kept in the old bottles, but rends them asunder; hence he bewails the decline of religion, and looks longingly back to the days of his fathers.

But you will ask, Why does not a minister demand piety in its natural form? Blame him not; unconsciously he fulfils his contract, and does what he is taught, ordained, and paid for doing. It is safe for a minister to demand piety of his parish, in the conventional form; not safe to demand it in the form of morality—eminent piety, in the form of philanthropy: it would be an innovation; it would "hurt men's feelings;" it might disturb some branches of business; at the North, it would interfere with the liquor-trade; at the South, with the slave-trade; everywhere it would demand what many men do not like to give. If a man asks piety in the form of bodily attendance at church, on the only idle day in the week, when business and amusement must be refrained from,—in the form of belief in doctrines which are commonly accepted by the denomination, and compliance with its forms,—that is customary; it hurts nobody's feelings; it does not disturb the liquor-trade, nor the slave-trade; it interferes with nothing, not even with respectable sleep in a comfortable pew. A minister, like others, loves to be surrounded by able and respectable men; he seeks, therefore, a congregation of such. If he is himself an able man, it is well; but there are few in any calling whom we designate as able. Our weak man cannot instruct his parishioners; he soon learns this, and ceases to give them counsel on matters of importance. They would not suffer it, for the larger includes the less, not the less the larger. He is not strong by nature; their position overlooks and commands him. He must speak and give some counsel; he wisely limits himself to things of but little practical interest, and his parishioners are not offended: "That is my sentiment exactly," says the most worldly man in the church, "Religion is too pure to be mixed up with the practical business of the street." The original and effectual preaching in such cases, is not from the pulpit down upon the pews, but from the pews up to the pulpit, which only echoes, consciously or otherwise, but does not speak.



In a solar system, the central sun, not barely powerful from its position, is the most weighty body—heavier than all the rest put together; so with even swing they all revolve about it. Our little ministerial sun was ambitious of being amongst large satellites; he is there, but the law of gravitation amongst men is as certain as in matter; he cannot poise and swing the system; he is not the sun thereof, not even a primary planet, only a little satellite revolving with many nutations round some primary, in an orbit that is oblique, complicated, and difficult to calculate; now waxing in a “Revival,” now waning in a “decline of piety,” now totally eclipsed by his primary that comes between him and the light which lighteth every man. Put one of the cold thin moons of Saturn into the centre of the solar system,—would the universe revolve about that little dot? Loyal matter with irresistible fealty gravitates towards the sun, and wheels around the balance-point of the world’s weight, be it where it may, called by whatever name.

While ministers insist unduly on the conventional manifestation of piety, it is not a thing unheard of for a layman to resolve to go to heaven by the ecclesiastical road, yet omit resolving to be a good man before he gets there. Such a man finds the ordinary forms of piety very convenient, and not at all burdensome; they do not interfere with his daily practice of injustice and meanness of soul; they seem a substitute for real and manly goodness; they offer a royal road to saintship here and heaven hereafter. Is the man in arrears with virtue, having long practised wickedness and become insolvent? This form is a new bankrupt law of the spirit, he pays off his old debts in the ecclesiastical currency—a pennyworth of form for a pound of substantial goodness. This bankrupt sinner, cleared by the ecclesiastical chancery, is a solvent saint; he exhorts at meetings, strains at every gnat, and mourns over “the general decay of piety,” and teaches other men the way in which they should go—to the same end.

“So morning insects, that in muck begun,  
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the evening sun.”

I honour the founders of New England; they were pious men—their lives proved it; but domineered over by



false opinions in theology, they put their piety into very unnatural and perverted forms. They had ideas which transcended their age; they came here to make those ideas into institutions. That they had great faults, bigotry, intolerance, and superstition, is now generally conceded. They were picked men, "wheat sifted out of three kingdoms," to plant a new world withal. They have left their mark very deep and very distinct in this town, which was their prayer and their pride. It may seem unjust to ourselves to compare a whole community like our own with such a company as filled Boston in the first half century of its existence,—men selected for their spiritual hardihood; but here and now, in the midst of Boston, are men quite as eminent for piety, who as far transcend this age as the Puritans and the pilgrims surpassed their time. The Puritan put his religion into the ecclesiastical form; not into the form of the Roman or the English Church, but into a new one of his own. His descendant, inheriting his father's faith in God, and stern self-denial, but sometimes without his bigotry, intolerance, and superstition, with little fear but with more love of God, and consequently with more love of man, puts his piety into a new form. It is not the form of the old church; the church of the Puritans is to him often what the church of the Pope and the prelates was to his ungentle sire. He puts his piety into the form of goodness; eminent piety becomes philanthropy, and takes the shape of reform. In such men, in many of their followers, I see the same trust in God, the same scorn of compromising right and truth, the same unfaltering allegiance to the eternal Father, which shone in the pilgrims who founded this new world, which fired the reformers of the church; yes, which burned in the hearts of Paul and John. Piety has not failed and gone out; each age has its own forms thereof; the old and passing can never understand the new, nor can they consent to decrease with the increase of the new. Once, men put their piety into a church, Catholic or Protestant; they made creeds and believed them; they devised rites and symbols, which helped their faith. It was well; but we cannot believe those creeds, nor be aided by such symbols and such rites. Why pretend to drag a weighty crutch about because it helped your father once, wandering alone and in the dark, sound-

ing on his dim and perilous way? Once earthen roads were the best we knew, and horses' feet had shoes of swift-ness; now we need not, out of reverence, refuse the iron road, the chariot and the steed of flame; nor out of irreverence need we spurn the path our fathers trod; sorely bested and hunted after, tear-bedewed and travel-stained, they journeyed there, passing on to their God. If the mother that bore us were never so rude, and to our eyes might seem never so graceless now, still she was our mother, and without her we should not have been born. Wives and children may men have, and manifold; each has but one mother. The great institution we call the Christian Church has been the mother of us all; and though in her own dotage she deny our piety, and call us infidel, far be it from me to withhold the richly earned respect. Behind a decent veil, then, let us hide our mother's weakness, and ourselves pass on. Once piety built up a theocracy, and men say it was divine; now piety, everywhere in Christendom, builds up democracies; it is a diviner work.

The piety of this age must manifest itself in morality, and appear in a church where the priests are men of active mind and active hand; men of ideas, who commune with God and man through faith and works, finding no truth is hostile to their creed, no goodness foreign to their litany, no piety discordant with their psalm. The man who once would have built a convent and been its rigorous chief, now founds a temperance society, contends against war, toils for the pauper, the criminal, the madman, and the slave, for men bereft of senses and of sense. The synod of Dort and of Cambridge, the assembly of divines at Westminster, did what they could with what piety they had; they put it into decrees and platforms, into catechisms and creeds. But the various conventions for reform put their piety into resolves and then into philanthropic works. I do not believe there has ever been an age when piety bore so large a place in the whole being of New England as at this day, or attendance on church-forms so small a part. The attempts made and making for a better education of the people, the lectures on science and literature abundantly attended in this town, the increased fondness for reading,

the better class of books which are read—all these indicate an increased love of truth, the intellectual part of piety; societies for reform and for charity show an increase of the moral and affectional parts of piety; the better, the lovelier idea of God, which all sects are embracing, is a sign of increased love of God. Thus all parts of piety are proving their existence by their work. The very absence from the churches, the disbelief of the old sour theologies, the very neglect of outward forms and ceremonies of religion, the decline of the ministry itself, under the present circumstances, shows an increase of piety. The baby-clothes were well and wide for the baby; now, the fact that he cannot get them on, shows plainly that he has outgrown them,—is a boy, and no longer a baby.

Once Piety fled to the Church as the only sanctuary in the waste wide world, and was fondly welcomed there, fed and fostered. When power fled off from the Church—  
—“Wilt thou also go away?” said she. “Lord,” said Piety, “to whom shall we go? Thou only hast the words of everlasting life.” Once convents and cathedrals were what the world needed as shelter for this fair child of God; then she dwelt in the grim edifice that our fathers built, and for a time counted herself “lodged in a lodging where good things are.” Now is she grown able to wander forth fearless and free, lodging where the night overtakes her, and doing what her hands find to do, not unattended by the Providence which hitherto has watched over and blessed her. I respect piety in the Hebrew saints, prophets, and bards, who spoke the fiery speech, or sung their sweet and soul-inspiring psalm :—

“Out from the heart of Nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old.”

I honour piety among the saints of Greece, clad in the form of philanthropy and art, speaking still in dramas, in philosophies, and song, and in the temple and the statue too :—

“Not from a vain and shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought.”

I admire at the piety of the Middle Ages, which founded the monastic tribes of men, which wrote the theologies,

scholastic and mystic both, still speaking to the mind of men, or in poetic legends insinuated truth; which built that heroic architecture, overmastering therewith the sense and soul of man:—

- “The passive master lent his hand
- To the vast Soul that o’er him planned:
- And the same Power that reared the shrine
- Bestrode the tribes that knelt therein.”

But the piety which I find now, in this age, here in our own land, I respect, honour, and admire yet more; I find it in the form of moral life; that is the piety I love, piety in her own loveliness. Would I could find poetic strains as fit to sing of her—but yet such

“Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.”

Let me do no dishonour to other days, to Hebrew or to Grecian saints. Unlike and hostile though they were, they jointly fed my soul in earliest days. I would not underrate the mediæval saints, whose words and works have been my study in a manlier age; yet I love best the fair and vigorous piety of our own day. It is beautiful, amid the strong, rank life of the nineteenth century, amid the steam-mills and the telegraphs which talk by lightning, amid the far-reaching enterprises of our time, and amid the fierce democracies, it is beautiful to find this fragrant piety growing up in unwonted forms, in places where men say no seed of heaven can lodge and germinate. So in a June meadow, when a boy, and looking for the cranberries of another year, faded and tasteless, amid the pale but coarse rank grass, and discontented that I found them not, so I have seen the crimson arethusa or the cymbidium shedding an unexpected loveliness o’er all the watery soil, and all the pale and coarse rank grass, a prophecy of summer near at hand. So in October, when the fields are brown with frost, the blue and fringed gentian meets your eye, filling with thankful tears.

There is no decline of piety, but an increase of it; a good deal has been done in two hundred years, in one hundred years,—yes, in fifty years. Let us admit, with thankfulness of heart, that piety is in greater proportion to

all our activity now than ever before; but then compare ourselves with the ideal of human nature, our piety with the ideal piety, and we must confess that we are little and very low. Boston is the most active city in the world, the most enterprising. In no place is it so easy to obtain men's ears and their purses for any good word and work. But think of the evils we know of and tolerate; think of an ideal Christian city, then think of Boston; of a Christian man,—ay, of Christ himself,—and then think of you and me, and we are filled with shame. If there were a true, manly piety in this town, in due proportion to our numbers, wealth, and enterprise, how long would the vices of this city last? How long would men complain of a dead body of divinity and a dead church, and a ministry that was dead? How long would intemperance continue, and pauperism, in Boston; how long Slavery in this land?

Last Sunday, in the name of the poor, I asked you for your charity. To-day I ask for dearer alms; I ask you to contribute your piety. It will help the town more than the little money all of us can give. Your money will soon be spent; it feeds one man once; we cannot give it twice, though the blessing thereof may linger long in the hand which gave. Few of us can give much money to the poor; some of us none at all. This we can all give: the inspiration of a man with a man's piety in his heart, living it out in a man's life. Your money may be ill-spent, your charity misapplied, but your piety never. After all, there is nothing you can give which men will so readily take and so long remember as this. Mothers can give it to their daughters and their sons; men, after spending thereof profusely at home, can coin their inexhausted store into industry, patience, integrity, temperance, justice, humanity, a practical love of man. A thousand years ago, it was easy to excuse men if they chiefly showed religion in the conventional pattern of the church. Forms then were helps, and the nun has been mother to much of the charity of our times. It is easy to excuse our fathers for their superstitious reverence for rites and forms. But now, in an age which has its eyes a little open, a practical and a handy age, we are without excuse if our piety appears not

in a manly life, our faith in works. To give this piety to cheer and bless mankind, you must have it first, be cheered and blessed thereby yourself. Have it, then, in your own way; put it into your own form. Do men tell you, "This is a degenerate age," and "religion is dying out?" tell them that when those stars have faded out of the sky from very age, when other stars have come up to take their place, and they too have grown dim and hollow-eyed and old, that religion will still live in man's heart, the primal, everlasting light of all our being. Do they tell you that you must put piety into their forms; put it there if it be your place; if not, in your place. Let men see the divinity that is in you by the humanity that comes out from you. If they will not see it, cannot, God can and will. Take courage from the past, not its counsel; fear not now to be a man. You may find a new Eden where you go, a river of God in it, and a tree of life, an angel to guard it; not the warning angel to repel, but the guiding angel to welcome and to bless.

It was four years yesterday since I first came here to speak to you; I came hesitatingly, reluctant, with much diffidence as to my power to do what it seemed to me was demanded. I did not come merely to pull down, but to build up, though it is plain much theological error must be demolished before any great reform of man's condition can be brought about. I came not to contend against any man, or sect, or party, but to speak a word for truth and religion in the name of man and God. I was in bondage to no sect; you in bondage to none. When a boy I learned that there is but one religion though many theologies. I have found it in Christians and in Jews, in Quakers and in Catholics. I hope we are all ready to honour what is good in each sect, and in rejecting its evil not to forget our love and wisdom in our zeal.

When I came I certainly did not expect to become a popular man, or acceptable to many. I had done much which in all countries brings odium on a man, though perhaps less in Boston than in any other part of the world. I had rejected the popular theology of Christendon. I had exposed the low morals of society, had complained of the want of piety in its natural form. I had fatally offended



the sect, small in numbers, but respectable for intelligence and goodness, in which I was brought up. I came to look at the signs of the times from an independent point of view, and to speak on the most important of all themes. I thought a house much smaller than this would be much too large for us. I knew there would be fit audience; I thought it would be few, and the few would soon have heard enough and go their ways.

I know I have some advantages above most clergymen: I am responsible to no sect; no sect feels responsible for me; I have rejoiced at good things which I have seen in all sects; the doctrines which I try to teach do not rest on tradition, on miracles, or on any man's authority; only on the nature of man. I seek to preach the natural laws of man. I appeal to history for illustration, not for authority. I have no fear of philosophy. I am willing to look a doubt fairly in the face, and think reason is sacred as conscience, affection, or the religious faculty in man. I see a profound piety in modern science. I have aimed to set forth absolute religion, the ideal religion of human nature, free piety, free goodness, free thought. I call that Christianity, after the greatest man of the world, one who himself taught it; but I know that this was never the Christianity of the churches in any age. I have endeavoured to teach this religion and apply it to the needs of this time. These things certainly give me some advantages over most other ministers. Of the disadvantages which are personal to myself, I need not speak in public, but some which come from my position, ought to be noticed with a word. The walls of this house, the associations connected with it, furnish little help to devotion; we must rely on ourselves wholly for that. Other clergymen, by their occasional exchanges, can present their hearers with an agreeable variety in substance and in form. A single man, often heard, becomes wearisome and unprofitable, for "No man can feed us always." This I feel to be a great disadvantage which I labour under. Your kindness and affectionate indulgence make me feel it all the more. But one man cannot be twenty men.

When I came here I knew I should hurt men's feelings. My theology would prove more offensive and radical than men thought; the freedom of speech which men liked at a

distance would not be pleasing when near at hand; my doctrines of morality I knew could not be pleasing to all men; not to all good men. I saw by your looks that in my abstractions I did not go too far for your sympathy, or too fast for your following. I soon found that my highest thought and most pious sentiment were most warmly welcomed as such; but when I came to put abstract thought and mystical piety into concrete goodness, and translate what you had accepted as Christian faith into daily life; when I came to apply piety to trade, politics, life in general, I knew that I should hurt men's feelings. It could not be otherwise. Yet I have had a most patient and faithful hearing. One thing I must do in my preaching: I must be in earnest. I cannot stand here before you and before God, attempting to teach piety and goodness and not feel the fire and show the fire. The greater the wrong, the more popular, the more must I oppose it, and with the clearer, abler speech. It is not necessary for me to be popular to be acceptable, even to be loved. It is necessary that I should tell the truth. But let that pass. You come hither week after week, it is now year after year that you come, to listen to one humble man. Do you get poor in your souls? Does your religion become poor and low? Are you getting less in the qualities of a man? If so, then leave me to empty seats, to cold and voiceless walls; go elsewhere, and feed your souls with a wise passiveness, or an activity wiser yet. Such is your duty; let no affection for me hinder you from performing it. The same theology, the same form suits not all men. But if it is not so, if I do you good, if you grow in mind and conscience, heart and soul, then I ask one thing—Let your piety become natural life, your divinity become humanity.

## VII.

THE PUBLIC EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.—AN  
ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ONONDAGA  
TEACHERS' INSTITUTE, AT SYRACUSE, NEW  
YORK, OCTOBER 4, 1849.

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EDUCATION is the developing and furnishing of the faculties of man. To educate the people is one of the functions of the State. It is generally allowed in the free States of America, that the community owes each child born into it a chance for education, intellectual, moral, and religious. Hence the child has a just and recognised claim on the community for the means of this education, which is to be afforded him, not as a charity, but as a right.

The fact indicates the progress mankind has made in not many years. Once the State only took charge of the military education of the people; not at all of their intellectual, moral, or religious culture. They received their military discipline, not for the special and personal advantage of the individuals, Thomas and Oliver, but for the benefit of the State. They received it, not because they were men claiming it in virtue of their manhood, but as subjects of the State, because their military training was needful for the State, or for its rulers who took the name thereof. Then the only culture which the community took public pains to bestow on its members, was training them to destroy. The few, destined to command, learned the science of destruction, and the kindred science of defence; the many, doomed to obey, learned only the art to destroy, and the kindred art of defence.

The ablest men of the nation were sought out for military teachers, giving practical lessons of the science and the art; they were covered with honour and loaded with gold. The wealth of the people and their highest science went to this work. Institutions were founded to promote this education, and carefully watched over by the State, for it was thought the Commonwealth depended on disciplined valour. The soldier was thought to be the type of the State, the archetype of man; accordingly the highest spiritual function of the State was the production of soldiers.

Most of the civilized nations have passed through that stage of their development: though the few or the many are still taught the science or the art of war in all countries called Christian, there is yet a class of men for whom the State furnishes the means of education that is not military; means of education which the individuals of that class could not provide for themselves. This provision is made at the cost of the State; that is, at the cost of every man in the State, for what the public pays, you pay and I pay, rich or poor, willingly and consciously, or otherwise. This class of men is different in different countries, and their education is modified to suit the form of government and the idea of the State. In Rome the State provides for the public education of priests. Rome is an ecclesiastical State; her government is a Theocracy—a government of all the people, but by the priests, for the sake of the priests, and in the name of God. Place in the church is power, bringing honour and wealth; no place out of the church is of much value. The offices are filled by priests, the chief magistrate is a priest, supposed to derive his power and right to rule, not democratically, from the people, or royally, by inheritance,—for in theory the priest is as if he had no father, as theoretically he has no child—but theocratically from God.

In Rome the priesthood is thought to be the flower of the State. The most important spiritual function of the State, therefore, is the production of priests; accordingly the greatest pains are taken with their education. Institutions are founded at the public cost, to make priests out of men; these institutions are the favourites of Govern-

ment, well ordered, well watched over, well attended, and richly honoured. Institutions for the education of the people are of small account, ill endowed, watched over but poorly, thinly attended, and not honoured at all. The people are designed to be subjects of the church, and as little culture is needed for that, though much to make them citizens thereof, so little is given.

As there are institutions for the education of the priests, so there is a class of man devoted to that work; able men, well disciplined, sometimes men born with genius, and always men furnished with the accomplishments of sacerdotal and scientific art; very able men, very well disciplined, the most learned and accomplished men in the land. These men are well paid and abundantly honoured, for on their faithfulness the power of the priesthood, and so the welfare the State, is thought to depend. Without the allurements of wealth and honours, these able men would not come to this work; and without the help of their ability, the priests could not be well educated. Hence their power would decline; the class, tonsured and consecrated but not instructed, would fall into contempt; the theocracy would end. So the educators of the priests are held in honour, surrounded by baits for vulgar eyes; but the public educators of the people, chiefly women or ignorant men, are held in small esteem. The very buildings destined to the education of the priests are conspicuous and stately; the colleges of the Jesuits, the Propaganda, the seminaries for the education of priests, the monasteries for training the more wealthy and *regular* clergy, are great establishments, provided with libraries, and furnished with all the apparatus needful for their important work. But the school-houses for the people are small and mean buildings, ill made, ill furnished, and designed for a work thought to be of little moment. All this is in strict harmony with the idea of the theocracy, where the priesthood is mighty and the people are subjects of the Church; where the effort of the State is toward producing a priest.

In England the State takes charge of the education of another class, the nobility and gentry; that is, of young men of ancient and historical families, the nobility, and young men of fortune, the gentry. England is an oligar-

chical State ; her government an aristocracy, the government of all by a few, the nobility and gentry, for the sake of a few, and in the name of a king. There the foundation of power is wealth and birth from a noble family. The union of both takes place in a wealthy noble. There, nobility is the blossom of the State ; aristocratic birth brings wealth, office, and their consequent social distinction. Political offices are chiefly monopolized by men of famous birth or great riches. The king, the chief officer of the land, must surpass all others in wealth, and the pomp and circumstance which comes thereof, and in aristocracy of birth. He is not merely noble but royal ; his right to rule is not at all derived from the people, but from his birth. Thus he has the two essentials of aristocratic influence, birth and wealth, not merely in the heroic degree, but in the supreme degree.

As the State is an aristocracy, its most important spiritual function is the production of aristocrats ; each noble family transmits the full power of its blood only to a single person—the eldest son ; of the highest form, the royal, only one is supposed to be born in a generation, only one who receives and transmits in full the blood royal.

As the nobility are the blossom of the State, great pains must be taken with the education of those persons born of patrician or wealthy families. As England is not merely a military or ecclesiastical State, though partaking largely of both, but commercial, agricultural, and productive in many ways ; as she holds a very prominent place in the politics of the world, so there must be a good general education provided for these persons ; otherwise their power would decline, the nobility and gentry sink into contempt, and the government pass into other hands,—for though a man may be born to rank and wealth, he is not born to knowledge, nor to practical skill. Hence institutions are founded for the education of the aristocratic class : Oxford and Cambridge, “those twins of learning,” with their preparatories and help-meets.

The design of these institutions is to educate the young men of family and fortune. The aim in their academic culture is not as in Pagan Rome, a military state, to make soldiers, nor as in Christian Rome, to turn out priests ; it is



not, as in the German universities, to furnish the world with scholars and philosophers, men of letters and science, but to mature and furnish the gentleman, in the technical sense of that word, a person conventionally fitted to do the work of a complicated aristocratic state, to fill with honour its various offices, military, political, ecclesiastical or social, and enjoy the dignity which comes thereof. These universities furnish the individual who resorts thither with opportunities not otherwise to be had ; they are purchased at the cost of the State, at the cost of each man in the State. The alumnus at Oxford pays his term-bills, indeed, but the amount thereof is a trifle compared to the actual cost of his residence there ; mankind pays the residue.

These institutions are continually watched over by the State, which is the official guardian of aristocratic education ; they are occasionally assisted by grants from the public treasury, though they are chiefly endowed by the voluntary gifts of individual men. But these private gifts, like the public grants, come from the earnings of the whole nation. They are well endowed, superintended well, and richly honoured ; their chancellors and vice-chancellors are men of distinguished social rank ; they have their representatives in Parliament ; able men are sought out for teachers, professors, heads of houses ; men of good ability, of masterly education, and the accomplishments of a finished gentleman ; they are well paid, and copiously rewarded with honours and social distinction. Gentility favours these institutions ; nobility watches over them, and royalty smiles upon them. In this threefold sunlight, no wonder that they thrive. The buildings at their service are among the most costly and elegant in the land ; large museums are attached to them, and immense libraries ; every printer in England, at his own cost, must give a copy of each book he publishes to Cambridge and Oxford. What wealth can buy, or artistic genius can create, is there devoted to the culture of this powerful class.

But while the nobility and gentry are reckoned the flower of the State, the common people are only the leaves, and therefore thought of small importance in the political botany of the nation. Their education is amazingly neglected ; is mainly left to the accidental piety of private

Christians, to the transient charity of philanthropic men, or the "enlightened self-interest" of mechanics and small-traders, who now and then found institutions for the education of some small fraction of the multitude. But such institutions are little favoured by the Government, or the spirit of the dominant class; gentility does not frequent them, nor nobility help them, nor royalty watch over to foster and to bless. The Parliament, which voted one hundred thousand pounds of the nation's money for the queen's horses and hounds, had but thirty thousand to spare for the education of her people. No honour attends the educators of the people; no wealth is heaped up for them; no beautiful buildings are erected for their use; no great libraries got ready at the public charge; no costly buildings are provided. You wonder at the colleges and collegiate churches of Oxford and of Cambridge; at the magnificence of public edifices in London, new or ancient—the Houses of Parliament, the Bank, the palaces of royal and noble men, the splendour of the churches—but you ask, where are the school-houses for the people? You go to Bridewell and Newgate for the answer. All this is consistent with the idea of an aristocracy. The gentlemen is the type of the State; and the effort of the State is towards producing him. The people require only education enough to become the servants of the gentlemen, and seem not to be valued for their own sake, but only as they furnish pabulum for the flower of the oligarchy.

In Rome and England, great sums have been given by wealthy men, and by the State itself, to furnish the means of a theocratic or aristocratic education to a certain class; and to produce the national priests, and the national gentlemen. There public education is the privilege of a few, but bought at the cost of the many; for the plough-boy in Yorkshire, who has not culture enough to read the petition for daily bread in the Lord's Prayer, helps pay the salary of the Master of Trinity, and the swine-herd in the Roman Campagna, who knows nothing of religion, except what he learns at Christmas and Easter, by seeing the Pope carried on men's shoulders into St. Peter's, helps support the Propaganda and the Roman College. The privileged classes are to receive an education under the eye of the State, which considers itself bound to furnish them the

means of a public education, partly at the individual's cost, chiefly at the cost of the public. The amount of education depends on three things:—on the educational attainments of the human race; on the wealth and tranquillity of the special nation, enabling it to avail itself of that general attainment; and on the natural powers and industry of the particular individual in the nation. Such is the solidarity of mankind, that the development of the individual thus depends on that of the race, and the education of a priest in Rome, or a gentleman in England is the resultant of these three forces,—the attainment of mankind, the power of the nation, and the private character and conduct of the man himself. Each of these three is a variable and not a constant quantity. So the amount of education which a man can receive at Oxford or at Rome fluctuates, and depends on the state of the nation and of the world; but as the attainments of mankind have much increased within a few years, as the wealth of England has increased, and her tranquillity become more secure, you see how easy it becomes for the State to offer each gentleman an amount of education which it would have been quite impossible to furnish in the time of the Yorks and the Lancasters.

In America things are quite other and different. I speak of the free States of the North; the slave States have the worst features of an oligarchy, combined with a theocratic pride of caste, which generates continual unkindness; there the idea of the State is found inconsistent with the general and public education of the people; it is as much so in South Carolina as in England or Rome; even more so, for the public and general culture of all is only dangerous to a theocracy or aristocracy while it is directly fatal to Slavery. In England, and still more in Catholic Rome, the churches—themselves a wonderful museum of curiosities, and open all the day to all persons—form an important element for the education of the most neglected class. But Slavery and education of the people are incommensurable quantities. No amount of violence can be their common measure. The republic, where master and slave were equally educated, would soon be a red-republic. The slave-master knows this, and accordingly

puts education to the ban, and glories in keeping three million barbarians in the land, and, of course, suffers the necessary degradation which comes thereof. But in the free States of the North the government is not a theocracy or an aristocracy; the State, in theory, is not for the few, not even for the majority, but for all; classes are not recognised, and therefore not protected in any privilege. The government is a democracy, the government of all, by all, for all, and in the name of all. A man is born to all the rights of mankind; all are born to them, so all are equal. Therefore, what the State pays for, not only comes at the cost of all, but must be for the use and benefit of all. Accordingly, as a theocracy demands the education of priests, and an aristocracy that of the nobility and the gentry, so a democracy demands the education of all. The aim must be, not to make priests and gentlemen of a few, a privileged class, but to make men of all; that is to give a normal and healthy development of their intellectual, moral, affectional and religious faculties, to furnish and instruct them with the most important elementary knowledge, to extend this development and furnishing of the faculties as far as possible.

Institutions must be founded for this purpose—to educate all, rich and poor, men well-born with good abilities, men ill-born with slender natural powers. In New England, these institutions have long since been founded at the public cost, and watched over with paternal care, as the ark of our covenant, the palladium of our nation. It has been recognised as a theory, and practised on as a fact, that all the property in the land is held by the State for the public education of the people, as it is for their defence; that property is amenable to education as to military defence.

In a democracy there are two reasons why this theory and practice prevail. One is a political reason. It is for the advantage of the State; for each man that keeps out of the gaol and the poor-house, becomes a voter at one-and-twenty; he may have some office of trust and honour; the highest office is open before him. As so much depends on his voting wisely, he must have a chance to qualify himself for his right of electing and of being elected. It is as necessary now in a democracy, and as much demanded by

the idea thereof, that all should be thus qualified by education, as it once was in a military State, that all should be bred up soldiers.

The other is a philosophical reason. It is for the advantage of the individual himself, irrespective of the State. The man is a man, an integer, and the State is for him; as well as a fraction of the State, and he for it. He has a man's rights; and, however inferior in might to any other man, born of parentage how humble soever, to no wealth at all, with a body never so feeble, he is yet a man, and so equal in rights to any other man born of a famous line, rich and able; of course he has a right to a chance for the best culture which the educational attainment of mankind, and the circumstances of the nation render possible to any man; to so much thereof as he has the inborn power and the voluntary industry to acquire. This conclusion is getting acted on in New England, and there are schools for the dumb and the blind, even for the idiot and the convict.

So, then, as the idea of our government demands the education of all, the amount of education must depend on the same three variables mentioned before; it must be as good as it is possible for them to afford. The democratic State has never done its political and educational duty, until it affords every man a chance to obtain the greatest amount of education which the attainment of mankind renders it possible for the nation, in its actual circumstances, to command, and the man's nature and disposition render it possible for him to take.

Looking at the matter politically, from the point of view of the State, each man must have education enough to exercise his rights of electing and being elected. It is not easy to fix the limits of the amount; it is also a variable continually increasing. Looking at the matter philosophically, from the point of view of the individual, there is no limit but the attainment of the race and the individual's capacity for development and growth. Only a few men will master all which the circumstances of the nation and the world render attainable; some will come short for lack of power, others for lack of inclination. Make education as accessible as it can now be made, as attractive as the teachers of this age can render it, the majority will still



get along with the smallest amount that is possible or reputable. Only a few will strive for the most they can get. There will be many a thousand farmers, traders, and mechanics in their various callings, manual and intellectual, to a single philosopher. This also is as it should be, and corresponds with the nature of man and his function on the earth. Still all have the natural right to the means of education to this extent, by fulfilling its condition.

To accomplish this work, the democratic education of the whole people, with the aim of making them men, we want public institutions founded by the people, paid for by the public money; institutions well endowed, well attended, watched over well, and proportionably honoured; we want teachers, able men, well disciplined, well paid, and honoured in proportion to their work. It is a good thing to educate the privileged classes, priests in a theocracy, and gentlemen in an aristocracy. Though they are few in number, it is a great work; the servants thereof are not too well paid, nor too much held in esteem in England, nor in Rome, nor too well furnished with apparatus. But the public education of a whole people is a greater work, far more difficult, and should be attended with corresponding honour, and watched over even more carefully by the State.

After the grown men of any country have provided for their own physical wants, and insured the needful physical comforts, their most important business is to educate themselves still further, and train up the rising generation to their own level. It is important to leave behind us cultivated lands, houses and shops, railroads and mills, but more important to leave behind us men grown, men that are men; such are the seed of material wealth,—not it of them. The highest use of material wealth is its educational function.

Now the attainments of the human race increase with each generation; the four leading nations of Christendom, England, France, Germany, and the United States, within a hundred years, have apparently, at the least, doubled their spiritual attainments; in the free States of America, there is a constant and rapid increase of wealth, far beyond the simultaneous increase of numbers; so not only does the educational achievement of mankind become greater each age, but the power of the State to afford each man a



better chance for a better education greatens continually, the educational ability of the State enlarging as those two factors get augmented. The generation now grown up, is, therefore, able and bound to get a better culture than their fathers, and leave to their own children a chance still greater.

Each child of genius, in the nineteenth century, is born at the foot of the ladder of learning, as completely as the first child, with the same bodily and spiritual nakedness; though of the most civilized race, with six, or sixty thousands of years behind him, he must begin with nothing but himself. Yet such is the union of all mankind, that, with the aid of the present generation, in a few years he will learn all that mankind has learned in its long history; next go beyond that, discovering and creating anew; and then draw up to the same height the new generation, which will presently surpass him.

A man's education never ends, but there are two periods thereof, quite dissimilar, the period of the boy, and that of the man. Education in general is the developing and instructing the faculties, and is, therefore, the same in kind to both man and boy, though it may be brought about by different forces. The education of the boy, so far as it depends on institutions, and conscious modes of action, must be so modified as to enable him to meet the influences which will surround him when he is a man; otherwise, his training will not enable him to cope with the new forces he meets, and so will fail of the end of making him a man. I pass over the influence of the family, and of nature, which do not belong to my present theme. In America, the public education of men is chiefly influenced by four great powers, which I will call educational forces, and which correspond to four modes of national activity:—

I. The political action of the people, represented by the State

II. The industrial action of the people, represented by Business.

III. The ecclesiastical action of the people, represented by the Church.

IV. The literary action of the people, represented by the Press.

I now purposely name them in this order, though I shall presently refer to them several times, and in a different succession. These forces act on the people, making us such men as we are; they act indirectly on the child before he comes to consciousness; directly, afterwards, but most powerfully on the man. What is commonly and technically called education—the development and instruction of the faculties of children, is only preparatory; the scholastic education of the boy is but introductory to the practical education of the man. It is only this preparatory education of the children of the people that is the work of the schoolmasters. Their business is to give the child such a development of his faculties, and such furniture of preliminary knowledge, that he can secure the influence of all these educational forces, appreciating and enhancing the good, withstanding, counter-acting, and at last ending the evil thereof, and so continue his education; and at the same time that he can work in one or more of those modes of activity, serving himself and mankind, politically by the State, ecclesiastically by the church, literally by the press, or, at any rate, industrially by his business. To give children the preparatory education necessary for this fourfold receptivity, or activity, we need three classes of public institutions:

I. Free common schools.

II. Free high schools.

III. Free colleges.

Of these I will presently speak in detail, but now, for the sake of shortness, let me call them all collectively by their generic name—the school. It is plain the teachers who work by this instrument ought to understand the good and evil of the four educational forces which work on men grown, in order to prepare their pupils to receive the good thereof, and withstand the evil. So then let us look a moment at the character of these educational forces, and see what they offer us, and what men they are likely to make of their unconscious pupils. Let us look at the good qualities first, and next at the evil.

It is plain that business, the press, and politics all tend to promote a great activity of body and mind. In business, the love of gain, the enterprising spirit of our practical men in all departments, their industry, thrift, and fore-

cast, stimulate men to great exertions, and produce a consequent development of the faculties called out. Social distinction depends almost wholly on wealth; that never is accumulated by mere manual industry, such is the present constitution of society, but it is acquired by the higher forms of industry, in which the powers of nature serve the man, or he avails himself of the creations of mere manual toil. Hence there is a constant pressure towards the higher modes of industry for the sake of money; of course, a constant effort to be qualified for them. So in the industrial departments the mind is more active than the hand. Accordingly it has come to pass that most of the brute labour of the free States is done by cattle, or by the forces of nature—wind, water, fire—which we have harnessed by our machinery, and set to work. In New England most of the remaining work which requires little intelligence is done by Irishmen, who are getting a better culture by that very work. Men see the industrial handiwork of the North, and wonder; they do not always see the industrial head-work, which precedes, directs, and causes it all; they seldom see the complex forces of which this enterprise and progress are the resultant.

There is no danger that we shall be sluggards. Business now takes the same place in the education of the people that was once held by war; it stimulates activity, promotes the intercourse of man with man, nation with nation; assembling men in masses, it elevates their temperature, so to say; it leads to new and better forms of organization; it excites men to invention, so that thereby we are continually acquiring new power over the elements, peacefully annexing to our domain new provinces of nature—water, wind, fire, lightning—setting them to do our work, multiplying the comforts of life, and setting free a great amount of human time. It is not at all destructive; not merely conservative, but continually creates anew. Its creative agent is not brute force, but educated mind. A man's trade is always his teacher, and industry keeps a college for mankind, much of our instruction coming through our hands; with us, where the plough is commonly in the hands of him who owns the land it furrows, business affords a better education than in most other countries, and develops higher qualities of mind. There is a marked

difference in this respect between the North and South. There was never before such industry, such intense activity of head and hand in any nation in a time of peace.

The press encourages the same activity, enterprise, perseverance. Both of these encourage generosity; neither honours the miser, who gets for the sake of getting, or "starves, cheats, and pilfers to enrich an heir;" he does not die respectably in Boston, who dies rich and bequeaths nothing to any noble public charity. It encourages industry which accumulates with the usual honesty, and for a rather generous use.

The press furnishes us with books exceedingly cheap. We manufacture literature cheaper than any nation except the Chinese. Even the best books, the works of the great masters of thought, are within the reach of an industrious farmer or mechanic, if half-a-dozen families combine for that purpose. The educational power of a few good books scattered through a community is well known.

Then the press circulates, cheap and wide, its newspapers, emphatically the literature of men who read nothing else; they convey intelligence from all parts of the world, and broaden the minds of home-keeping youths, who need not now have homely wits.

The State also promotes activity, enterprise, hardihood, perseverance, and thrift. The American Government is eminently distinguished by these five qualities. The form of government stimulates patriotism, each man has a share in the public lot. The theocracies, monarchies, and aristocracies of old time have produced good and great examples of patriotism, in the few or the many; but the nobler forms of love of country, of self-denial and disinterested zeal for its sake, are left for a democracy to bring to light.

Here all men are voters, and all great questions are, apparently and in theory, left to the decision of the whole people. This popular form of government is a great instrument in developing and instructing the mind of the nation. It helps extend and intensify the intelligent activity which is excited by business and the press. Such is the nature of our political institutions that, in the free States, we have produced the greatest degree of national unity of action, with the smallest restriction of personal

freedom, have reconciled national unity with individual variety, not seeking uniformity; thus room is left for as much individualism as a man chooses to take; a vast power of talent, enterprise, and invention is left free for its own work. Elsewhere, save in England, this is latent, kept down by government. Since this power is educated and has nothing to hold it back; since so much brute work is done by cattle and the forces of nature, now domesticated and put in harness, and much time is left free for thought, more intelligence is demanded, more activity, and the citizens of the free States have become the most active, enterprising, and industrious people in the world; the most inventive in material work.

In all these three forms of action there is much to stir men to love of distinction. The career is open to talent, to industry; open to every man; the career of letters, business, and politics. Our rich men were poor men; our famous men came of sires else not heard of. The laurel, the dollar, the office, and the consequent social distinction of men successful in letters, business, and politics,—these excite the obscure or needy youth to great exertions, and he cannot sleep; emulation wakes him early, and keeps him late astir. Behind him, scattering "the rear of darkness," stalk poverty and famine, gaunt and ugly forms, with scorpion whip to urge the tardier, idler man. The intense ambition for money, for political power, and the social results they bring, keeps men on the alert. So ambition rises early, and works with diligence that never tires.

The Church, embracing all the churches under that name, cultivates the memory of men, and teaches reverence for the past; it helps keep activity from wandering into unpopular forms of wickedness or of unbelief. Men who have the average intelligence, goodness, and piety, it keeps from slipping back, thus blocking to rearward the wheels of society, so that the ascent gained shall not be lost; men who have less than this average it urges forward, addressing them in the name of God, encouraging by hope of heaven, and driving with fear of hell. It turns the thought of the people towards God; it sets before us some facts in the life, and some parts of the doctrine, of the noblest One who ever wore the form of man, bidding



us worship Him. The ecclesiastical worship of Jesus of Nazareth is, perhaps, the best thing in the American church. It has the Sunday and the institution of preaching under its control. A body of disciplined men are its servants; they praise the ordinary virtues; oppose and condemn the unpopular forms of error and of sin. Petty vice, the vice of low men, in low places, is sure of their lash. They promote patriotism in its common form. Indirectly, they excite social and industrial rivalry, and favour the love of money by the honour they bestow upon the rich and successful. But at the same time they temper it a little, sometimes telling men, as business or the State does not, that there is in man a conscience, affection for his brother-man, and a soul which cannot live by bread alone; no, not by wealth, office, fame, and social rank. They tell us, also, of eternity, where worldly distinctions, except of orthodox and heterodox, are forgotten, where wealth is of no avail; they bid us remember God.

Such are the good things of these great national forces; the good things which in this fourfold way we are teaching ourselves. The nation is a monitorial school, wonderfully contrived for the education of the people. I do not mean to say that it is by the forethought of men that the American democracy is at the same time a great practical school for the education of the human race. This result formed no part of our plan, and is not provided for by the Constitution of the United States; it comes of the forethought of God, and is provided for in the Constitution of the Universe.

Now each of these educational forces has certain defects, negative evils, and certain vices, positive evils, which tend to misdirect the nation, and so hinder the general education of the people: of these, also, let me speak in detail.

The State appeals to force, not to justice; this is its last appeal; the force of muscles aided by force of mind, instructed by modern science in the art to kill. The nation appeals to force in the settlement of affairs out of its borders. We have lately seen an example of this, when we commenced war against a feeble nation, who, in that special emergency, had right on her side, about as emphatically as the force was on our side. The immediate



success of the enterprise, the popular distinction acquired by some of the leaders, the high honour bestowed on one of its heroes,—all this makes the lesson of injustice attractive. It may be that a similar experiment will again be tried, and doubtless with like success. Certainly there is no nation this side of the water which can withstand the enterprise, the activity, the invention, industry, and perseverance of a people so united, and yet so free and intelligent. Another successful injustice of this character, on a large scale, will make right still less regarded, and might honoured yet more.

The force we employ out of our borders, might opposed to right, we employ also at home against our brethren, and keep three millions of them in bondage; we watch for opportunities to extend the institution of Slavery over soil unpolluted by that triple curse, and convert the Constitution, the fundamental law of the land, into an instrument for the defence of Slavery.

The men we honour politically, by choosing them to offices in the State, are commonly men of extraordinary force, sometimes, it is true, only of extraordinary luck, but of only ordinary justice; men who, perhaps, have mind in the heroic degree, but conscience of the most vulgar pattern. They are to keep the law of the United States when it is wholly hostile to the law of the universe, to the everlasting justice of God.

I am not speaking to politicians, professional representatives of the State; not speaking for political effect; not of the State as a political machine for the government of the people. I am speaking to teachers, for an educational purpose; of the State as an educational machine, as one of the great forces for the spiritual development of the people. Now, by this preference of force and postponement of justice at home and abroad, in the selection of men for office, with its wealth, and rank, and honour, by keeping the law of the land to the violation of the law of God, it is plain we are teaching ourselves to love wrong; at least to be insensible to the right. What we practise on a national scale as a people, it is not easy to think wrong when practised on a personal scale, by this man and that.

The patriotism, also, which the State nurses, is little more than that Old Testament patriotism which loves

your countrymen, and hates the stranger; the affection which the Old Testament attributes to Jehovah, and which makes Him say, "I loved Jacob, and I hated Esau;" a patriotism which supports our country in the wrong as readily as in the right, and is glad to keep one-sixth part of the nation in bondage without hope. It is not a patriotism which, beginning here, loves all the children of God; but one that robs the Mexican, enslaves the African, and exterminates the Indian.

These are among the greater evils taught us by the political action of the people as a whole. If you look at the action of the chief political parties, you see no more respect for justice in the politics of either party than in the politics of the nation, the resultant of both; no more respect for right abroad, or at home. One party aims distinctively at preserving the property already acquired; its chief concern is for that, its sympathy there; where its treasure is, is also its heart. It legislates, consciously or otherwise, more for accumulated wealth than for the labouring man who now accumulates. This party goes for the dollar; the other for the majority, and aims at the greatest good of the greatest number, leaving the good of the smaller number to most uncertain mercies. Neither party seems to aim at justice, which protects both the wealth that labour has piled up, and the labourer who now creates it; justice, which is the point of morals common to man and God, where the interests of all men, abroad and at home, electing and elected, greatest number and smallest number, exactly balance. Falsehood, fraud, a willingness to deceive, a desire for the power and distinction of office, a readiness to use base means in obtaining office—these vices are sown with a pretty even hand upon both parties, and spring up with such blossoms and such a fruitage as we all see. The third political party has not been long enough in existence to develop any distinctive vices of its own.

I shall not speak of the public or private character of the politicians who direct the State; no doubt that is a powerful element in our national education; but as a class, they seem no better and no worse than merchants, mechanics, ministers, and farmers, as a class; so in their influence there is nothing peculiar, only their personal

character ceases to be private, and becomes a public force in the education of the people.

The churches have the same faults as the State. There is the same postponement of justice and preference of force; the same neglect of the law of God in their zeal for the statutes of men; the same crouching to dollars or to numbers. However, in the churches these faults appear negatively, rather than as an affirmation. The worldliness of the church is not open, self-conscious, and avowed; it is not, as a general thing, that human injustice is openly defended, but rather justice goes by default. But if the churches do not positively support and teach injustice, as the State certainly does, they do not teach the opposite, and, so far as that goes, are allies of the State in its evil influence. The fact that the churches, as such, did not oppose the war, and do not oppose Slavery, its continuance or its extension—nay, that they are often found its apologists and defenders, seldom its opponents; that they not only pervert the sacred books of the Christians to its defence, but wrest the doctrines of Christianity to justify it; the fact that they cannot, certainly do not, correct the particularism of the political parties, the love of wealth in one, of mere majorities in the other; that they know no patriotism not bounded by their country, none co-extensive with mankind; that they cannot resist the vice of party spirit—these are real proofs that the church is but the ally of the State in this evil influence.

But the church has also certain specific faults of its own. It teaches injustice by continually referring to the might of God, not His justice; to His ability and will to damn mankind, not asking if He has the right? It teaches that in virtue of His infinite power, He is not amenable to infinite justice and to infinite love. Thus, while the State teaches, in the name of expediency and by practice, that the strong may properly be the tyrants of the weak, the mighty nation over the feeble, the strong race over the inferior, that the Government may dispense with right at home and abroad—the church, as theory in Christ's name, teaches that God may repudiate His own justice and His own love.

The churches have little love of truth, as such, only of

its uses. It must be such a truth as they can use for their purposes; canonized truth; truth long known; that alone is acceptable, and called "religious truth;" all else is "profane and carnal," as the reason which discovers it. They represent the average intelligence of society; hence, while keeping the old, they welcome not the new. They promote only popular forms of truth, popular in all Christendom, or in their special sect. They lead in no intellectual reforms; they hinder the leaders. Negatively and positively, they teach, that to believe what is clerically told you in the name of religion, is better than free, impartial search after the truth. They dishonour free thinking, and venerate constrained believing. When the clergy doubt, they seldom give men audience of their doubt. Few scientific men, not clerical, believe the Bible account of creation,—the universe made in six days, and but a few thousand years ago,—or that of the formation of woman, and of the deluge. Some clerical men still believe these venerable traditions, spite of the science of the times; but the clerical men who have no faith in these stories not only leave the people to think them true and miraculously taught, but encourage men in the belief, and calumniate the men of science who look the universe fairly in the face, and report the facts as they find them.

The church represents only the popular morality, not any high and aboriginal virtue. It represents not the conscience of human nature, reflecting the universal and unchangeable moral laws of God, touched and beautified by His love, but only the conscience of human history, reflecting the circumstances man has passed by, and the institutions he has built along the stream of time. So, while it denounces unpopular sins, vices below the average vice of society, it denounces also unpopular excellence, which is above the average virtue of society. It blocks the wheels rearward, and the car of humanity does not roll down hill; but it blocks them forward also. No great moral movement of the age is at all dependent directly on the church for its birth; very little for its development. It is in spite of the church that reforms go forward; it holds the curb to check more than the rein to guide. In morals, as in science, the church is on the anti-liberal side, afraid of progress, against movement, loving "yet a little

sleep, a little slumber ;" conservative and chilling, like ice, not creative, nor even quickening, as water. It doffs to use and wont ; has small confidence in human nature, much in a few facts of human history. It aims to separate piety from goodness, her natural and heaven-appointed spouse, and marry her to bigotry, in joyless and unprofitable wedlock. The church does not lead men to the deep springs of human nature, fed ever from the far heights of the Divine nature, whence flows that river of God, full of living water, where weary souls may drink perennial supply. While it keeps us from falling back, it does little directly to advance mankind. In common with the State, this priest and Levite pass by on the other side of the least developed classes of society, leaving the slave, the pauper, and the criminal to their fate, hastening to strike hands with the thriving or the rich.

These faults are shared in the main by all sects ; some have them in the common, and some in a more eminent degree, but none is so distinguished from the rest as to need emphatic rebuke, or to deserve a special exemption from the charge. Such are the faults of the church of every land, and must be from the nature of the institution ; like the State, it can only represent the average of mankind.

I am not speaking to clergymen, professional representatives of the church, not of the church as an ecclesiastical machine for keeping and extending certain opinions and symbols ; not for an ecclesiastical purpose ; I speak to teachers, for an educational purpose, of the church as an educational machine, one of the great forces for the spiritual development of the people.

The business of the land has also certain vices of its own ; while it promotes the virtues I have named before, it does not tend to promote the highest form of character. It does not promote justice and humanity, as one could wish ; it does not lead the employer to help the operative as a man, only to use him as a tool, merely for industrial purposes. The average merchant cares little whether his ship brings cloth and cotton, or opium and rum. The average capitalist does not wish the stock of his manufacturing company divided into small shares, so that the



operatives can invest their savings therein and have a portion of the large dividends of the rich; nor does he care whether he takes a mortgage on a ship or a negro slave, nor whether his houses are rented for sober dwellings or for drunkeries; whether the State hires his money to build harbours at home, or destroy them abroad. The ordinary manufacturer is as ready to make cannons and cannon-balls to serve in a war which he knows is unjust, as to cast his iron into mill-wheels, or forge it into anchors. The common farmer does not care whether his barley feeds poultry for the table, or, made into beer, breeds drunkards for the almshouse and the gaol; asks not whether his rye and potatoes become the bread of life, or, distilled into whisky, are deadly poison to men and women. He cares little if the man he hires become more manly or not; he only asks him to be a good tool. Whips for the backs of negro slaves are made, it is said, in Connecticut, with as little compunction as Bibles are printed there; "made to order," for the same purpose—for the dollar. The majority of blacksmiths would as soon forge fetter-chains to enslave the innocent limbs of a brother man, as draught-chains for oxen. Christian mechanics and pious young women, who would not hurt the hair of an innocent head, have I seen at Springfield, making swords to slaughter the innocent citizens of Vera Cruz and Jalapa. The ships of respectable men carry rum to intoxicate the savages of Africa, powder and balls to shoot them with; they carry opium to the Chinese; nay, Christian slaves from Richmond and Baltimore to New Orleans and Galveston. In all commercial countries the average vice of the age is mixed up with the industry of the age, and unconsciously men learn the wickedness long intrenched in practical life. It is thought industrial operations are not amenable to the moral law, only to the law of trade. "Let the supply follow the demand," is the maxim. A man who makes as practical a use of the golden rule as of his yard-stick, is still an exception in all departments of business.

Even in the commercial and manufacturing parts of America, money accumulates in large masses; now in the hands of an individual, now of a corporation. This money becomes an irresponsible power, acting by the laws, but yet above them. It is wielded by a few men, to whom it gives



a high social position, and consequent political power. They use this triple form of influence—pecuniary, social, and political—in the spirit of commerce, not of humanity, not for the interest of mankind; thus the spirit of trade comes into the State. Hence it is not thought wrong in politics to buy a man, more than in commerce to buy a ship; hence the rights of a man, or a nation, are looked on as articles of trade, to be sold, bartered, and pledged; and in the Senate of the United States we have heard a mass of men, more numerous than all our citizens seventy years ago, estimated as worth twelve hundred millions of dollars.

In most countries business comes more closely into contact with men than the State, or the church, or the press, and is a more potent educator. Here it not only does this, but controls the other three forces, which are mainly instruments of this; hence this form of evil is more dangerous than elsewhere, for there is no power organized to resist it as in England or Rome; so it subtly penetrates everywhere, bidding you place the accidents before the substance of manhood, and value money more than man.

Notwithstanding the good qualities of the press, the books it multiplies, and the great service it renders, it also has certain vices of its own. From the nature of the thing, the greater part of literature represents only the public opinion of the time. It must therefore teach deference to that, not deference to truth and justice. It is only the eminent literature which can do more than this; books, which at first fall into few hands, though fit, and like the acorns sown with the mulleins and the clover, destined to germinate but slowly, long to be overtopped by an ephemeral crop, at last, after half a hundred years, shall mature their own fruit for other generations of men. The current literature of this age only popularizes the thought of the eminent literature of the past. Great good certainly comes from this, but also great evil.

Of all literature, the newspapers come most into contact with men—they are the literature of the people, read by such as read nothing else; read also by such as read all things beside. Taken in the mass, they contain little to elevate men above the present standard. The political journals have the general vice of our politics, and the spe-

cial faults of the particular party ; the theological journals have the common failings of the church, intensified by the bigotry of the sects they belong to ; the commercial journals represent the bad qualities of business. Put all three together, and it is not their aim to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, nor to promote justice, the whole of justice, and nothing but justice. The popular literature helps bring to consciousness the sentiments and ideas which prevail in the State, the church, and business. It brings those sentiments and ideas intimately into connection with men, magnetizing them with the good and ill of those three powers, but it does little directly to promote a higher form of human character.

So, notwithstanding the good influence of these four modes of national activity in educating the grown men of America, they yet do not afford the highest teaching which the people require, to realize individually the idea of a man, and jointly that of a democracy. The State does not teach perfect justice ; the church does not teach that, or love of truth. Business does not teach perfect morality ; and the average literature, which falls into the hands of the million, teaches men to respect public opinion more than the word of God, which transcends that. Thus, these four teach only the excellence already organized or incorporated in the laws, the theology, the customs, and the books of the land. I cannot but think these four teachers are less deficient here than in other lands, and have excellences of their own, but the faults mentioned are inseparable from such institutions. An institution is an organized thought ; of course, no institution can represent a truth which is too new or too high for the existing organizations, yet that is the truth which it is desirable to teach. So there will always be exceptional men, with more justice, truth, and love than is represented by the institutions of the time, who seem therefore hostile to these institutions, which they seek to improve, and not destroy. Contemporary with the priests of Judah and Israel were the prophets thereof, antithetic to one another as the centripetal and centrifugal forces, but, like them, both necessary to the rhythmic movement of the orbs in heaven, and the even poise of the world.

In Rome and in England the idea of a theocracy and an

aristocracy has become a fact in the institutions of the land, which accordingly favour the formation of priests and gentlemen. The teachers of the educated class, therefore, may trust to the machinery already established to do their work, only keeping off the spirit of the age which would make innovations; and such is the respectability and popular esteem of the institutions, that this is done easier than men think, by putting an exceptional book in the index at Rome, or in the academical fire at Oxford. But here, the idea of a democracy is by no means so well established and organized in institutions. It is new; and, while a theocrat and an aristocrat are respected everywhere, a democrat is held in suspicion; accordingly, to make men, the teacher cannot trust his educational machinery, he must make it, and invent anew as well as turn his mill.

These things being so, it is plain the teachers in the schools should be of such a character that they can give the children what they will most want when they become men; such an intellectual and moral development that they can appreciate and receive the good influence of these four educational forces, and withstand, resist, and exterminate the evil thereof. In the schools of a democracy, which are to educate the people and make them men, you need more aboriginal virtue than in the schools of an aristocracy or a theocracy, where a few are to be educated as gentlemen or priests. Since the institutions of the land do not represent the idea of a democracy, and the average spirit of the people, which makes the institutions, represents it no more, if the children of the people are to become better than their fathers, it is plain their teachers must be prophets, and not priests merely; must animate them with a spirit higher, purer, and more holy than that which inspires the State, the church, business, or the common literature of the times. As the teacher cannot impart and teach what he does not possess and know, it is also plain that the teacher must have this superior spirit.

To accomplish the public education of the children of the people, we need the three classes of institutions just mentioned: free common schools, free high schools, and free colleges. Let me say a word of each.

The design of the common school is to take children at the proper age from their mothers, and give them the most indispensable development, intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious; to furnish them with as much positive useful knowledge as they can master, and, at the same time, teach them the three great scholastic helps or tools of education—the art to read, to write, and calculate.

The children of most parents are easily brought to school, by a little diligence on the part of the teachers and school committee; but there are also children of low and abandoned, or at least neglected parents, who live in a state of continual truancy; they are found on the banks of your canals, they swarm in your large cities. When those children become men, through lack of previous development, instruction and familiarity with these three instruments of education, they cannot receive the full educational influence of the State and church, of business and the press; they lost their youthful education, and therefore they lose, in consequence, their manly culture. They remain dwarfs, and are barbarians in the midst of society; there will be exceptional men whom nothing can make vulgar; but this will be the lot of the mass. They cannot perform the intelligent labour which business demands, only the brute work; so they lose the development which comes through the hand that is active in the higher modes of industry, which, after all, is the greatest educational force. Accordingly, they cannot compete with ordinary men, and remain poor; lacking also that self-respect which comes of being respected, they fall into beggary, into intemperance, into crime; so, from being idlers at first, a stumbling-block in the way of society, they become paupers, a positive burden which society must take on its shoulders; or they turn into criminals, active foes to the industry, the order, and the virtue of society.

Now if a man abandons the body of his child, the State adopts that body for a time; takes the guardianship thereof, for the child's own sake; sees that it is housed, fed, clad, and cared for. If a man abandons his child's spirit, and the child commits a crime, the State, for its own sake, assumes the temporary guardianship thereof, and puts him in a gaol. When a man deserts his child, taking no concern about his education, I venture to make the sugges-

tion whether it would not be well, as a last resort, for the State to assume the guardianship of the child for its own sake, and for the child's sake. We allow no one, with ever so thick a skin, to grow up in nakedness; why should we suffer a child, with however so perverse a parent, to grow up in ignorance and degenerate into crime? Certainly, a naked man is not so dangerous to society as an ignorant man, nor is the spectacle so revolting. I should have less hope of a State where the majority were so perverse as to continue ignorant of reading, writing, and calculating, than of one where they were so thick-skinned as to wear no clothes. In Massachusetts, there is an Asylum for juvenile offenders, established by the city of Boston; a Farm School for bad boys, established by the characteristic benevolence of the rich men of that place; and a State Reform School under the charge of the Commonwealth: all these are for lads who break the laws of the land. Would it not be better to take one step more, adopt them before they offended, and allow no child to grow up in the barbarism of ignorance? Has any man an unalienable right to live a savage in the midst of civilization?

We need also public high schools to take children where the common schools leave them, and carry them further on. Some States have done something towards establishing such institutions; they are common in New England. Some have established normal schools, special high schools for the particular and professional education of public teachers. Without these, it is plain there would not be a supply of competent educators for the public service.

Then we need free colleges, conducted by public officers, and paid for by the public purse. Without these the scheme is not perfect. The idea which lies at the basis of the public education of a people in a democracy is this: every man, on condition of doing his duty, has a right to the means of education, as much as a right, on the same condition, to the means of defence from a public enemy in time of war, or from starvation in time of plenty and of peace. I say every man, I mean every woman also. The amount of education must depend on the three factors named before,—on the general achievement of mankind, the special ability of the State, and the particular power of the individual.



If all is free, common schools, high schools, and colleges, boys and girls of common ability and common love of learning, will get a common education; those of greater ability, a more extended education; and those of the highest powers, the best culture which the race can now furnish, and the State afford. Hitherto no nation has established a public college, wholly at the public cost, where the children of the poor and the rich could enjoy together the great national charity of superior education. To do this is certainly not consistent with the idea of a theocracy or an aristocracy; but it is indispensable to the complete realization of a democracy. Otherwise the children of the rich will have a monopoly of superior education, which is the case with the girls everywhere—for only the daughters of rich men can get a superior education; even in the United States—and with boys in England and France, and of course the offices, emoluments, and honours which depend on a superior education; or else the means thereof will be provided for poor lads by private benefactions, charity funds, and the like, which some pious and noble man has devoted to this work. In this case the institutions will have a sectarian character, be managed by narrow, bigoted men, and the gift of the means of education be coupled with conditions which must diminish its value, and fetter the free spirit of the young man. This takes place in many of the collegiate establishments of the North, which, notwithstanding those defects, have done a great good to mankind.

The common schools, giving their pupil the power of reading, writing, and calculating, developing his faculties, and furnishing him with much elementary knowledge, put him in communication with all that is written in a common form in the English tongue; its treasures lie level to his eye and hand. The high school and the college, teaching him also other languages, afford him access to the treasures contained there; teaching him the mathematics and furnishing him with the discipline of science, they enable him to understand all that has hitherto been recorded in the compendious forms of philosophy, and thus place the child of large ability in connection with all the spiritual treasures of the world. In the mean time, for all these pupils, there is the material and the human world



about them, the world of consciousness within. They can study both, and add what they may to the treasures of human discovery or invention.

It seems to me that it is the duty of the State to place the means of this education within the reach of all children of superior ability,—a duty that follows from the very idea of a democracy, not to speak of the idea of Christianity. It is not less the interest of the State to do so, for then youths well born, with good abilities, will not be hindered from getting a breeding proportionate to their birth, and from occupying the stations which are adequately filled only by men of superior native abilities, enriched by culture, and developed to their highest power. Then the work of such stations will fall to the lot of such men, and of course be done. Eminent ability, talent, or genius, should have eminent education, and so serve the nation in its eminent kind; for when God makes a million-minded man, as once or twice in the ages, or a myriad-minded man, as He does now and then, it is plain that this gift also is to be accounted precious, and used for the advantage of all.

I say no State has ever attempted to establish such institutions; yet the Government of the United States has a seminary for the public education of a few men at the public cost. But it is a school to qualify men to fight; they learn the science of destruction, the art thereof, the kindred art and science of defence. If the same money we now pay for military education at West Point were directed to the education of teachers of the highest class, say professors and presidents of colleges; if the same pains were taken to procure able men, to furnish them with the proper instruction for their special work, and give them the best possible general development of their powers, not forgetting the moral, the affectional, and the religious, and animating them with the philanthropic spirit needed for such a work, how much better results would appear! But in the present intellectual condition of the people it would be thought unworthy of a nation to train up schoolmasters! But is it only soldiers that we need?

All these institutions are but introductory, a preparatory school, in three departments, to fit youths for the great educational establishment of practical life. This will find

each youth and maiden as the schools leave him, moulding him to their image, or moulded by him to a better. So it is plain what the teachers are to do;—besides teaching the special branches which fall to their lot, they are to supply for the pupils the defects of the State, of the church, of business, and the press, especially the moral defects. For this great work of mediating between the mother and the world, for so furnishing and fitting the rising generation, introducing them into practical life, that they shall receive all the good of these public educational forces with none of the ill, but enhance the one while they withstand the other, and so each in himself realize the idea of man, and all, in their social capacity, the idea of a democracy—it is also plain what sort of men we need for teachers: we need able men, well endowed by nature, well disciplined by art; we need superior men—men juster than the State, truer and better than the churches, more humane than business, and higher than the common literature of the press. There are always men of that stamp born into the world; enough of them in any age to do its work. How shall we bring them to the task? Give young men and women the opportunity to fit themselves for the work, at free common schools, high schools, normal schools, and colleges; give them a pay corresponding to their services, as in England and Rome; give them social rank and honour in that proportion, and they will come: able men will come; men well disciplined will come; men of talent and even genius for education will come.

In the State you pay a man of great political talents large money and large honours; hence there is no lack of ability in politics, none of competition for office. In the church you pay a good deal for a "smart minister," one who can preach an audience into the pews and not himself out of the pulpit. Talent enough goes to business; educated talent, too, at least with a special education for this, honour, and social distinction. Private colleges and theological schools often have powerful men for their professors and presidents; sometimes, men of much talent for education; commonly, men of ripe learning and gentlemanly accomplishments. Even men of genius seek a place as teachers in some private college, where they are under the control of the leaders of a sect—and must not doubt

its creed, nor set science a going freely, lest it run over some impotent theological dogma—or else of a little coterie, or close corporation of men selected because radical or because conservative; men chosen not on account of any special fitness for superintending the superior education of the people, but because they were one-sided, and leaned this way in Massachusetts and that in Virginia. Able men seek such places because they get a competent pay, competent honours, competent social rank. Senators and ambassadors are not ashamed to be presidents of a college, and submit to the control of a coterie, or a sect, and produce their results. If such men can be had for private establishments, to educate a few to work in such trammels and such company, certainly it is not difficult to get them for the public and for the education of all. As the State has the most children to educate, the most money to pay with, it is clear, not only that they need the best ability for this work, but that they can have it soon as they make the teacher's calling gainful and respectable.

In England and Rome, the most important spiritual function of the State is the production of the gentleman and the priest; in democratic America it is the production of the man. Some nations have taken pains with the military training of all the people, for the sake of the State, and made every man a soldier. No nation has hitherto taken equivalent pains with the general education of all, for the sake of the State and the sake of the citizens;—"the heathens of China" have done more than any Christian people, for the education of all. This was not needed in a theocracy, nor an aristocracy; it is essential to a democracy. This is needed politically; for where all men are voters, the ignorant man, who cannot read the ballot which he casts—the thief, the pirate, and the murderer—may at any time turn the scale of an election, and do us a damage which it will take centuries to repair. Ignorant men are the tools of the demagogue; how often he uses them, and for what purposes, we need not go back many years to learn. Let the people be ignorant and suffrage universal, a very few men will control the State, and laugh at the folly of the applauding multitude whose bread they waste, and on whose necks they ride to insolence and miserable fame.

America has nothing to fear from any foreign foe; for nearly forty years she has had no quarrel but of her own making. Such is our enterprise and our strength, that few nations would carelessly engage in war with us; none without great provocation. In the midst of us is our danger; not in foreign arms, but in the ignorance and the wickedness of our own children, the ignorance of the many, the wickedness of the few who will lead the many to their ruin. The bulwark of America is not the army and navy of the United States, with all the men at public cost instructed in the art of war; it is not the swords and muskets idly bristling in our armouries; it is not the cannon and the powder carefully laid by; no, nor is it yet the forts, which frown in all their grim barbarity of stone along the coast, defacing the landscape, else so fair; these might all be destroyed to-night, and the nation be as safe as now. The more effectual bulwark of America is her schools. The cheap spelling-book, or the vane on her school-house is a better symbol of the nation than "the star-spangled banner;" the printing-press does more than the cannon; the press is mightier than the sword. The army that is to keep our liberties—you are part of that, the noble army of teachers. It is you who are to make a great nation greater, even wise and good,—the next generation better than their sires.

Europe shows us, by experiment, that a republic cannot be made by a few well-minded men, however well-meaning. They tried for it at Rome, full of enlightened priests; in Germany, the paradise of the scholar, but there was not a people well educated, and a democracy could not stand upright long enough to be set a going. In France, where men are better fitted for the experiment than elsewhere in continental Europe, you see what comes of it—the first step is a stumble, and for their president the raw republicans chose an autocrat, not a democrat; not a mere soldier, but only the name of a soldier; one that thinks it an insult if liberty, equality, and fraternity be but named!

Think you a democracy can stand without the education of all; not barely the smallest pittance thereof which will keep a live soul in a live body, but a large, generous cultivation of mind and conscience, heart and soul? A

man, with half an eye, can see how we suffer continually in politics for lack of education among the people. Some nations are priest-ridden, some king-ridden, some ridden of nobles; America is ridden by politicians, a heavy burden for a foolish neck.

Our industrial interests demand the same education. The industrial prosperity of the North, our lands yearly enriching, while they bear their annual crop; our railroads, mills, and machines, the harness with which we tackle the elements,—for we domesticate fire and water, yes, the very lightning of heaven—all these are but material results of the intelligence of the people. Our political success, and our industrial prosperity, both come from the pains taken with the education of the people. Halve this education, and you take away three-fourths of our political welfare, three-fourths of our industrial prosperity; double this education, you greaten the political welfare of the people, you increase their industrial success fourfold. Yes, more than that, for the results of education increase by a ratio of much higher powers.

It seems strange that so few of the great men in politics have cared much for the education of the people; only one of those, now prominent before the North, is intimately connected with it. He, at great personal sacrifice of money, of comfort, of health, even of respectability, became superintendent of the common schools of Massachusetts, a place whence we could ill spare him, to take the place of the famous man he succeeds. Few of the prominent scholars of the land interest themselves in the public education of the people. The men of superior culture think the common school beneath their notice; but it is the mother of them all.

None of the States of the North has ever given this matter the attention it demands. When we legislate about public education, this is the question before us:—Shall we give our posterity the greatest blessing that one generation can bestow upon another? Shall we give them a personal power which will create wealth in every form, multiply ships, and roads of earth, or of iron; subdue the forest, till the field, chain the rivers, hold the winds as its vassals, bind with an iron yoke the fire and water, and catch and tame the lightning of God? Shall we give



them a personal power which will make them sober, temperate, healthy, and wise; that shall keep them at peace, abroad and at home, organize them so wisely that all shall be united, and yet, each left free, with no tyranny of the few over the many, or the little over the great? Shall we enable them to keep, to improve, to double manifold the political, social, and personal blessings they now possess; shall we give them this power to create riches, to promote order, peace, happiness—all forms of human welfare, or shall we not? That is the question. Give us intelligent men, moral men, men well developed in mind and conscience, heart and soul, men that love man and God,—industrial prosperity, social prosperity, and political prosperity, are sure to follow. But without such men, all the machinery of this threefold prosperity is but a bauble in a child's hand, which he will soon break or lose, which he cannot replace when gone, nor use while kept.

Rich men, who have intelligence and goodness, will educate their children, at whatever cost. There are some men, even poor men's sons, born with such native power that they will achieve an education, often a most masterly culture; men whom no poverty can degrade, or make vulgar, whom no lack of means of culture can keep from being wise and great. Such are exceptional men; the majority, nine-tenths of the people, will depend for their culture on the public institutions of the land. If there had never been a free public school in New England, not half of her mechanics and farmers would now be able to read, not a fourth part of her women. I need not stop to tell what would be the condition of her agriculture, her manufactures, her commerce; they would have been, perhaps, even behind the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of South Carolina. I need not ask what would be the condition of her free churches, or the republican institutions which now beautify her rugged shores and sterile soil; there would be no such churches, no such institutions. If there had been no such schools in New England, the revolution would yet remain to be fought. Take away the free schools, you take away the cause of our manifold prosperity; double their efficiency and value, you not only double and quadruple the prosperity of the people, but you will enlarge their welfare—political, social,



personal—far more than I now dare to calculate. I know men object to public schools; they say, education must be bottomed on religion, and that cannot be taught unless we have a State religion, taught “by authority” in all our schools; we cannot teach religion, without teaching it in a sectarian form. This objection is getting made in New York; we have got beyond it in New England. It is true, all manly education must be bottomed on religion; it is essential to the normal development of man, and all attempts at education, without this, must fail of the highest end. But there are two parts of religion which can be taught in all the schools, without disturbing the denominations, or trenching upon their ground, namely,—piety; the love of God; and goodness, the love of man. The rest of religion, after piety and goodness are removed, may safely be left to the institutions of any of the sects, and so the State will not occupy their ground.

It is often said that superior education is not much needed; the common schools are enough, and good enough, for it is thought that superior education is needed for men as lawyers, ministers, doctors, and the like, not for men as men. It is not so. We want men cultivated with the best discipline, everywhere, not for the profession's sake, but for man's sake. Every man with a superior culture, intellectual, moral, and religious, every woman thus developed, is a safeguard and a blessing. He may sit on the bench of a judge or a shoemaker, be a clergyman or an oysterman, that matters little, he is still a safeguard and a blessing. The idea that none should have a superior education but professional men—they only for the profession's sake—belongs to dark ages, and is unworthy of a democracy.

It is the duty of all men to watch over the public education of the people, for it is the most important work of the State. It is particularly the duty of men who, hitherto, have least attended to it, men of the highest culture, men, too, of the highest genius. If a man with but common abilities has attained great learning, he is one of the “public administrators,” to distribute the goods of men of genius, from other times and lands, to mankind, their legal heirs. Why does God sometimes

endow a man with great intellectual power, making, now and then, a million-minded man? Is that superiority of gift solely for the man's own sake? Shame on such a thought! It is of little value to him unless he use it for me; it is for your sake and my sake, more than for his own. He is a precious almoner of wisdom; one of the public guardians of mankind, to think for us, to help us think for ourselves; born to educate the world of feebler men. I call on such men, men of culture, men of genius, to help build up institutions for the education of the people. If they neglect this, they are false to their trust. The culture which hinders a man from sympathy with the ignorant, is a curse to both, and the genius which separates a man from his fellow-creatures, lowlier born than he, is the genius of a demon.

Men and women, practical teachers now before me, a great trust is in your hands; nine-tenths of the children of the people depend on you for their early culture, for all the scholastic discipline they will ever get; their manly culture will depend on that, their prosperity thereon, all these on you. When they are men, you know what evils they will easily learn from State and church, from business and the press. It is for you to give them such a developing, and such a furnishing of their powers, that they will withstand, counteract, and exterminate that evil. Teach them to love justice better than their native land, truth better than their church, humanity more than money, and fidelity to their own nature better than the public opinion of the press. As the chief thing of all, teach them to love man and God. Your characters will be the inspiration of these children; your prayers their practice, your faith their works.

The rising generation is in your hands, you can fashion them in your image, you will, you must do this. Great duties will devolve on these children when grown up to be men; you are to fit them for these duties. Since the Revolution, there has not been a question before the country, not a question of constitution or confederacy, free trade or protective tariff, sub-treasury or bank, of peace or war, freedom or slavery, the extension of liberty, or the extension of bondage—not a question of this sort has come

up before Congress, or the people, which could not have been better decided by seven men, honest, intelligent, and just, who loved man and God, and looked, with a single eye, to what was right in the case. It is your business to train up such men. A representative, a senator, a governor may be made, any day, by a vote. Ballots can make a president out of almost anything; the most ordinary material is not too cheap and vulgar for that. But all the votes of all the conventions, all the parties, are unable to make a people capable of self-government. They cannot put intelligence and justice into the head of a single man. You are to do that. You are the "Sacred Legion," the "Theban Brothers" to repel the greatest foes that can invade the land, the only foes to be feared; you are to repel ignorance, injustice, unmanliness, and irreligion. With none else to help you, in ten years' time you can double the value of your schools; double the amount of development and instruction you annually furnish. So doing, you shall double, triple, quadruple, multiply manifold the blessings of the land. You can, if you will. I ask if you will? If your works say, "Yes," then you will be the great benefactors of the land, not giving money, but a charity far nobler yet,—education, the greatest charity. You will help fulfil the prophecy which noble men long since predicted of mankind, and help found the kingdom of heaven on earth; you will follow the steps of that noblest man of men, the Great Educator of the human race, whom the Christians still worship as their God. Yes, you will work with God himself; He will work with you, work for you, and bless you with everlasting life.

## VIII.

THE POSITION AND DUTIES OF THE AMERICAN  
SCHOLAR. — AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT  
WATERVILLE, AUGUST 8, 1849.

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MEN of a superior culture get it at the cost of the whole community, and therefore at first owe for their education. They must pay back an equivalent, or else remain debtors to mankind, debtors for ever; that is, beggars or thieves, such being the only class that are thus perpetually in debt, and a burden to the race.

It is true that every man, the rudest Prussian boor, as well as Von Humboldt, is indebted to mankind for his culture, to their past history and their existing institutions, to their daily toil. Taking the whole culture into the account, the debt bears about the same ratio to the receipt in all men. I speak not of genius, the inborn faculty which costs mankind nothing, only of the education thereof, which the man obtains. The Irishman who can only handle his spade, wear his garments, talk his wild brogue, and bid his beads, has four or five hundred generations of ancestors behind him, and is as long descended, and from as old a stock, as the accomplished patrician scholar at Oxford and Berlin. The Irishman depends on them all, and on the present generation, for his culture. But he has obtained his development with no special outlay and cost of the human race. In getting that rude culture, he has appropriated nothing to himself which is taken from another man's share. He has paid as he went along, so he owes nothing in particular for his education; and mankind has no claim on him as for value received. But the Oxford graduate has been a long time at school and college; not earning, but learning; living therefore at the cost of mankind, with an obligation

and an implied promise to pay back when he comes of age and takes possession of his educated faculties. He therefore has not only the general debt which he shares with all men, but an obligation quite special and peculiar for his support while at study.

This rule is general, and applies to the class of educated men, with some apparent exceptions, and a very few real ones. Some men are born of poor but strong-bodied parents, and endowed with great abilities; they inherit nothing except their share of the general civilization of mankind, and the onward impulse which that has given. These men devote themselves to study; and having behind them an ancestry of broad-shouldered, hard-handed, stalwart, temperate men, and deep-bosomed, red-armed, and industrious mothers, they are able to do the work of two or three men at the time. Such men work while they study; they teach while they learn; they hew their own way through the wood by superior strength and skill born in their bones, with an axe themselves have chipped out from the stone, or forged of metal, or paid for with the result of their first hewings. They are specially indebted to nobody for their culture. They pay as they go, owing the academic ferryman nothing for setting them over into the elysium of the scholar.

Only few men ever make this heroic and crucial experiment. None but poor men's sons essay the trial. Nothing but poverty has whips sharp enough to sting indolent men, even of genius, to such exertion of the manly part. But even this proud race often runs into another debt: they run up long scores with the body, which must one day be paid "with aching head and squeamish heart-burnings." The credit on account of the hardy fathers is not without limit. It is soon exhausted; especially in a land where the atmosphere, the institutions, and the youth of the people all excite to premature and excessive prodigality of effort. The body takes a mortgage on the spendthrift spirit, demands certain regular periodic payments, and will one day foreclose for breach of condition, impede the spirit's action in the premises, putting a very disagreeable keeper there, and finally expel the prodigal mortgagor. So it often happens that a man, who in his youth scorned a pecuniary debt to mankind and would receive no favour, even to buy culture with, has yet, unconsciously and against



his will, contracted debts which trouble him in manhood, and impede his action all his life; with swollen feet and bleary eyes famous Griesbach pays for the austere heroism of his penurious and needy youth. The rosy bud of genius, on the poor man's tree, too often opens into a lean and ghastly flower. Could not Burns tell us this?

With the rare exceptions just hinted at, any man of a superior culture owes for it when obtained. Sometimes the debt is obvious: a farmer with small means and a large family sends the most hopeful of his sons to college. Look at the cost of the boy's culture. His hands are kept from work that his mind may be free. He fares on daintier food, wears more and more costly garments. Other members of the family must feed and clothe him, earn his tuition-fees, buy his books, pay for his fuel and room-rent. For this the father rises earlier than of old, yoking the oxen a great while before day of a winter's morning, and toils till long after dark of a winter's night, enduring cold and hardship. For this the mother stints her frugal fare, her humble dress; for this the brothers must forego sleep and pastime, must toil harder, late and early both; for this the sisters must seek new modes of profitable work, must wear their old finery long after it is finery no more. The spare wealth of the family, stinted to spare it, is spent on this one youth. From the father to the daughters, all lay their bones to extraordinary work for him; the whole family is pinched in body, that this one youth may go brave and full. Even the family horse pays his tax to raise the education fee.

Men see the hopeful scholar, graceful and accomplished, receiving his academic honours, but they see not the hard-featured father standing unheeded in the aisle, nor the older sister in an obscure corner of the gallery, who had toiled in the factory for the favoured brother, tending his vineyard, her own not kept; who had perhaps learned the letters of Greek to hear him recite the grammar at home. Father and sister know not a word of the language in which his diploma is writ and delivered. At what cost of the family tree is this one flower produced? How many leaves, possible blossoms,—yea, possible branches—have been absorbed to create this one flower, which shall perpetuate the kind, after being beautiful and fragrant in

its own season? Yet, while these leaves are growing for the blossom's sake, and the life of the tree is directed thither with special and urgent emphasis, the difference between branch and blossom, leaf and petal, is getting more and more. By and by the two cannot comprehend each other; the acorn has forgotten the leaf which reared it, and thinks itself of another kin. Grotius, who speaks a host of languages, talking with the learned of all countries, and of every age, has forgot his mother tongue, and speech is at end with her that bore him. The son, accomplished with many a science, many an art, ceases to understand the simple consciousness of his father and mother. They are proud of him—that he has outgrown them; he ashamed of them when they visit him amid his scholarly company. To them he is a philosopher; they only clowns in his eyes. He learns to neglect, perhaps to despise them, and forgets his obligation and his debt. Yet by their rudeness is it that he is refined. His science and literary skill are purchased by their ignorance and uncouthness of manner and of speech. Had the educational cost been equally divided, all had still continued on a level; he had known no Latin, but the whole family might have spoken good English. For all the difference which education has made betwixt him and his kinsfolk he is a debtor.

In New England you sometimes see extremes of social condition brought together. The blue-frocked father, well advanced, but hale as an October morning, jostles into Boston in a milk-cart, his red-cheeked grand-daughter beside him, also coming for some useful daily work, while the youngest son, cultured at the cost of that grand-daughter's sire and by that father's toil, is already a famous man; perhaps also a proud one, eloquent at the bar, or powerful in the pulpit, or mighty in the senate. The family was not rich enough to educate all the children after this costly sort; one becomes famous, the rest are neglected, obscure, and perhaps ignorant; the cultivated son has little sympathy with them. So the men that built up the cathedrals of Strasbourg and Milan slept in mean hutches of mud and straw, dirty, cold, and wet; the finished tower looks proudly down upon the lowly thatch, all heedless of the cost at which itself arose. It is plain that this man owes for his education; it is plain whom he owes.

But all men of a superior culture, though born to wealth, get their education in the same way, only there is this additional mischief to complicate the matter: the burden of self-denial is not borne by the man's own family, but by other fathers and mothers, other brothers and sisters. They also pay the cost of his culture, bear the burden for no special end, and have no personal or family joy in the success; they do not even know the scholar they help to train. They who hewed the topstone of society are far away when it is hoisted up with shouting. Most of the youths now-a-days trained at Harvard College are the sons of rich men, yet they also, not less, are educated at the public charge; beneficiaries not of the "Hopkins' Fund," but of the whole community. Society is not yet rich enough to afford so generous a culture to all who ask, who deserve, or who would pay for it a hundred-fold. The accomplished man who sits in his well-endowed scholarship at Oxford, or rejoices to be "Master of Trinity," though he have the estate of the Westminsters and Sutherlands behind him, is still the beneficiary of the public, and owes for his schooling.

In the general way, among the industrious classes of New England, a boy earns his living after he is twelve years old. If he gets the superior education of the scholar solely by the pecuniary aid of his father or others, when he is twenty-five and enters on his profession, law, medicine, or divinity, politics, school-keeping, or trade, he has not earned his Latin grammar; has rendered no appreciable service to mankind; others have worked that he might study, and taught that he might learn. He has not paid the first cent towards his own schooling; he is indebted for it to the whole community. The ox-driver in the fields, the pavior in the city streets, the labourer on the railroad, the lumberer in the woods, the girl in the factory, each has a claim on him. If he despises these persons, or cuts himself off from sympathy with them; if he refuses to perform his function for them after they have done their possible to fit him for it; he is not only the perpetual and ungrateful debtor, but is more guilty than the poor man's son who forgets the family that sent him to college: for that family consciously and willingly made the sacrifice, and got some satisfaction for it in the visible success of

their scheme,—nay, are sometimes proud of the pride which scorns them, while with the mass of men thus slighted there is no return for their sacrifice. They did their part, faithfully did it; their beneficiary forgets his function.

The democratic party in New England does not much favour the higher seminaries of education. There has long been a suspicion against them in the mass of the community, and among the friends of the public education of the people a serious distrust. This is the philosophy of that discontent: public money spent on the higher seminaries is so much taken from the humbler schools, so much taken from the colleges of all for the college of the few; men educated at such cost have not adequately repaid the public for the sacrifice made on their account; men of superior education have not been eminently the friends of mankind, they do not eminently represent truth, justice, philanthropy, and piety; they do not point men to lofty human life, and go thitherward in advance of mankind; their superior education has narrowed their sympathies, instead of widening; they use their opportunities against mankind, and not in its behalf; think, write, legislate, and live not for the interest of mankind, but only for a class; instead of eminent wisdom, justice, piety, they have eminent cunning, selfishness, and want of faith. These charges are matters of allegation; judge you if they be not also matters of fact.

Now, there is a common feeling amongst men that the scholar is their debtor, and, in virtue of this, that they have a right to various services from him. No honest man asks the aid of a farmer or a blacksmith without intending to repay him in money; no assembly of mechanics would ask another to come two hundred miles and give them a month's work, or a day's work. Yet they will ask a scholar to do so. What gratuitous services are demanded of the physician, of the minister, of the man of science and letters in general! No poor man in Boston but thinks he has a good claim on any doctor; no culprit in danger of liberty or life but will ask the services of a lawyer, wholly without recompense, to plead his cause. The poorest and most neglected class of men look on every good clergyman as their missionary and minister and friend; the better educated and more powerful he is, the

juster and greater do they feel their claim on him. A pirate in gaol may command the services of any Christian minister in the land. Most of the high achievements in science, letters, and art, have had no apparent pay. The pay came beforehand : in general and from God, in the greater ability, "the vision and the faculty divine," but in particular also and from men, in the opportunity afforded them by others for the use and culture thereof. Divinely and humanly they are well paid. Men feel that they have this right to the services of the scholar, in part because they dimly know that his superior education is purchased at the general cost. Hence, too, they are proud of the few able and accomplished men, feeling that all have a certain property therein, as having contributed their mite to the accumulation, by their divine nature related to the men of genius, by their human toil partners in the acquirements of the scholar. This feeling is not confined to men who intellectually can appreciate intellectual excellence. The little parish in the mountains, and the great parish in the city, are alike proud of the able-headed and accomplished scholar who ministers to them ; though neither the poor clowns of the village nor the wealthy clowns of the metropolis could enter into his consciousness and understand his favourite pursuits or loftiest thought. Both would think it insulting to pay such a man in full proportion to his work or their receipt. Nobody offers a salary to the House of Lords : their lordship is their pay, and they must give back, in the form of justice and sound government, an equivalent for all they take in high social rank. They must pay for their nobility by being noble lords.

How shall the scholar pay for his education ? He is to give a service for the service received. Thus the miller and the farmer pay one another, each paying with service in his own kind. The scholar cannot pay back bread for bread, and cloth for cloth. He must pay in the scholar's kind, not the woodman's or the weaver's. He is to represent the higher modes of human consciousness ; his culture and opportunities of position fit him for that. So he is not merely to go through the routine of his profession, as minister, doctor, lawyer, merchant, school-master, politician, or maker of almanacks, and for his



own advantage; he is also to represent truth, justice, beauty, philanthropy, and religion—the highest facts of human experience; he must be common, but not vulgar, and, as a star, must dwell apart from the vulgarity of the selfish and the low. He may win money without doing this, get fame and power, and thereby seem to pay mankind for their advance to him, while he rides upon their neck; but as he has not paid back the scholar's cost, and in the scholar's way, he is a debtor still, and owes for his past culture and present position.

Such is the position of the scholar everywhere, and such his consequent obligation. But in America there are some circumstances which make the position and the duty still more important. Beside the natural aristocracy of genius, talent, and educated skill, in most countries there is also a conventional and permanent nobility based on royal or patrician descent and immoveable aristocracy. Its members monopolize the high places of society, and if not strong by nature are so by position. Those men check the natural power of the class of scholars. The descendant of some famous chief of old time takes rank before the Bacons, the Shakespeares, and the Miltons of new families,—born yesterday, to-day gladdened and gladdening with the joy of their genius,—usurps their place, and for a time “shoves away the worthy bidden guest” from the honours of the public board. Here there is no such class: a man born at all is well born; with a great nature, nobly born; the career opens to all that can run, to all men that wish to try; our aristocracy is moveable, and the scholar has scope and verge enough.

Germany has the largest class of scholars; men of talent, sometimes of genius, of great working power, exceedingly well furnished for their work, with a knowledge of the past and the present. On the whole, they seem to have a greater power of thought than the scholars of any other land. They live in a country where intellectual worth is rated at its highest value. As England is the paradise of the patrician and the millionaire, so is Germany for the man of thought; Goethe and Schiller and the Humboldts took precedence of the mere conventional aristocracy. The empire of money is for England; that of mind is for

Germany. But there the scholar is positively hindered in his function by the power of the government, which allows freedom of thought, and by education tends to promote it, yet not its correlative freedom of speech, and still less the consequent of that—freedom of act. Revelations of new thought are indeed looked for, and encouraged in certain forms; but the corresponding revolution of old things is forbidden. An idea must remain an idea; the government will not allow it to become a deed, an institution, an idea organized in men. The children of the mind must be exposed to die, or, if left alive, their feet are cramped, so that they cannot go alone; useless, joyless, and unwed, they remain in their father's house. The government seeks to establish national unity of action, by the sacrifice of individual variety of action, personal freedom: every man must be a soldier and a Christian, wearing the livery of the government on the body and in the soul, and going through the spiritual exercises of the church, as through the manual exercise of the camp. In a nation so enlightened, personal freedom cannot be wholly sacrificed, so thought is left free, but speech restricted by censorship—speech with the human mouth or the iron lips of the press. Now, as of old, is there a controversy between the temporal and the spiritual powers, about the investiture of the children of the soul.

Then, on the other side, the scholar is negatively impeded by the comparative ignorance of the people, by their consequent lack of administrative power and self-help, and their distrust of themselves. There a great illumination has gone on in the upper heavens of the learned, meteors coruscating into extraordinary glory; it has hardly dawned on the low valleys of the common people. If it shines there at all, it is but as the Northern Aurora, with a little crackling noise, lending a feeble and uncertain light, not enough to walk with, and no warmth at all; a light which disturbs the dip and alters the variation of the old historical compass, bewilders the eye, hides the stars, and yet is not bright enough to walk by without stumbling. There is a learned class, very learned and very large, with whom the scholar thinks, and for whom he writes, most uncouthly, in the language only of the schools; and, if not kept in awe by the government, they are contented that a thought

should remain always a thought ; while in their own heart they disdain all authority but that of truth, justice, and love, they leave the people subject to no rule but the priest, the magistrate, and old custom, which usurp the place of reason, conscience, and the affections. There is a very enlightened pulpit, and a very dull audience. In America, it is said, for every dough-faced representative there is a dough-faced constituency ; but in Germany there is not an intelligent people for each intelligent scholar. So on condition a great thought be true and revolutionary, it is hard to get it made a thing. Ideas go into a nunnery, not a family. Phidias must keep his awful Jove only in his head ; there is no marble to carve it on. Eichhorn and Strauss, and Kant and Hegel, with all their pother among the learned, have kept no boor from the communion-table, nor made him discontented with the despotism of the State. They wrote for scholars, perhaps for gentlemen, for the enlightened, not for the great mass of the people, in whom they had no confidence. There is no class of hucksters of thought, who retail philosophy to the million. The million have as yet no appetite for it. So the German scholar is hindered from his function on either hand by the power of the government, or the ignorance of the people. He talks to scholars and not men ; his great ideas are often as idle as shells in a lady's cabinet.

In America all is quite different. There are no royal or patrician patrons, no plebeian clients in literature, no immoveable aristocracy to withstand or even retard the new genius, talent, or skill of the scholar. There is no class organized, accredited, and confided in, to resist a new idea ; only the unorganized inertia of mankind retards the circulation of thought and the march of men. Our historical men do not found historical families ; our famous names of to-day are all new names in the State. American aristocracy is bottomed on money which no unnatural laws make steadfast and immoveable. To exclude a scholar from the company of rich men, is not to exclude him from an audience that will welcome and appreciate.

Then the government does not interfere to prohibit the free exercise of thought. Speaking is free, preaching free, printing free. No administration in America could put down a newspaper or suppress the discussion of an unwel-

come theme. The attempt would be folly and madness. There is no "tonnage and poundage" on thought. It is seldom that lawless violence usurps the place of despotic government. The chief opponent of the new philosophy is the old philosophy. The old has only the advantage of a few years; the advantage of possession of the ground. It has no weapons of defence which the new has not for attack. What hinders the growth of the new democracy of to-day?—only the old democracy of yesterday, once green, and then full-blown, but now going to seed. Everywhere else walled gardens have been built for it to go quietly to seed in, and men appointed, in God's name or the State's, to exterminate as a weed every new plant of democratic thought which may spring up and suck the soil or keep off the sun, so that the old may quietly occupy the ground, and undisturbed continue to decay, and contaminate the air. Here it has nothing but its own stalk to hold up its head, and is armed with only such spines as it has grown out of its own substance.

Here the only power which continually impedes the progress of mankind, and is conservative in the bad sense, is wealth, which represents life lived, not now a living, and labour accumulated, not now a doing. Thus the obstacle to free trade is not the notion that our meat must be home-grown and our coat home-spun, but the money invested in manufactures. Slavery is sustained by no prestige of antiquity, no abstract fondness for a patriarchal institution, no special zeal for "Christianity" which the churches often tell us demands it, but solely because the Americans have invested some twelve hundred millions of dollars in the bodies and souls of their countrymen, and fear they shall lose their capital. Whitney's gin for separating the cotton from its blue seed, making its culture and the labour of the slave profitable, did more to perpetuate slavery than all the "Compromises of the Constitution." The last argument in its favour is always this: "It brings money, and we would not lose our investment." Weapon a man with iron, he will stand and fight; with gold, he will shrink and run. The class of capitalists are always cowardly; here they are the only cowardly class that has much political or social influence. Here gold is the imperial metal; nothing but wealth is consecrated for life: the tonsure

gets covered up or grown over; vows of celibacy are no more binding than dicers' oaths; allegiance to the State is as transferable as a cent, and may be alienated by going over the border; church-communion may be changed or neglected; as men will, they sign off from Church and State; only the dollar holds its own continually, and is the same under all administrations, "safe from the baf, the pulpit, and the throne." Obstinate money continues in office spite of the proscriptive policy of Polk and Taylor; the laws may change, South Carolina move out of the nation, the Constitution be broken, the Union dissolved, still money holds its own. That is the only peculiar weapon which the old has wherewith to repel the new.

Here, too, the scholar has as much freedom as he will take; himself alone stands in his own light, nothing else between him and the infinite majesty of Truth. He is free to think, to speak, to print his word and organize his thought. No class of men monopolize public attention or high place. He comes up to the Genius of America, and she asks: "What would you have, my little man?" "More liberty," lisps he. "Just as much as you can carry," is the answer. "Pay for it and take it, as much as you like, there it is." "But it is guarded!" "Only by gilded flies in the day-time; they look like hornets, but can only buzz, not bite with their beak, nor sting with their tail. At night it is defended by daws and beetles, noisy, but harmless. Here is marble, my son, not classic and famous as yet, but good as the Parian stone; quarry as much as you will, enough for a nymph or a temple. Say your wisest and do your best thing: nobody will hurt you!"

Not much more is the scholar impeded by the ignorance of the people, not at all in respect to the substance of his thought. There is no danger that he will shoot over the heads of the people by thinking too high for the multitude. We have many authors below the market; scarce one above it. The people are continually looking for something better than our authors give. No American author has yet been too high for the comprehension of the people, and compelled to leave his writings "to posterity, after some centuries shall have passed by." If he has thought with the thinkers, and has something to say, and can



• speak it in plain speech, he is sure to be widely understood. There is no learned class to whom he may talk Latin or Sanscrit, and who will understand him if he write as ill as Immanuel Kant; there is not a large class to buy costly editions of ancient classics, however beautiful, or magnificent works on India, Egypt, Mexico—the class of scholars is too poor for that, the rich men have not the taste for such beauty; but there is an intelligent class of men who will hear a man if he has what is worth listening to, and says it plain. It will be understood and appreciated, and soon reduced to practice. Let him think as much in advance of men as he will, as far removed from the popular opinion as he may, if he arrives at a great truth he is sure of an audience, not an audience of fellow-scholars, as in Germany, but of fellow-men; not of the children of distinguished or rich men—rather of the young parents of such, an audience of earnest, practical people, who, if his thought be a truth, will soon make it a thing. They will appreciate the substance of his thought, though not the artistic form which clothes it.

This peculiar relation of the man of genius to the people comes from American institutions. Here the greatest man stands nearest to the people, and without a mediator speaks to them face to face. This is a new thing: in the classic nations oratory was for the people, so was the drama, and the ballad; that was all their literature. But this came to the people only in cities: the tongue travels slow and addresses only the ear, while swiftly hurries on the printed word and speaks at once to a million eyes. Thucydides and Tacitus wrote for a few; Virgil sang the labours of the shepherd in old *Ascræan* verse, but only to the wealthy wits of Rome. "I hate the impious crowd, and stave them off," was the scholar's maxim then. All writing was for the few. The best English literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is amenable to the same criticism, except the dramatic and the religious. It is so with all the permanent literature of Europe of that time. The same must be said even of much of the religious literature of the scholars then. The writings of Taylor, of Barrow and South, of Bossuet, Massillon, and Bourdaloue, clergymen though they were, speaking with a religious and therefore a universal aim, always pre-

suppose a narrow audience of men of nice culture. So they drew their figures from the schoolmen, from the Greek anthology, from heathen classics and the Christian Fathers. Their illustrations were embellishments to the scholar, but only palpable darkness to the people. This fact of writing for a few nice judges was of great advantage to the form of the literature thus produced, but a disadvantage to the substance thereof; a misfortune to the scholar himself, for it belittled his sympathies and kept him within a narrow range. Even the religious literature of the men just named betrays a lack of freedom, a thinking for the learned and not for mankind; it has breathed the air of the cloister, not the sky, and is tainted with academic and monastic diseases. So the best of it is over-sentimental, timid, and does not point to hardy, manly life. Only Luther and Latimer preached to the million hearts of their contemporaries. The dramatic literature, on the other hand, was for box, pit, and gallery; hence the width of poetry in its great masters; hence many of its faults of form; and hence the wild and wanton luxuriance of beauty which flowers out all over the marvellous field of art where Shakespeare walked and sung. In the pulpit, excellence was painted as a priest, or monk, or nun, loving nothing but God; on the stage, as a soldier, magistrate, a gentleman or simpleman, a wife and mother, loving also child and friend. Only the literature of the player and the singer of ballads was for the people.

Here all is changed, everything that is written is for the hands of the million. In three months Mr. Macaulay has more readers in America than Thucydides and Tacitus in twelve centuries. Literature, which was once the sacrament of the few, only a shew-bread to the people, is now the daily meat of the multitude. The best works get reprinted with great speed; the highest poetry is soon in all the newspapers. Authors know this, and write accordingly. It is only scientific works which ask for a special public. But even science, the proudest of the day, must come down from the clouds of the academy, lay off its scholastic garb, and appear before the eyes of the multitude in common work-day clothes. To large and mainly unlearned audiences Agassiz and Walker set forth the highest teachings of physics and metaphysics, not sparing difficult

things, but putting them in plain speech. Emerson takes his majestic intuitions of truth and justice, which transcend the experience of the ages, and expounds them to the mechanics' apprentices, to the factory girls at Lowell and Chicopee, and to the merchants' clerks at Boston. The more original the speaker, and the more profound, the better is he relished; the beauty of the form is not appreciated, but the original substance welcomed into new life over the bench, the loom, and even the desk of the counting-house. Of a deep man the people ask clearness also, thinking he does not see a thing wholly till he sees it plain.

From this new relation of the scholar to the people, and the direct intimacy of his intercourse with men, there comes a new modification of his duty; he is to represent the higher facts of human consciousness to the people, and express them in the speech of the people; to think with the sage and saint, but talk with common men. It is easy to discourse with scholars, and in the old academic carriage drive through the broad gateway of the cultivated class; but here the man of genius is to take the new thought on his shoulders and climb up the stiff, steep hill, and find his way where the wild asses quench their thirst, and the untamed eagle builds his nest. Hence our American scholar must cultivate the dialectics of speech as well as thought. Power of speech without thought, a long tongue in an empty head, calls the people together once or twice, but soon its only echo is from an audience of empty pews. Thought without power of speech finds little welcome here; there are not scholars enough to keep it in countenance. This popularity of intelligence gives a great advantage to the man of letters, who is also a man. He can occupy the whole space between the extremes of mankind; can be at once philosopher in his thought and people in his speech, deliver his word without an interpreter to mediate, and, like King Mithridates in the story, talk with the fourscore nations of his camp each in his own tongue.

Further still, there are some peculiarities of the American mind, in which we differ from our English brothers. They are more inclined to the matter of fact, and appeal to history; we, to the matter of ideas, and having no national

history but of a revolution, may appeal at once to human nature. So while they are more historical, fond of names and precedents, enamoured of limited facts and coy towards abstract and universal ideas, with the maxim, "Stand by the fixed," we are more metaphysical, ideal; do not think a thing right because actual, nor impossible because it has never been. The Americans are more metaphysical than the English; have departed more from the old sensational philosophy, have welcomed more warmly the transcendental philosophy of Germany and France. The Declaration of Independence, and all the State Constitutions of the North, begin with a universal and abstract idea. Even preaching is abstract and of ideas. Calvinism bears metaphysical fruit in New England.

This fact modifies still more the function of the duty of the scholar. It determines him to ideas, to facts for the ideas they cover, not so much to the past as the future, to the past only that he may guide the present and construct the future. He is to take his run in the past to acquire the momentum of history, his stand in the present, and leap into the future.

In this manner the position and duty of the scholar in America are modified and made peculiar; and thus is the mode determined for him, in which to pay for his education in the manner most profitable to the public that has been at the cost of his training.

There is a test by which we measure the force of a horse or a steam-engine; the raising of so many pounds through so many feet in a given time. The test of the scholar's power is his ability to raise men in their development.

In America there are three chief modes of acting upon the public, omitting others of small account. The first is the power which comes of National Wealth; the next, that of Political Station; the third, power of Spiritual Wealth, so to say, eminent wisdom, justice, love, piety, the power of sentiments and ideas, and the faculty of communicating them to other men, and organizing them therein. For the sake of shortness, let each mode of power be symbolized by its instrument, and we have the power of the purse, of the office, and the pen.

The purse represents the favourite mode of power with us. This is natural in our present stage of national exist-

ence and human development; it is likely to continue for a long time. In all civilized countries which have outgrown the period when the sword was the favourite emblem, the purse represents the favourite mode of power with the mass of men; but here it is so with the men of superior education. This power is not wholly personal, but extra-personal, and the man's centre of gravity lies out of himself, less or more; somewhere between the man and his last cent, the distance being greater or less as the man is less or greater than the estate. This is wielded chiefly by men of little education, except the practical culture which they have gained in the process of accumulation. Their riches they get purposely, their training by the way, and accidentally. It is a singular misfortune of the country, that while the majority of the people are better cultivated and more enlightened than any other population in the world, the greater part of the wealth of the nation is owned by men of less education and consequently of less enlightenment than the rich men of any leading nation in Europe. In England and France the wealth of this generation is chiefly inherited, and has generally fallen to men carefully trained, with minds disciplined by academic culture. Here wealth is new, and mainly in the hands of men who have scrambled for it adroitly and with vigour. They have energy, vigour, forecast, and a certain generosity, but as a class, are narrow, vulgar, and conceited. Nine-tenths of the property of the people is owned by one-tenth of the persons; and these capitalists are men of little culture, little moral elevation. This is an accident of our position unavoidable, perhaps transient; but it is certainly a misfortune that the great estates of the country, and the social and political power of such wealth, should be mainly in the hands of such men. The melancholy result appears in many a disastrous shape: in the tone of the pulpit, of the press, and of the national politics; much of the vulgarity of the nation is to be ascribed to this fact, that wealth belongs to men who know nothing better.

The office represents the next most popular mode of power. This also is extra-personal, the man's centre of gravity is out of himself, somewhere between him and the lowest man in the State; the distance depending on the proportion of manhood in him and the multitude, if the



office is much greater than the man, then the officer's centre of gravity is further removed from his person. This is sought for by the ablest and best educated men in the land. But there is a large class of educated persons who do not aspire to it from lack of ability, for in our form of government it commonly takes some saliency of character to win the high places of office and use respectably this mode of power, while it demands no great or lofty talents to accumulate the largest fortune in America. It is true the whirlwind of an election, by the pressure of votes, may now and then take a very heavy body up to a great height. Yet it does not keep him from growing giddy and ridiculous while there, and after a few years lets him fall again into complete insignificance, whence no Hercules can ever lift him up. A corrupt administration may do the same, but with the same result. This consideration keeps many educated men from the political arena; others are unwilling to endure the unsavoury atmosphere of politics, and take part in a scramble so vulgar; but still a large portion of the educated and scholarly talent of the nation goes to that work.

The power of the pen is wholly personal. It is the appropriate instrument of the scholar, but it is least of all desired and sought for. The rich man sends his sons to trade, to make too much of inheritance yet more by fresh acquisitions of superfluity. He does not send them to literature, art, or science. You find the scholar slipping in to other modes of action, not the merchants and politicians migrating into this. He longs to act by the gravity of his money or station, not draw merely by his head. The office carries the day before the pen; the purse takes precedence of both. Educated men do not so much seek places that demand great powers, as those which bring much gold. Self-denial for money or office is common; for scholarship rare and unpopular. To act by money, not mind, is the ill-concealed ambition of many a well-bred man; the desire of this colours his day-dream, which is less of wisdom and more of wealth, or of political station; so a first-rate clergyman desires to be razed to a second-rate politician, and some "tall admiral" of a politician consents to be cut down and turned into a mere sloop of trade. The representative in Congress becomes a presi-

dent of an insurance office or a bank, or the agent of a cotton-mill; the judge deserts his station on the bench, and presides over a railroad; the governor or senator wants a place in the post-office; the historian longs for a "chance in the custom-house." The pen stoops to the office, that to the purse. The scholar would rather make a fortune by a balsam of wild cherry than write *Hamlet* or *Paradise Lost* for nothing; rather than help mankind by making a *Paradise Regained*. The well-endowed minister thinks how much more money he might have made had he speculated in stocks and not theology, and mourns that the kingdom of heaven does not pay in this present life fourfold. The professor of Greek is sorry he was not a surveyor and superintendent of a railroad, he should have so much more money; that is what he has learned from Plato and Diogenes. We estimate the skill of an artist like that of a peddler, not by the pictures he has made, but by the money. There is a mercantile way of determining literary merit, not by the author's books, but by his balance with the publisher. No church is yet called after a man who is merely rich, something in the New Testament might hinder that; but the ministers estimate their brother minister by the greatness of his position, not of his character; not by his piety and goodness, not even by his reason and understanding, the culture he has attained thereby, and the use he makes thereof, but by the wealth of his church and the largeness of his salary; so that he is not thought the fortunate and great minister who has a large outgo of spiritual riches, rebukes the sins of the nation and turns many to righteousness, but he who has a large material income, ministers, though poorly, to rich men, and is richly paid for that function. The well-paid clergymen of a city tell the professor of theology that he must teach "such doctrines as the merchants approve," or they will not give money to the college, and he, it, and the "cause of the Lord," will all come to the ground at the same time and in kindred confusion. So blind money would put out the heavenly eyes of science, and lead her also to his own ditch. It must not be forgotten that there are men in the midst of us, rich, respectable, and highly honoured with social rank and political power, who practically and in strict conformity with their theory, honour Judas, who made money by his

treachery, far more than Jesus who laid down his life for men whose money is deemed better than manhood. It must indeed be so. Any outrage that is profitable to the controlling portion of society is sure to be welcome to the leaders of the State, and is soon pronounced divine by the leaders of the church.

It would seem as if the pen ought to represent the favourite mode of power at a college; but even there the waters of Pactolus are thought fairer than the Castalian, Heliconian spring, or "Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God." The college is named after the men of wealth, not genius. How few professorships in America bear the names of men of science or letters, and not of mere rich men! Which is thought the greatest benefactor of a college, he who endows it with money or with mind? Even there it is the purse, not the pen that is the symbol of honour, and the University is "up for California," not Parnassus.

Even in politics the purse turns the scale. Let a party wrestle never so hard, it cannot throw the dollar. Money controls and commands talent, not talent money. The successful shopkeeper frowns on and browbeats the accomplished politician; who has too much justice for the wharf and the board of brokers; he notices that the rich men avert their eye, or keep their beaver down, trembles and is sad, fearing that his daughter will never find a fitting spouse. The purse buys up able men of superior education, corrupts and keeps them as its retained attorneys, in congress or the church, not as counsel but advocate, bribed to make the worse appear the better reason, and so help money to control the State and wield its power against the interest of mankind. This is perfectly well known; but no politician or minister, bribed to silence or to speech, ever loses his respectability because he is bought by respectable men,—if he get his pay. In all countries but this the office is before the purse; here the State is chiefly an accessory of the Exchange, and our politics only mercantile. This appears sometimes against our will, in symbols not meant to tell the tale. Thus in the House of Representatives in Massachusetts, a cod-fish stares the speaker in the face—not a very intellectual looking fish. When it was put there it was a symbol of the riches of the

State, and so of the Commonwealth. With singular and unconscious satire it tells the legislature to have an eye "to the main chance," and, but for its fidelity to its highest instincts and its obstinate silence, might be a symbol good enough for the place.

Now, after the office and the purse have taken their votaries from the educated class, the ablest men are certainly not left behind. Three roads open before our young Hercules as he leaves college, having respectively as finger-post, the pen, the office, and the purse. Few follow the road of letters. This need not be much complained of;—nay, it might be rejoiced in, if the purse and the office in their modes of power did represent the higher consciousness of mankind. But no one contends it is so.

Still there are men who devote themselves to some literary callings which have no connection with political office, and which are not pursued for the sake of great wealth. Such men produce the greater part of the permanent literature of the country. They are eminently scholars; permanent scholars who act by their scholarcraft, not by the state-craft of the politician, or the purse-craft of the capitalist. How are these men paying their debt and performing their function? The answer must be found in the science and the literature of the land.

American science is something of which we may well be proud. Mr. Liebig, in Germany, has found it necessary to defend himself from the charge of following science for the loaves and fishes thereof; and he declares that he espoused chemistry not for her wealthy dower, not even for the services her possible children might render to mankind, but solely for her own sweet sake. Amongst the English race, on both sides of the ocean, science is loved rather for the fruit than the blossom; its service to the body is thought of more value than its service to the mind. A man's respectability would be in danger, in America, if he loved any science better than the money or fame it might bring. It is characteristic of us that a scholar should write for reputation and gold. Here, as elsewhere, the unprofitable parts of science fall to the lot of poor men. When the rich man's son has the natural calling that way, public opinion would dissuade him from the study of nature. The greatest scientific attainments do not give a

man so high social consideration as a political office or a successful speculation—unless it be the science which makes money. Scientific schools we call after merely rich men, not men of wealthy minds. It is true we name streets and squares, towns and counties, after Franklin, but it is because he keeps the lightning from factories, churches, and barns; tells us not “to give too much for the whistle,” and teaches “the way to make money plenty in every man’s pocket.” We should not name them after Cuvier and La Place.

Notwithstanding this, the scientific scholars of America, both the home-born and the adopted sons, have manfully paid for their culture, and done honour to the land. This is true of men in all departments of science,—from that which searches the deeps of the sky to that which explores the shallows of the sea. Individuals, States, and the nation, have all done themselves honour by the scientific researches and discoveries that have been made. The outlay of money and of genius for things which only pay the head and not the mouth of man, is beautiful and a little surprising in such a utilitarian land as this. Time would fail me to attend to particular cases.

Look at the literature of America. Reserving the exceptional portion thereof to be examined in a moment, let us study the instancial portion of it, American literature as a whole. This may be distributed into two main divisions: First comes the permanent literature, consisting of works not designed merely for a single and transient occasion, but elaborately wrought for a general purpose. This is literature proper. Next follows the transient literature, which is brought out for a particular occasion, and designed to serve a special purpose. Let us look at each.

The permanent literature of America is poor and meagre; it does not bear the mark of manly hands, of original, creative minds. Most of it is rather milk for babes than meat for men, though much of it is neither fresh meat nor new milk, but the old dish often served up before. In respect to its form, this portion of our literature is an imitation. That is natural enough, considering the youth of the country. Every nation, like every man, even one born to genius, begins by imitation. Raphael, with servile pencil, followed his masters in his youth; but at



length his artistic eye attracted new-born angels from the calm stillness of their upper heaven, and with liberal, free hand, with masterly and original touch, the painter of the newness amazed the world.

The early Christian literature is an imitation of the Hebrew or the classic type; even after centuries had passed by, Sidonius, though a bishop of the church, and destined to become a saint, uses the old heathen imagery, referring to Triptolemus as a model for Christian work, and talks about Triton and Galatea to the Christian Queen of the Goths. Saint Ambrose is a notorious imitator of pagan Cicero. The Christians were all anointed with Jewish nard; and the sour grapes they ate in sacrament have set on edge their children's teeth till now. The modern nations of Europe began their literature by the driest copies of Livy and Virgil. The Germans have the most original literature of the last hundred years. But till the middle of the past century their permanent literature was chiefly in Latin and French, with as little originality as our own. The real poetic life of the nation found vent in other forms. It is natural, therefore, and according to the course of history, that we should begin in this way. The best political institutions of England are cherished here, so her best literature; and it is not surprising that we are content with this rich inheritance of artistic toil. In many things we are independent, but in much that relates to the higher works of man, we are still colonies of England. This appears not only in the vulgar fondness for English fashions, manners, and the like, which is chiefly an affectation, but in the servile style with which we copy the great or little models of English literature. Sometimes this is done consciously, oftener without knowing it.

But the substance of our permanent literature is as faulty as its form. It does not bear marks of a new, free, vigorous mind at work, looking at things from the American point of view, and, though it put its thought in antique forms, yet thinking originally and for itself. It represents the average thought of respectable men, directed to some particular subject, and their average morality. It represents nothing more; how could it, while the ablest men have gone off to politics or trade? It is such literature as almost anybody might get up if you would give him a little

time to make the preliminary studies. There is little in it that is national; little individual and of the writer's own mind; it is ground out in the public literary mill. It has no noble sentiments, no great ideas; nothing which makes you burn; nothing which makes you much worse or much better. You may feed on this literature all your days, and whatsoever you may gain in girth, you shall not take in thought enough to add half an inch to your stature.

Out of every hundred American literary works printed since the century began, about eighty will be of this character. Compare the four most conspicuous periodicals of America with the four great Quarterlies of England, and you see how inferior our literature is to theirs—in all things, in form and in substance too. The European has the freedom of a well-bred man—it appears in the movement of his thought, his use of words, in the easy grace of his sentences, and the general manner of his work; the American has the stiffness and limitations of a big, raw boy, in the presence of his schoolmaster. They are proud of being English, and so have a certain lofty nationality which appears in their thought and the form thereof, even in the freedom to use and invent new words. Our authors of this class seem ashamed that they are Americans, and accordingly are timid, ungraceful, and weak. They dare not be original when they could. Hence this sort of literature is dull. A man of the average mind and conscience, heart and soul, studies a particular subject a short time—for this is the land of brief processes—and writes a book thereof, or thereon; a critic of the same average makes his special study of the book, not its theme, “reviews” the work; is as ready and able to pass judgment on Bowditch's translation of *La Place* in ten days after its appearance as ten years, and distributes praise and blame, not according to the author's knowledge, but the critic's ignorant caprice; and then average men read the book and the critique with no immoderate joy or unmeasured grief. They learn some new facts, no new ideas, and get no lofty impulse. The book was written without inspiration, without philosophy, and is read with small profit. Yet it is curious to observe the praise which such men receive, how soon they are raised to the House of Lords in English literature. I have known three American Sir Walter

Scotts, half a dozen Addisons, one or two Macaulays—a historian that was Hume and Gibbon both in one, several Burnses, and Miltons by the quantity, not “mute,” the more is the pity, but “inglorious” enough; nay, even vain-glorious at the praise which some penny-a-liner or dollar-a-pager foolishly gave their cheap extemporary stuff. In sacred literature it is the same: in a single winter at Boston we had two American Saint Johns, in full blast for several months. Though no Felix trembles, there are now extant in the United States not less than six American Saint Pauls, in no manner of peril except the most dangerous—of idle praise.

A living, natural, and full-grown literature contains two elements. One is of mankind in general; that is human and universal. The other is of the tribe in special, and of the writer in particular. This is national and even personal: you see the idiosyncrasy of the nation and the individual author in the work. The universal human substance accepts the author's form, and the public wine of mankind runs into the private bottle of the author. Thus the Hebrew literature of the Old Testament is fresh and original in substance and in form; the two elements are plain enough, the universal and the particular. The staple of the Psalms of David is human, of mankind, it is trust in God; but the twist, the die, the texture, the pattern, all that is Hebrew—of the tribe, and personal—of David, shepherd, warrior, poet, king. You see the pastoral hill-sides of Judæa in his holy hymns; nay, “Uriah's beauteous wife” now and then sidles into his sweetest psalm. The Old Testament books smell of Palestine, of its air and its soil. The Rose of Sharon has Hebrew earth about its roots. The geography of the Holy Land, its fauna and its flora both, even its wind and sky, its early and its latter rain, all appear in the literature of historian and bard. It is so in the *Iliad*. You see how the sea looked from Homer's point of view, and know how he felt the west wind, cold and raw. The human element has an Ionian form and a Homeric hue. The ballads of the people in Scotland and England are national in the same way; the staple of human life is wrought into the Scottish form. Before the Germans had any permanent national literature of this character, their fertile mind found vent in legends, popular stories, now

the admiration of the learned. These had at home the German dress, but as the stories travelled into other lands, they kept their human flesh and blood, but took a different garb, and acquired a different complexion from every country which they visited; and, like the streams of their native Swabia, took the colour of the soil they travelled through.

The permanent and instancial literature of America is not national in this sense. It has little that is American; it might as well be written by some bookwright in Leipsic or London, and then imported. The individuality of the nation is not there, except in the cheap, gaudy binding of the work. The nationality of America is only stamped on the lids, and vulgarly blazoned on the back.

Is the book a history?—it is written with no such freedom as you should expect of a writer, looking at the breadth of the world from the lofty stand-point of America. There is no new philosophy of history in it. You would not think it was written in a democracy that keeps the peace without armies or a national gaol. Mr. Macaulay writes the history of England as none but a North Briton could do. Astonishingly well-read, equipped with literary skill at least equal to the masterly art of Voltaire, mapping out his subject like an engineer, and adorning it like a painter, you yet see, all along, that the author is a Scotchman and a Whig. Nobody else could have written so. It is of Mr. Macaulay. But our American writer thinks about matters just as everybody else does; that is, he does not think at all, but only writes what he reads, and then, like the good-natured bear in the nursery story, "thinks he has been thinking." It is no such thing, he has been writing the common opinion of common men, to get the applause of men as common as himself.

Is the book of poetry?—the substance is chiefly old, the form old, the allusions are old. It is poetry of society, not of nature. You meet in it the same everlasting mythology, the same geography, botany, zoology, the same symbols; a new figure of speech suggested by the sight of nature, not the reading of books, you could no more find than a fresh shad in the Dead Sea. You take at random eight or ten "American poets" of this stamp, you see at once what was the favourite author with each new bard;

you often see what particular work of Shelley, or Tennyson, or Milton, or George Herbert, or, if the man has culture enough, of Goethe, or Uhland, Jean Paul, or Schiller, suggested the "American original." His inspiration comes from literature, not from the great universe of nature or of human life. You see that this writer has read Percy's *Reliques*, and the German *Wunderhorn*; but you would not know that he wrote in a republic—in a land full of new life, with great rivers and tall mountains, with maple and oak trees that turn red in the autumn; amongst a people who hold town-meetings, have free schools for everybody, read newspapers voraciously, who have lightning rods on their steeples, ride in railroads, are daguerreotyped by the sun, and who talk by lightning from Halifax to New Orleans; who listen to the whippoorwill and the bobolink, who believe in Slavery and the Declaration of Independence, in the devil and the five points of Calvinism. You would not know where our poet lived, or that he lived anywhere. Reading the *Iliad*, you doubt that Homer was born blind; but our bard seems to have been deaf also, and for expressing what was national in his time, might likewise have been dumb.

Is it a volume of sermons?—they might have been written at Edinburgh, Madrid, or Constantinople, as well as in New England; as well preached to the "Homo Sapiens" of Linnæus, or the man in the moon, as to the special audience that heard, or heard them not, but only paid for having the things preached. There is nothing individual about them; the author seems as impersonal as Spinoza's conception of God. The sermons are like an almanack calculated for the meridian of no place in particular, for no time in special. There is no allusion to anything American. The author never mentions a river this side of the Jordan; knows no mountain but Lebanon, Zion, and Carmel, and would think it profane to talk of the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, of Monadnock and the Androscoggin. He mentions Babylon and Jerusalem, not New York and Baltimore; you would never dream that he lived in a church without a bishop, and a State without a king, in a democratic nation that held three million slaves, with ministers chosen by the people. He is surrounded, clouded over, and hid by the traditions of the "ages of



faith" behind him. He never thanks God for the dew and snow, only for "the early and the latter rain" of a classic sacred land; a temperance man, he blesses God for the wine because the great Psalmist did so thousands of years ago. He speaks of the olive and the fig-tree which he never saw, not of the apple-tree and the peach before his eyes all day long, their fruit the joy of his children's heart. If you guessed at his time and place, you would think he lived, not under General Taylor, but under King Ahab, or Jeroboam; that his audience rode on camels or in chariots, not in steam-cars; that they fought with bows and arrows against the children of Moab; that their favourite sin was the worship of some graven image, and that they made their children pass through the fire unto Moloch, not through the counting-house unto Mammon. You would not know whether the preacher was married or a bachelor, rich or poor, saint or sinner; you would probably conclude he was not much of a saint, nor even much of a sinner.

The authors of this portion of our literature seem ashamed of America. One day she will take her revenge. They are the parasites of letters, and live on what other men have made classic. They would study the Holy Land, Greece, Etruria, Egypt, Nineveh, spots made famous by great and holy men, and let the native races of America fade out, taking no pains to study the monuments which so swiftly pass away from our own continent. It is curious that most of the accounts of the Indians of North America come from men not natives here, from French and Germans; and characteristic that we should send an expedition to the Dead Sea, while wide tracts of this continent lie all untouched by the white man's foot; and, also, that while we make such generous and noble efforts to christianize and bless the red, yellow, and black heathens at the world's end, we should leave the American Indian and Negro to die in savage darkness, the South making it penal to teach a black man to write or read.

Yet, there is one portion of our permanent literature, if literature it may be called, which is wholly indigenous and original. The lives of the early martyrs and confessors are purely Christian, so are the legends of saints and other pious men: there was nothing like this in the Hebrew or

heathen literature; cause and occasion were alike wanting for it. So we have one series of literary productions that could be written by none but Americans, and only here: I mean the Lives of Fugitive Slaves. But as these are not the work of the men of superior culture, they hardly help to pay the scholar's debt. Yet all the original romance of America is in them, not in the white man's novel.

Next is the transient literature, composed chiefly of speeches, orations, state papers, political and other occasional pamphlets, business reports, articles in the journals, and other productions designed to serve some present purpose. These are commonly the work of educated men, though not of such as make literature a profession. Taking this department as a whole, it differs much from the permanent literature; here is freshness of thought and newness of form. If American books are mainly an imitation of old models, it would be difficult to find the prototype of some American speeches. They "would have made Quintilian stare and gasp." Take the State papers of the American government during the administration of Mr. Polk, the speeches made in Congress at the same time, the State papers of the several States—you have a much better and more favourable idea of the vigour and originality of the American mind, than you would get from all the bound books printed in that period. The diplomatic writings of American politicians compare favourably with those of any nation in the world. In eloquence no modern nation is before us, perhaps none is our equal. Here you see the inborn strength and manly vigour of the American mind. You meet the same spirit which fells the forest, girdles the land with railroads, annexes Texas, and covets Cuba, Nicaragua, all the world. You see that the authors of this literature are workers also. Others have read of wild beasts; here are the men that have seen the wolf.

A portion of this literature represents the past, and has the vices already named. It comes from human history and not human nature; as you read it, you think of the inertia and the cowardliness of mankind; nothing is progressive, nothing noble, generous, or just, only respectable. The past is preferred before the present; money is put before men, a vested right before a natural right. Such

literature appears in all countries. The ally of despotism, and the foe of mankind, it is yet a legitimate exponent of a large class of men. The leading journals of America, political and commercial, or literary, are poor and feeble; our reviews of books afford matter for grave consideration. You would often suppose them written by the same hand which manufactures the advertisements of the "grand caravan, or some patent medicine; or, when unfavourable, by some of the men who write defamatory articles on the eve of an election.

But a large part of this transient literature is very different in its character. Its authors have broken with the traditions of the past; they have new ideas, and plans for putting them in execution; they are full of hope; are national to the extreme, bragging and defiant. They put the majority before institutions; the rights of the majority before the privilege of a few; they represent the onward tendency and material prophecy of the nation. The new activity of the American mind here expresses its purpose and its prayer. Here is strength, hope, confidence, even audacity; all is American. But the great idea of the absolute right does not appear, all is more national than human; and in what concerns the nation, it is not justice, the point where all interests are balanced, and the welfare of each harmonizes with that of all, which is sought; but the "greatest good of the greatest number;" that is, only a privilege had at the cost of the smaller number. Here is little respect for universal humanity; little for the eternal laws of God, which override all the traditions and contrivances of men; more reverence for a statute, or constitution, which is indeed the fundamental law of the political State, but is often only an attempt to compromise between the fleeting passions of the day and the immutable morality of God.

Amid all the public documents of the nation and the several States, in the speeches and writings of favourite men, who represent and so control the public mind, for fifty years, there is little that "stirs the feelings infinite" within you; much to make us more American, not more manly. There is more head than heart; native intellect enough; culture that is competent, but little conscience, or real religion. How many newspapers, how many poli-

ticians in the land go at all beyond the Whig idea of protecting the property now accumulated, or the democratic idea of insuring the greatest material good of the greatest number? Where are we to look for the representative of justice, of the unalienable rights of all the people and all the nations? In the triple host of article-makers, speech-makers, lay and clerical, and makers of laws, you find but few who can be trusted to stand up for the unalienable rights of men; who will never write, speak, nor vote in the interests of a party, but always in the interest of mankind, and will represent the justice of God in the forum of the world.

This literature, like the other, fails of the high end of writing and of speech; with more vigour, more freedom, more breadth of vision, and an intense nationality, the authors thereof are just as far from representing the higher consciousness of mankind, just as vulgar as the tame and well-licked writers of the permanent literature. Here are the men who have cut their own way through the woods, men with more than the average intelligence, daring, and strength; but with less than the average justice which is honesty in the abstract, less than the average honesty which is justice concentrated upon small particulars.

Examine both these portions of American literature, the permanent and the fleeting—you see their educated authors are no higher than the rest of men. They are the slaves of public opinion, as much as the gossip in her little village. It may not be the public opinion of a coterie of cronies, but of a great party; that makes little odds, they are worshippers of the same rank, idolaters of the same wealth; the gossiping granny shows her littleness the size of life, while their deformity is magnified by the solar microscope of high office. Many a popular man exhibits his pigmy soul to the multitude of a whole continent, idly mistaking it for greatness. They are swayed by vulgar passions, seek vulgar ends, address vulgar motives, use vulgar means; they may command by their strength, they cannot refine by their beauty or instruct by their guidance, and still less inspire by any eminence of manhood which they were born to or have won. They build on the surface-sand for to-day, not on the rock of ages for ever. With so little conscience, they heed not

the solemn voice of history, and respect no more the prophetic instincts of mankind.

To most men, the approbation of their fellows is one of the most desirable things. This approbation appears in the various forms of admiration, respect, esteem, confidence, veneration, and love. The great man obtains this after a time, and in its highest forms, without seeking it, simply by faithfulness to his nature. He gets it by rising and doing his work, in the course of nature, as easily and as irresistibly as the sun gathers to the clouds the evaporation of land and sea, and, like the sun, to shed it down in blessings on mankind. Little men seek this, consciously or not knowing it, by stooping, cringeing, flattering the pride, the passion, or the prejudice of others. So they get the approbation of men, but never of man. Sometimes this is sought for by the attainment of some accidental quality, which low-minded men hold in more honour than the genius of sage or poet, or the brave manhood of some great hero of the soul. In England, though money is power, it is patrician birth which is nobility, and valued most; and there, accordingly, birth takes precedence of all—of genius, and even of gold. Men seek the companionship or the patronage of titled lords, and social rank depends upon nobility of blood. The few bishops in the upper house do more to give conventional respectability to the clerical profession there, than all the solid intellect of Hooker, Barrow, and of South, the varied and exact learning of philosophic Cudworth, the eloquence and affluent piety of Taylor, and Butler's vast and manly mind. In America, social rank depends substantially on wealth, an accident as much as noble birth, but moveable. Here gold takes precedence of all,—of genius, and even of noble birth.

"Though your sire  
Had royal blood within him, and though you  
Possess the intellect of angels too,  
'Tis all in vain; the world will ne'er inquire  
On such a score:—Why should it take the pains?  
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains."

Wealth is sought, not merely as a means of power, but of nobility. When obtained, it has the power of nobility; so poor men of superior intellect and education, powerful by nature, not by position, fear to disturb the opinion of



wealthy men, to instruct their ignorance or rebuke their sin. Hence the aristocracy of wealth, illiterate and vulgar, goes unrebuked, and debases the natural aristocracy of mind and culture which bows down to it. The artist prostitutes his pencil and his skill, and takes his law of beauty from the fat clown, whose barns and pigs, and wife, he paints for daily bread. The preacher does the same; and though the stench of the rum-shop infests the pulpit, and death hews down the leaders of his flock, the preacher must cry, "Peace, peace," or else be still, for rum is power! But this power of wealth has its antagonistic force—the power of numbers. Much depends on the dollar. Nine-tenths of the property is owned by one-tenth of all these men—but much also on the votes of the million. The few are strong by money, the many by their votes. Each is worshipped by its votaries, and its approbation sought. He that can get the men controls the money too. So while one portion of educated men bows to the rich, and consecrates their passion and their prejudice, another portion bows, equally prostrate, to the passions of the multitude of men. The many and the rich have each a public opinion of their own, and both are tyrants. Here the tyranny of public opinion is not absolutely greater than in England, Germany, or France, but is far greater in comparison with other modes of oppression. It seems inherent in a republic; it is not in a republic of noble men. But here this sirocco blows flat to the ground full many an aspiring blade. Wealth can establish banks or factories; votes can lift the meanest man into the highest political place, can dignify any passion with the name and force of human law; so it is thought by the worshippers of both, seeking the approbation of the two, that public opinion can make truth of lies, and right even out of foulest wrong. Politicians begin to say, there is no law of God above the ephemeral laws of men.

There are few American works of literature which appeal to what is best in men; few that one could wish should go abroad and live. America has grown beyond hope in population, the free and bond, in riches, in land, in public material prosperity, but in a literature that represents the higher elements of manliness far less than wise men thought. They looked for the fresh new child; it is

born with wrinkles, and dreadfully like his grandmother, only looking older and more effete. Our muse does not come down from an American Parnassus, with a new heaven in her eye, men not daring to look on the face of anointed beauty, coming to tell of noble thought, to kindle godlike feelings with her celestial spark, and stir mankind to noble deeds. She finds Parnassus steep and high, and hard to climb; the air austere and cold, the light severe, too stern for her effeminate nerves. So she has a little dwelling in the flat and close-pent town, hard by the public street; breathes its Boeotian breath; walks with the money-lenders at high change; has her account at the bank, her pew in the most fashionable church and least austere; she gets approving nods in the street, flattery in the penny prints, sweetmeats and sparkling wine in the proper places. What were the inspirations of all God's truth to her? He "taunts the lofty land with little men."

There still remains the exceptional literature; some of it is only fugitive, some meant for permanent duration. Here is a new and different spirit; a respect for human nature above human history, for man above all the accidents of man, for God above all the alleged accidents of God; a veneration for the eternal laws which He only makes and man but finds; a law before all statutes, above all constitutions, and holier than all the writings of human hands. Here you find most fully the sentiments and ideas of America, not such as rule the nation now, but which, unconsciously to the people, have caused the noble deeds of our history, and now prophesy a splendid future for this young giant here. These sentiments and ideas are brought to consciousness in this literature. Here a precedent is not a limitation; a fact of history does not eclipse an idea of nature; an investment is not thought more sacred than a right. Here is more hope than memory; little deference to wealth and rank, but a constant aspiration for truth, justice, love, and piety; little fear of the public opinion of the many or the few, rather a scorn thereof, almost a defiance of it. It appears in books, in pamphlets, in journals, and in sermons, sorely scant in quantity as yet. New and fresh, it is often greatly deficient in form; rough, rude, and uncouth, it yet has in it a soul

that will live. Its authors are often men of a wide and fine culture, though mainly tending to underrate the past achievements of mankind. They have little reverence for great names. They value the Greek and Hebrew mind for no more than it is worth. With them a wrong is no more respected because well descended, and supported by all the riches, all the votes; a right, not less a right because unjustly kept out of its own. These men are American all through; so intensely national, that they do not fear to tell the nation of the wrong it does.

The form of this literature is American. It is indigenous to our soil, and could come up in no other land. It is unlike the classic literature of any other nation. It is American as the Bible is Hebrew, and the Odyssey is Greek. It is wild and fantastic, like all fresh original literature at first. You see in it the image of republican institutions—the free school, free state, free church; it reflects the countenance of free men. So the letters of old France, of modern England, of Italy and Spain, reflect the monarchic, oligarchic, and ecclesiastic institutions of those lands. Here appears the civilization of the nineteenth century, the treasures of human toil for many a thousand years. More than that, you see the result of a fresh contact with nature, and original intuitions of divine things. Acknowledging inspiration of old, these writers of the newness believe in it now not less, not miraculous, but normal. Here is humanity that overleaps the bounds of class and of nation, and sees a brother in the beggar, pirate, slave, one family of men variously dressed in cuticles of white or yellow, black or red. Here, too, is a new loveliness, somewhat akin to the savage beauty of our own wild woods, seen in their glorious splendour an hour before autumnal suns go down and leave a trail of glory lingering in the sky. Here, too, is a piety somewhat heedless of scriptures, liturgies, and forms and creeds; it finds its law written in nature, its glorious everlasting gospel in the soul of man; careless of circumcision and baptismal rites, it finds the world a temple, and rejoices everywhere to hold communion with the Infinite Father of us all, and keep a sacrament in daily life, conscious of immortality, and feeding continually on angels' bread.

The writers of this new literature are full of faults; yet

they are often strong, though more by their direction than by native force of mind ; more by their intuitions of the first good, first perfect, and first fair, than through their historical knowledge or dialectic power. Their ship sails swift, not because it is sharper built, or carries broader sails than other craft, but because it steers where the current of the ocean coincides with the current of the sky, and so is borne along by nature's wind and nature's wave. Uninvited, its ideas steal into parlour and pulpit, its kingdom coming within men and without observation. The shoemaker feels it as he toils in his narrow shop ; it cheers the maiden weaving in the mill, whose wheels the Merrimac is made to turn ; the young man at college bids it welcome to his ingenuous soul. So at the breath of spring new life starts up in every plant ; the sloping hills are green with corn, and sunny banks are blue and fragrant with the wealth of violets, which only slept till the enchanter came. The sentiments of this literature burn in the bosom of holy-hearted girls, of matrons, and of men. Ever and anon its great ideas are heard even in Congress, and in the speech of old and young, which comes tingling into most unwilling ears.

This literature has a work to do, and is about its work. Let the old man crow loud as he may, the young one will crow another strain ; for it is written of God, that our march is continually onward, and age shall advance over age for ever and for ever.

Already America has a few fair specimens from this new field to show. Is the work history ? The author writes from the stand-point of American democracy,—I mean philanthropy, the celestial democracy, not the satanic ; writes with a sense of justice and in the interest of men ; writes to tell a nation's purpose in its deeds, and so reveal the universal law of God, which overrules the affairs of States as of a single man. You wonder that history was not before so writ that its facts told the nation's ideas, and its labours were lessons, and so its hard-won life became philosophy.

Is it poetry the man writes ? It is not poetry like the old. The poet has seen nature with his own eyes, heard her with his own mortal, bodily ears, and felt her presence, not vicariously through Milton, Uhland, Ariosto, but personally, her heart against his heart. He sings of what he

knows, sees, feels, not merely of what he reads in others' song. Common things are not therefore unclean. In plain New England life he finds his poetry, as magnets iron in the blacksmith's dust, and as the bee finds dew-bright cups of honey in the common woods and common weeds. It is not for him to rave of Parnassus, while he knows it not, for the soul of song has a seat upon Monadnock, Wachusett, or Katahdin, quite as high. So Scottish Burns was overtaken by the muse of poetry, who met him on his own bleak hills, and showed him beauty in the daisy and the thistle, and the tiny mouse, till to his eye the hills ran o'er with loveliness, and Caledonia became a classic land.

Is it religion the author treats of? It is not worship by fear, but through absolute faith, a never-ending love; for it is not worship of a howling and imperfect God, grim, jealous, and revengeful, loving but a few, and them not well,—but of the Infinite Father of all mankind, whose universal providence will sure achieve the highest good of all that are.

These men are few; in no land are they numerous, or were or will be. There were few Hebrew prophets, but a tribe of priests; there are but few mighty bards that hover o'er the world; but here and there a sage, looking deep and living high, who feels the heart of things, and utters oracles which pass for proverbs, psalms and prayers, and stimulate a world of men. They draw the nations, as conjoining moon and sun draw waters shore-ward from the ocean springs; and as electrifying heat they elevate the life of men. Under their influence you cannot be as before. They stimulate the sound, and intoxicate the silly; but in the heart of noble youths their idea becomes a fact, and their prayer a daily life.

Scholars of such a stamp are few and rare, not without great faults. For every one of them there will be many imitators, as for each lion a hundred lion-flies, thinking their buzz as valiant as his roar, and wondering the forest does not quake thereat, and while they feed on him fancy they suck the breasts of heaven.

Such is the scholars' position in America; such their duty, and such the way in which they pay the debt they owe. Will men of superior culture not all act by scholar-



craft and by the pen? It were a pity if they did. If a man work nobly, the office is as worthy, and the purse as blessed in its work. The pen is power; the office is power; the purse is power; and if the purse and office be nobly held, then in a high mode the cultivated man pays for his bringing up, and honours with wide sympathies the mass of men who give him chance to ride and rule. If not; if these be meanly held, for self and not for man, then the scholar is a debtor and a traitor too.

The scholar never had so fair a chance before; here is the noblest opportunity for one that wields the pen; it is mightier than the sword, the office, or the purse. All things concede at last to beauty, justice, truth and love, and these he is to represent. He has what freedom he will pay for and take. Let him talk never so heroic, he will find fit audience, nor will it long be few. Men will rise up and welcome his quickening words as vernal grass at the first rains of spring. A great nation which cannot live by bread alone, asks for the bread of life; while the State is young, a single great and noble man can deeply influence the nation's mind. There are great wrongs which demand redress; the present men who represent the office and the purse will not end these wrongs. They linger for the pen, with magic touch, to abolish and destroy this ancient serpent-brood. Shall it be only rude men and unlettered who confront the dragons of our time which prowl about the folds by day and night, while the scholar, the appointed guardian of mankind, but "sports with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Nææra's hair?" The nation asks of her scholar better things than ancient letters ever brought; asks his wonders for the million, not the few alone. Great sentiments burn now in half-unconscious hearts, and great ideas kindle their glories round the heads of men. Unconscious electricity, truth and right, flashes out of the earth, out of the air. It is for the scholar to attract this ground-lightning and this lightning of the sky, condense it into useful thunder to destroy the wrong, then spread it forth a beauteous and a cheering light, shedding sweet influence and kindling life anew. A few great men of other times tell us what may be now.

Nothing will be done without toil—talent is only power of work, and genius greater power for higher forms of

work—nothing without self-denial; nothing great and good save by putting your idea before yourself, and counting it dearer than your flesh and blood. Let it hide you, not your obesity conceal the truth God gave you to reveal. The quality of intellectual work is more than the quantity. Out of the cloudy world Homer has drawn a spark that lasts three thousand years. "One, but a lion," should be the scholar's maxim; let him do many things for daily need; one great thing for the eternal beauty of his art. A single poem of Dante, a book for the bosom, lives through the ages, surrounding its author with the glory of genius in the night of time. One sermon on the mount, compact of truths brought down from God, all molten by such pious trust in Him, will stir men's hearts by myriads, while words dilute with other words are a shame to the speaker, and a dishonour to men who have ears to hear.

It is a great charity to give beauty to mankind; part of the scholar's function. How we honour such as create mere sensuous loveliness! Mozart carves it on the unseen air; Phidias sculpts it out from the marble stone; Raphael fixes ideal angels, maidens, matrons, men, and his triple God upon the canvas; and the lofty Angelo, with more than Amphionic skill, bids the hills rise into a temple which constrains the crowd to pray. Look, see how grateful man repays these architects of beauty with never-ending fame! Such as create a more than sensuous loveliness, the Homers, Miltons, Shakespeares, who sing of man in never-dying and creative song—see what honours we have in store for such; what honour given for what service paid! But there is a beauty higher than that of art, above philosophy and merely intellectual grace; I mean the loveliness of noble life; that is a beauty in the sight of man and God. This is a new country, the great ideas of a noble man are easily spread abroad; soon they will appear in the life of the people, and be a blessing in our future history to ages yet unborn. A few great souls can correct the licentiousness of the American press, which is now but the type of covetousness and low ambition; correct the mean economy of the State, and amend the vulgarity of the American church, now the poor prostitute of every wealthy sin.

Oh, ingenuous young maid or man, if such you are,—if not, then let me dream you such,—seek you this beauty, complete perfection of a man, and having this, go hold the purse, the office, or the pen, as suits you best; but out of that life, writing, voting, acting, living in all forms, you shall pay men back for your culture, and in the scholar's noble kind, and represent the higher facts of human thought. Will men still say, "This wrong is consecrated; it has stood for ages, and shall stand for ever!" Tell them, "No. A wrong, though old as sin, is not now sacred, nor shall it stand!" Will they say, "This right can never be; that excellence is lovely, but impossible!" Show them the fact, who will not hear the speech; the deed goes where the word fails, and life enchants where rhetoric cannot persuade.

Past ages offer their instruction, much warning, and a little guidance, many a wreck along the shore of time, a beacon here and there. Far off in the dim distance, present as possibilities, not actual as yet, future generations, with broad and wishful eyes, look at the son of genius, talent, educated skill, and seem to say, "A word for us; it will not be forgot!" Truth and Beauty, God's twin daughters, eternal both, yet ever young, wait there to offer each faithful man a budding branch,—in their hands budding, in his to blossom and mature its fruit,—wherewith he sows the field of time, gladdening the millions yet to come.

## IX.

THE CHIEF SINS OF THE PEOPLE.—A SERMON  
DELIVERED AT THE MELODEON, BOSTON, ON  
FAST DAY, APRIL 10, 1851.

MY FRIENDS,—This is a day of public humiliation and prayer. We have one every year. It is commonly in the city churches only a farce, because there is no special occasion for it, and the general need is not felt. But such is the state of things in the Union at this moment, and particularly in Boston, that, if it were not a custom, it would be a good thing, even if it were for the first time in the history of our country, to have such a day for humiliation and prayer, that we consider the state of the nation, and look at our conduct in reference to the great principles of religion, and see how we stand before God; for these are times that try men's souls.

Last Sunday, I purposely disappointed you, and turned off from what was nearest to your heart and was nearest to mine,—a subject that would have been easy to preach on without any preparation. Then I asked you to go to the Fountain of all strength, and there prepare yourselves for the evils that we know not of. To-day, the governor has asked us to come together, and consider, in the spirit of Christianity, the public sins of the community, to contemplate the value of our institutions, and to ask the blessing of God on the poor, the afflicted, and the oppressed. I am glad of this occasion; and I will improve it, and ask your attention to "A Sermon of the Chief Sins of this People."

I have said that these are times that try men's souls. This is such an occasion as never came before, and, I trust,

never will again. I have much to say to you, much more than I intend to say to-day, much more than there are hours enough in this day to speak. Many things I shall pass by. I shall detain you to-day somewhat longer than is my wont; but do not fear, I will look out for your attention. I simply ask you to be calm, to be composed, and to hear with silence what I have to say.

To understand these things, we must begin somewhat far off.

The purpose of human life is to form a manly character, to get the best development of body and of spirit,—of mind, conscience, heart, soul. This is the end: all else is the means. Accordingly, that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money or ease, the most power of place, honour, and fame; but that in which a man gets the most manhood, performs the greatest amount of human duty, enjoys the greatest amount of human right, and acquires the greatest amount of manly character. It is of no importance whether he win this by wearing a hod upon his shoulders, or a crown upon his head. It is the character, and not the crown, I value. The crown perishes with the head that wore it; but the character lives with the immortal man who achieved it; and it is of no consequence whether that immortal man goes up to God from a throne or from a gallows.

Every man has some one preponderating object in life,—an object that he aims at and holds supreme. Perhaps he does not know it; but he thinks of this in his day-dreams, and his dreams by night. It colours his waking hours, and is with him in his sleep. Sometimes it is sensual pleasure that he wants; sometimes money; sometimes office, fame, social distinction; sometimes it is the quiet of a happy home, with wife and children, all comfortable and blessed; sometimes it is excellence in a special science or art, or department of literature; sometimes it is a special form of philanthropy; and sometimes it is the attainment of great, manly character.

This supreme object of desire is sometimes different at different times in a man's life, but in general is mainly the same all through. For "the child is father of the man,"



and his days bound each to each, if not by natural piety, then by unnatural profaneness. This desire may act with different intensity in the active and passive periods, in manhood and in age. It is somewhat modified by the season of passion, and by the season of ambition.

If this object of special desire be worthy, so is the character in general; if base, so is the man. For this special desire becomes the master motive in the man; and, if strong, establishes a unity in his consciousness, and calls out certain passions, appetites, powers of mind and conscience, heart and soul; and, in a long life, the man creates himself anew in the image of his ideal desire. This desire, good or bad, which sways the man, is writ on his character, and thence copied into the countenance; and lust or love, frivolity or science, interest or principle, mammon or God, is writ on the man. Still this unity is seldom whole and complete. With most men there are exceptional times, when they turn off a little from their great general pursuit. Simeon the Stylite comes down from his pillar-top, and chaffers in the market-place with common folks. Jeffries is even just once or twice in his life, and Wilkes is honourable two or three times. Even when the chief desire is a high and holy one, I should not expect a man to go through life without ever committing an error or a sin. When I was a youngster, just let loose from the theological school, I thought differently; but at this day, when I have felt the passions of life, and been stirred by the ambitions of life, I know it must be expected that a man will stumble now and then. I make allowances for that in myself, as I do in others. These are the exceptional periods in a man's life,—the eddies in the stream. The stream runs down hill all the time, though the eddy may for a time apparently run up.

Now, as with men, so it is with nations. The purpose of national life is to bring forth and bring up manly men, who do the most of human duty, have the most of human rights, and enjoy the most of human welfare. So that is not the most successful nation which fills the largest space, which occupies the longest time, which produces the most cattle, corn, cotton, or cloth, but that which produces the most men. And, in reference to men, you must count not numbers barely, but character quite as much. That is not

the most successful nation which has an exceptional class of men, highly cultured, well-bodied, well-minded, well-born, well-bred, at the one end of society; and at the other a mighty multitude, an instantial class, poor, ill-born, ill-bred, ill-bodied, and ill-minded, too, as in England; but that is the most successful nation which has the whole body of its people well-born, well-bred, well-bodied, and well-minded, too; and those are the best institutions which accomplish this best; those worst, which accomplish it least. The government, the society, the school, or the church, which does this work, is a good government, society, school, or church; that which does it not, is good for nothing.

As with men, so with nations. Each has a certain object of chief desire, which object prevails over others. The nation is not conscious of it,—less so, indeed, than the individual; but, silently, it governs the nation's life. Sometimes this chief desire is the aggrandizement of the central power,—the monarchy; it was so once in France; but, God be praised! is not so now. Then devotion to the king's person was held as the greatest national excellence, and disrespect for the king was treason, the greatest national crime. The people must not dare to whisper against their king. Sometimes it is the desire to build up an aristocracy. It was once so in Venice. It may be an aristocracy of priests, of soldiers, of nobles, or an aristocracy of merchants. Sometimes it is to build up a middle class of gentry, as in Basel and Berne. It may be a military desire, as in ancient Rome; it may be ecclesiastical ambition, as in modern Rome; or commercial ambition, as in London and many other places.

The chief object of desire is not always the same in the course of a nation's history. A nation now greatens the centripetal power, strengthening the king and weakening the people; now it greatens the centrifugal power, weakening the king and strengthening the people. But, commonly, you see some one desire runs through all the nation's history, only modified by its youth, or manhood, or old age, and by circumstances which re-act upon the nation as the nation acts upon them.

This chief object of desire may be permanent, and so govern the whole nation for all its history. Or it may be, on the other hand, a transient desire, which is to govern

it for a time. In either case, it will appear prominently in the controlling classes; either in the classes which control all through, or in such as last only for a time. Thus the military desire appeared chiefly in the patricians of old Rome, and not much in the plebeians; the commercial ambition appeared in the nobles of Venice; the ecclesiastical in the priests of modern Rome, where the people care little for the church, though quite as much, perhaps, as it deserves.

As the chief desire of the individual calls out appetites and passions, which are the machinery of that desire, and reconstructs the man in its image; so the desire of a nation, transient or permanent, becoming the master motive of the people, calls out certain classes of men, who become its exponents, its machinery, and they make the constitution, institutions, and laws to correspond thereto.

As with one man, so with the millions, there may be fluctuations of purpose for a time. I cannot expect that one man, or many men, will always pursue an object without at some time violating fundamental principles. I might have thought so once. But as I live longer, and see the passion and the ambition of men, see the force of circumstances, I know better. No ship sails across the ocean with a straight course, without changing a sail; it frequently leaves its direct line, now "standing" this way, now that; and the course is a very crooked one, although, as a whole, it is towards the mark.

America is a young nation, composite, not yet unified; and it is, therefore, not quite so easy to say what is the chief desire of the people; but, if I understand American history, this desire is the love of individual liberty. Nothing has been so marked in our history as this. We are consciously, in part, yet still more unconsciously, aiming at democracy,—at a government of all the people, by all the people, and for the sake of all the people. Of course that must be a government by the higher law of God, by the Eternal Justice to which you and I and all of us owe reverence. We all love freedom for ourselves; one day we shall love it for every man,—for the tawny Indian and the sable negro, as much as for you and me. This love of freedom has appeared in the ideas of New England;

and New England was once America; it was once the soul, although not the body of America. It appeared in its political action and its ecclesiastical action, in the State and in the church, and in all the little towns. In general, every change in the constitution of a free State makes it more democratic; every change in local law is for democracy, not against it. We have broken with the old feudal tradition,—broken for ever with that. I think this love of individual liberty is the specific desire of the people. If we are proud of anything, it is of our free institutions. I know there are men who are prouder of wealth than of anything else: by and by I shall have a word to say of them. But in Massachusetts, New England, in the North, if we should appeal to the great body of the people, and “poll the house,” and ask of all what they were proudest of, they would not say, of our cattle, or cotton, or corn, or cloth; but it is of our freedom, of our men and women. Leaving out of the calculation the abounding class, which is corrupt everywhere, and the perishing class, which is the vassal as it is the creature of the abounding class, and as corrupt and selfish here as everywhere, we shall find that seven-eighths of the people of New England are eminently desirous of this one thing. This desire will carry the day in any fifty years to come, as it has done in two hundred and fifty years past. The great political names of our history are all on its side: Washington, the Adamses—both of them, God bless them!—Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, these were all friends of liberty. I know the exceptions in the history of some of these men, and do not deny them. Other American names, dear to the people, are of the same stamp. The national literature, so far as we have any national literature, is democratic. I know there is what passes for American literature, because it grows on American soil, but which is just as far from being indigenous to America as the orange is from being indigenous to Cape Cod. This literature is a poor, miserable imitation of the feudal literature of old Europe. Perhaps it is now the prominent literature of the time. One day America will take it and cast it out from her. The true American literature is very poor, is very weak, is almost miserable now; but it has one redeeming quality,—it is true to freedom, it is true to democracy.

In the Revolution this desire of the nation was prominent, and came to consciousness. It was the desire of the most eminent champions of liberty. At one time in the history of the nation, the platform of speakers was in advance of the floor that was covered by the people at large, because at that time the speakers became conscious of the idea which possessed the hearts of the people. That is the reason why John Hancock, the two Adamses, and Jefferson, came into great prominence before the people. They were more the people than the people themselves; more democratic than the Democrats. I know, and I think it must be quite plain in our history, that this has been the chief desire of the people. If so, it determines our political destination.

However, with nations as with men, there are exceptional desires; one of which, with the American nation at present, is the desire for wealth. Just now, that is the most obvious and preponderate desire in the consciousness of the people. It has increased surprisingly in fifty years. It is the special, the chief desire of the controlling class,—by the controlling class, I mean what are commonly called “our first men.” I admit exceptions, and state the general rule. With them everything gives way to money, and money gives way to nothing, neither to man nor to God.

See some proofs of this. There are two ways of getting money; one is by trade, the other is by political office. The pursuit of money, in one or the other of these ways, is the only business reckoned entirely “commendable” and “respectable.” There are other callings which are very noble in themselves, and deemed so by mankind; but here they are not thought “commendable” and “respectable,” and accordingly you very seldom see young men, born in what is called “the most respectable class of society,” engaged in anything except the pursuit of money by trade or by office. There are exceptions; but the sons of “respectable men,” so called, seldom engage in the pursuit of anything but money by trade or office. This is the chief desire of a majority of the young men of talent, ambition, and education. Even in colleges more respect is paid to money than to genius. The purse is put before the pen. In the churches, wealth is deemed better than goodness or



piety. It names towns and colleges; and he is thought the greatest benefactor of a university who endows it with money, not with mind. In giving name to a street in Boston, you call the wealthy end after a rich man, and only the poor end after a man that was good and famous. Money controls the churches. It draws veils of cotton over the pulpit window, to colour "the light that cometh from above." As yet the churches are not named after men whose only virtue is metallic, but the recognised pillars of the churches are all pillars of gold. Festus does not tremble before Paul, but Paul before Festus. The pulpit looks down to the pews for its gospel, not up to the eternal God. Is there a rich pro-Slavery man in the parish? The minister does not dare read a petition from an oppressed slave, asking God that his "unalienable rights" be given him. He does not dare to ask alms for a fugitive. St. Peter is the old patron saint of the Holy Catholic Church. St. Hunker is the new patron saint of the churches of commerce, Catholic and Protestant.

Money controls the law as well as the gospel. The son of a great man and noble is forgotten if the father dies poor; but the mantle of the rich man falls on the son's shoulders. If the son be only half so manly as his sire, and twice as rich, he is sure to be doubly honoured. Money supplies defects of character, defects of culture. It is deemed better than education, talent, genius, and character, all put together. Was it not written two thousand years ago, in the Proverbs, it "answereth all things?" Look round and see. It does not matter how you get or keep it. "The end justifies the means." Edmund Burke, or somebody else, said "Something must be pardoned to the spirit of liberty." Now it is "Something must be pardoned" to the love of money, nothing "to the spirit of liberty." We find that rich men will move out of town on the last day of April, to avoid taxation on the first day of May. That is nothing. It is very "respectable," very "honourable," indeed! I do not believe that there is any master-carpenter or master-blacksmith in Boston who would not be ashamed to do so. But men of the controlling classes do not hesitate! No matter how you get money. You may rent houses for rum-shops and for brothels; you may make rum, import rum, sell rum to

the ruin of the thousands whom you thereby bring down to the kennel and the almshouse and the gaol. If you get money by that, no matter : it is "clean money," however dirtily got.

A merchant can send his ships to sea, and in the slave-trade acquire gold, and live here in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia ; and his gold will be good sterling gold, no matter how he got it ! In political office, if you are a senator from California or Oregon, you may draw "constructive mileage," and pay yourself two or three thousand dollars for a journey never made from home, and two or three thousand more back to your home. So you filch thousands of dollars out of the public purse, and you are the "Honourable Senator," just as before. You have got the money, no matter how. You may be a senator from Massachusetts, and you may take the "trust fund," offered you by the manufacturers of cotton, and be bound as their "retained attorney," by your "retaining fee," and you are still the "Honourable Senator from Massachusetts," not hurt one jot in the eyes of the controlling classes. If you are Secretary of State, you may take forty or fifty thousand dollars from State Street and Wall Street, and suffer no discredit at all. At one end of the Union they will deny the fact as "too atrocious to be believed ;" at this end they admit it, and say it was "honourable in the people to give it," and "honourable in the Secretary to take it."

"Alas! the small discredit of a bribe  
Scarce hurts the master, but undoes the scribe."

It would sound a little strange to some people, if we should find that the judges of a court had received forty or fifty thousand dollars from men who were plaintiffs in that court. You and I would remember that a gift blindeth the eyes of the prudent, how much more of the profligate ! But it would be "honourable" in the plaintiffs to give it ; "honourable" in the judges to take it !

Hitherto I have called your attention to the proofs of the preponderance of money. I will now point you to signs, which are not exactly proofs of this immediate worship of money. See these signs in Boston.

When the old South Church was built, when Christ's Church in Salem Street, when King's Chapel, when Brattle Square Church, they were respectively the costliest buildings in town. They were symbols of religion, as churches always are; symbols of the popular esteem for religion. Out of the poverty of the people, great sums of money were given for these "Houses of God." They said, like David of old, "It is a shame that we dwell in a palace of cedars, and the ark of the Most High remains under the curtains of a tent." How is it now? A crockery shop overlooks the roof-tree of the church where once the eloquence of a Channing enchanted to heaven the worldly hearts of worldly men. Now an hotel looks down on the church which was once all radiant with the sweet piety of a Buckminster. A haberdasher's warehouse overtops the church of the Blessed Trinity; the roof of the shop is almost as tall as the very tower of the church. These things are only symbols. Let us compare Boston, in this respect, with any European city that you can name; let us compare it with gay and frivolous Vienna, the gayest and most frivolous city of all Europe, not setting Paris aside. For though the surface of life in Paris sparkles and glitters all over with radiant and iridescent and dazzling bubbles, empty and ephemeral, yet underneath there flows a stream which comes from the great fountain of nature, and tends on to the ocean of human welfare. No city is more full of deep thought and earnest life. But in Vienna it is not so. Yet even there, above the magnificence of the Herrengasse, above the proud mansions of the Esterhazys and the Schwartzenbergs and the Lichtensteins, above the costly elegance of the imperial palace, St. Stephen's Church lifts its tall spire, and points to God all day long and all the night, a still and silent emblem of a power higher than any mandate of the kings of earth; ay, to the infinite God. Men look up to its cross overtopping the frivolous city, and take a lesson! Here trade looks down to find the church.

I am glad that the churches are lower than the shops. I have said it many times, and I say it now. I am glad they are less magnificent than our banks and hotels. I am glad that haberdashers' shops look down on them. Let the outward show correspond to the inward fact. If I am pinched and withered by disease, I will not disguise it from you by

wrappages of cloth; but I will let you see that I am shrunken and shrivelled to the bone. If the pulpit is no nearer heaven than the tavern-bar, let that fact appear. If the desk in the counting-room is to give law to the desk in the church, do not commit the hypocrisy of putting the pulpit-desk above the counting-room. Let us see where we are.

The consequence of such causes as are symbolized by these facts must needs appear in our civilization. Men tell us there is no law higher than mercantile! Do you wonder at it? It was said in deeds before words; the architecture of Boston told it before the politicians. Money is the god of our idolatry. Let the fact appear in his temples. Money is master now, all must give way to it,—that to nothing: the church, the State, the law, is not for man, but money.

Let the son of a distinguished man beat a watchman, knowing him to be such, and be brought before a justice (it would be "levying war" if a mulatto had done so to the marshal); he is bailed off for two hundred dollars. But let a black man have in his pockets a weapon, which the Constitution and laws of Massachusetts provide that any man may have, if he please, he is brought to trial and bound over for—two hundred dollars, think you? No! but for six hundred dollars! three times as much as is required of the son of the Secretary of State for assaulting a magistrate!\*

The Secretary of State publicly declared, a short time since, that "The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad." I thank him for teaching us that word! That is the actual principle of the American government.

In all countries of the world, struggles take place for human rights. But in all countries there is a class who desire a privilege for themselves adverse to the rights of mankind: they are commonly richer and abler-minded than the majority of men; they can act in concert. Between them and mankind there is a struggle. The quarrel takes various forms. The contest has been going on for a long time in Europe. There, it is between the aristocracy

\* The above paragraph refers to cases which had then recently occurred, and were known to everybody.

of birth, and the aristocracy of wealth; for there it is not money, but birth, that makes noble. In this struggle the aristocracy of birth is gradually giving way to the aristocracy of gold. A long and brilliant rent-roll makes up for a short and obscure pedigree.

In that great movement for human freedom which has lasted a thousand years, the city has generally represented right in its conflict with might. So, in the Middle Ages, the city, the home of the trader, of the mechanic, of the intelligent man, was democratic. There freedom got organized in guilds of craftsmen. But the country was the home of the noble and his vassals, the haughty, the ignorant, and the servile. Then the country was aristocratic. It was so in the great struggles between the king and the people in England and France, in Italy and Holland.

In America there is no nobility of birth—it was the people that came over, not monarchy, not aristocracy; they did not emigrate. The son of Guy Fawkes and the son of Charlemagne are on the same level. I know in Boston some of the descendants of Henri Quatre, the greatest king of France. I know also descendants of Thomas Wentworth, “the great Earl of Strafford;” and yet they are now obscure and humble men, although of famous birth. I do not say it should not be so; but such is the fact. Here the controversy is not between distinguished birth and money; it is between money on the one hand, and men on the other; between capital and labour; between usurped privilege and natural right. Here, the cities, as the seat of wealth, are aristocratic; the country, as the seat of labour, is democratic. We may see this in Boston. Almost all the journals in the city are opposed to a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people. Take an example from the free soil movement, which, so far as it goes, is democratic. I am told that of the twenty-one journals in Massachusetts that call themselves “democratic,” eighteen favour the free soil movement, more or less; and that the three which do not are all in the cities. The country favours the temperance movement, one of the most democratic of all; for rum is to the aristocracy of gold what the sword once was to the aristocracy of blood; the castles of the baron, and the rum-



shops of the capitalist, are alike fortresses adverse to the welfare of mankind. The temperance movement finds little favour in the cities.

In the country he who works with manly hands is held in esteem; in the city, in contempt. Here labouring men have no political influence, and little confidence in themselves. They have been accustomed to do as they were told,—to do as their “masters” bid.

I call a man a Tory who, for himself or for others, seeks a privilege adverse to the rights of mankind; who puts the accidents of men before the substance of manhood. I may safely say the cities, in the main, are Tory towns; that Boston, in this sense, is a Tory town. They are so, just as in the Middle Ages the cities were on the other side. This is unavoidable in our form of civilization just now. Accordingly, in all the great cities of the North, slavery is in the ascendant; but, as soon as we get off the pavement, we come upon different ideas; freedom culminates and rises to the meridian.

In America the controlling class in general are superior to the majority in money, in consequent social standing, in energy, in practical political skill, and in intellectual development: in virtue of these qualities, they are the controlling class. But in general they are inferior to the majority of men in justice, in general humanity, and in religion—in piety and goodness. Respectability is put before right; law before justice; money before God. With them religion is compliance with a public hearsay and public custom; it is all of religion, but piety and goodness; its chief sacrament is bodily presence in a meeting-house; its only sacrifice, a pew-tax. I know there are exceptions, and honour them all the more for being so very exceptional: they are only enough to show the rule.

In the main, this controlling class governs the land by two instruments: the first is the public law; the next is public opinion. The law is what was once public opinion, or thought to be; is fixed, written, and supposed to be understood by somebody. Public opinion is not written, and not fixed; but the opinion of the controlling class overrides and interprets the law,—bids or forbids its execution. Public opinion can make or unmake a law;

interpret as it chooses, and enforce or forbid its execution as it pleases.

Such being the case, and such being the chief transient national desire just now, the controlling class consider the State as a machine to help them make money. A great politician, it is said, once laid down this rule,—“Take care of the rich, and the rich will take care of the poor.” Perhaps he did not say that, though he did say that “The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad.” Such being the case, laws are made accordingly, and institutions are modified accordingly. Let me give an example. In all the towns of New England, town-money is raised by taxes on all the people, and on all the property. The rich man is taxed according to his riches, and the poor man according to his poverty. But the national money is raised by taxation not in proportion to a man’s wealth. A bachelor in New England, with a million dollars, pays a much smaller national tax than a carpenter who has no money at all, but only ten children, the poor man’s blessing. The mechanic, with a family of twelve, pays more taxes than the Southern planter owning a tract of land as wide as the town of Worcester, with fifteen hundred slaves to till it. This, I say, is not an accident. It is the work of politicians, who know what they are about, and think a blunder is worse than a sin; and, sin as they may, they do not commit such blunders as that.

This controlling class, with their dependents, their vassals, lay and clerical—and they have lay as well as clerical vassals, and more numerous, if less subservient—keep up the institution of Slavery. Two hundred years ago, that was the worst institution of Europe. Our fathers, breaking with feudal institutions in general, did not break with this; they brought it over here. But when the nation, aroused for its hour of trial, rose up to its great Act of Prayer, and prayed the Declaration of Independence, all the nation said “Amen” to the great American idea therein set forth. Every Northern State re-affirms the doctrine that “All men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with unalienable rights, the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” But in spite of

this, and of the consciousness that it is true, while the Northern States have cast out this institution, the Southern States have kept it. The nation has adopted, extended, and fostered it. This has been done, notwithstanding the expectation of the people, in 1787, that it would soon end. It has been done against the design of the Constitution, which was "to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty;" against the idea of America, that "All men have an equal and unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" against all religion, all humanity, all right,—ay, and against the conscience of a majority of the people.

Well, a law was passed last September, that would have been atrocious two hundred years ago; you all know it. I have no words to describe it by. For the last two hundred years, the English race has not invented an adjective adequate to describe it. The English language is used up and broken down by any attempt to describe it. That law was not the desire of the people: and, could the nation have been polled North and South, three-fourths would have said "No!" to the passage of that law. It was not passed to obtain the value of the slaves escaped, for in seven months twenty slaves have not been returned! It was not a measure looking to legal results, but it was a political measure, looking to political results: what those results will be, we shall see in due time.

In America the controlling class is divided into two great parties: one is the slave power in the States of the South; the other is the money power in the cities of the North. There are exceptional men in both divisions—men that own slaves, and yet love freedom and hate slavery. There are rich men in Northern cities who do the same; all honour to them. But in general it is not so; nay, it is quite otherwise. They are hostile to the great idea of America. Let me speak with the nicety of theological speech. These two divisions are two "persons" in one "power;" there is only one "nature" in both, one "will." If not the same nature, it is a like nature: Homoi-ousia, if not Homo-ousia! The Fugitive Slave Law was the act of

the two "persons," representing the same "nature," and the same "will." It was the result of a union of the slave power of the South with the money power of the North: the Philistines and the Hebrews ploughed with the same heifer.

There is sometimes an excuse or a palliation for a wicked deed. There was something like one for the "Gag Law," the "Alien and Sedition Law," although there is no valid excuse for either of these laws, none to screen their author from deserved reproach. There is no excuse for the Fugitive Slave Law; there was no occasion for it.

You all know how it was brought about; you remember the speech of Mr. Webster on the 7th of March, 1850, a day set apart for the blessed martyrs, Saints Perpetua and Felicitas. We all know who was the author of that law. It is Mr. Webster's Fugitive Slave Law! It was his "thunder," unquestioned and unquestionable. You know what a rapid change was wrought in the public opinion of the controlling classes, soon after its passage. First the leading Whigs went over. I will not say they changed their principles,—God knows, not I, what principles they have; I will only say, they altered their "resolutions," and ate their own words. True, the Whigs have not all gone over. There are a few who still cling to the old Whig-tree, after it has been shaken and shaken, and thrashed and thrashed, and brushed and brushed, by politicians, as apple-trees in autumn. There are still a few little apples left, small and withered, no doubt, and not daring to show their dishonoured heads just now, but still containing some precious seeds that may do service by and by. Whig journal after journal went over; politician after politician "caved in" and collapsed. At the sounding of the rams' horns of Slavery, how quick the Whig Jericho went down! Its fortresses of paper resolutions rolled up and blew away. Of course, men changed only after "logical conviction." Of course, nobody expected a "reward" for the change, at least only in the world to come. Were they not all Christians? True, on the 17th of June last, seventy-five years after the battle of Bunker Hill, Mr. Webster said in the Senate, that if the North should vote for the Fugitive Slave Bill, a tariff was expected. But that was of no moment, no more than worldly riches to "the elect." Of

course, a man has a right to change his opinions every ten minutes, if he has a good and sufficient reason. Of course, these men expected no offices under this or any future president! But presently the Fugitive Slave Law became a Whig doctrine, a test of party fidelity and fitness for office!

You all remember the "Union" meeting in Boston. On that occasion, Democrats "of the worst kind" suddenly became "respectable." The very democratic prince of devils was thought to be as good a "gentleman" as any in the city.

It was curious to see the effect of the Fugitive Slave Law on the democratic party. Democrat after democrat "caved in;" journal after journal went over; horse, foot, and dragoons, they went over. The democratic party North, and American Slavery South, have long been accustomed to accommodate themselves with the same nag after the old fashion of "ride and tye." In the cities, Democrats went over in tribes; entire Democratic Zabulons and Nephthalims, whole Galilees of Democratic Gentiles, all at once saw great Whig light; and to them that sat in the shadow of Freedom, Slavery sprung up.

That portion of the Whig party which did not submit, became as meek, ay, became meeker even than the beast which the old prophet in the fable is alleged to have ridden: for, though beaten again and again—because alarmed at seeing the angel of Freedom that bars the way before the great Whig Balaam, who has been bidden by his master to go forth and curse the people of the Lord,—it dares not open its mouth and say, "What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?"

But when such a law is hostile to the feelings of a majority of the people, to their conscience and their religion, how shall we get the law executed? That is a hard matter. In Russia and in Austria it would be very easy. Russia has an army five hundred or eight hundred thousand strong; and that army is ready. But here there is no such army. True, the president asked Congress to give him greater power, and the answer came from the slave party South, not from the money party North, "No! you



have more now than you know how to use." Failing in this attempt, what was to be done that the law might be executed? Two things must be done: a false idea must persuade the people to allow it to be done; base men must be found to do it. A word upon each point.

I. The false idea is set on foot, that the people are morally bound to obey any law which is made until it is repealed. General Haynau wrote a letter, not long ago, to the subalterns in the Austrian army, and thus quoth he:—"You are bound to obey the law. It is none of your business whether the law is constitutional or not; that is our affair." So went it with our officers here. We are told that there is "no such thing as a higher law;" "no rule of conduct better than that enacted by the law of the land." Conscience is only to tell you to keep the statutes. Religion consists in "fearing God and serving the king." You are told that religion bids you to "fear God and keep the commandments," no matter what these commandments may be. No matter whether it be King Ahab, or King Peter the Cruel: you are told,—“Mr. Republican, what right have you to question the constitutionality or justice of anything? Your business is to keep the law.” Religion is a very excellent thing, quotes Mr. Webster, except when it interferes in politics; then it makes men mad.

It is instructive to see the different relations which religion has sustained to law, at different periods of the world's history. At some other time I may dwell more at length upon this; now I will say but one word. At the beginning, religion takes precedence of law. Before there is any human government, man bows himself to the source of law, and accepts his rule of conduct from his God. By and by, some more definite rule is needed, and wise men make human laws; but they pretend to derive these from a Divine source. All the primitive lawgivers, Moses, Minos, Zaleucus, Numa, and the rest, speak in the name of God. For a long time, law comes up to religion for aid and counsel. At length law and religion, both imperfect, are well established in society, religion being the elder sister; both act as guardians of mankind. Institution after institution rises up, all of them baptized by religion and confirmed

by law, taking the sacrament from the hands of each. At length it comes to pass that law seeks to turn religion out of doors. Politicians, intoxicated with ambition, giddy with power, and sometimes also drunk with strong drink, make a statute which outrages all the dictates of humanity, and then insist that it is the duty of sober men to renounce religion for the sake of keeping the wicked statute of the politicians. All tyrants have done so!

In the North, the majority of men think that the law of man is subordinate to religion—the statutes of man beneath the law of God; that as ethics, personal morals, are amenable to conscience, so politics, national morals, are amenable to the same conscience; and that religion has much to do with national as with individual life. Depend upon it, that idea is the safeguard of the State and of the law. It will preserve it, purify it, and keep it; but it will scourge every wicked law out of the temple of justice with iron whips, if need be. Depend upon it, when we lose our hold of that idea, all hope of order is gone. But there is no danger; we are pretty well persuaded that the law of God is a little greater than the statute of an accidental president unintentionally chosen for four years. When we think otherwise, we may count our case hopeless, and give up all.

But with the controlling class of men it is not so. They tell us that we must keep any law, constitutional or not, legal or not, just or unjust: first, that we must submit passively, and let the government execute it; next, we must actively obey it, and with alacrity when called upon to execute it ourselves. This doctrine is the theory advanced in most of the newspapers of Boston. It is preached in some of the pulpits, though, thank God! not in all.

This doctrine appears in the charge of the judge of the Circuit Court to the grand jury.\* I believe that judge to be a good, and excellent, and honourable man; I never heard a word to the contrary, and I am glad to think that it is so.† I have to deal only with his opinions, not with his theoretic doctrines of law, of which latter I profess to know nothing; but with the theoretic doctrines of mo-

\* Mr. Peleg Sprague.

† The above paragraph was written in April, 1851, and was only historical, not also prophetic.

rality he lays down .Of morality I do profess to know something.

He says some excellent things in his charge, which I am glad were said. He is modest in some places, and moderate in others. He does not think that a dozen black men taking a fugitive out of court are guilty of "levying war," and therefore should be hanged, drawn, and quartered, if you can catch them. All honour to his justice. He does not say, as the Secretary of State, that we must suppress discussion and stop agitation. He says we may agitate as much as we have a mind to ; may not only speak against a law, but may declaim against it, which is to speak strongly. I thank the judge for this respect for the Constitution. But with regard to the higher and lower law, he has some peculiar opinions. He supposes a case: that the people ask him, "Which shall we obey, the law of man or the law of God?" He says, "I answer, obey both. The incompatibility which the question assumes does not exist."

So, then, here is a great general rule, that between the "law of man" and the "will of God" there is no incompatibility, and we must "obey both." Now let us see how this rule will work.

If I am rightly informed, King Ahab made a law that all the Hebrews should serve Baal, and it was the will of God that they should serve the Lord. According to this rule of the judge, they must "obey both." But if they served Baal, they could not serve the Lord. In such a case, "what is to be done?" We are told that Elijah gathered the prophets together; "and he came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him." Our modern prophet says, "Obey both. The incompatibility which the question assumes does not exist." Such is the difference between Judge Elijah and Judge Peleg.

Let us see how this rule will work in other cases; how you can make a compromise between two opposite doctrines. The king of Egypt commanded the Hebrew nurses, "When you do the office of a midwife to the Hebrew women, if it be a son ye shall kill him." I suppose it is plain to the judge of the Circuit Court that this kind of murder, killing the new-born infants, is against "the will of God;" but it is

a matter of record that it was according to "the law of man." Suppose the Hebrew nurses had come to ask Judge Sprague for his advice. He must have said, "Obey both!" His rule is a universal one.

Another decree was once made, as it is said, in the Old Testament, that no man should ask any petition of any God for thirty days, save of the king, on penalty of being cast into the den of lions. Suppose Daniel—I mean the old Daniel, the prophet—should have asked him, "What is to be done?" Should he pray to Darius or pray to God? "Obey both!" would be the answer. But he cannot, for he is forbid to pray to God. We know what Daniel did do.

The elders and scribes of Jerusalem commanded the Christians not to speak or to teach at all in the name of Jesus; but Peter and John asked those functionaries, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."

Our judge must have said, "There is no 'incompatibility;' obey both!" What "a comfortable Scripture" this would have been to poor John Bunyan! What a great ethical doctrine to St. Paul! He did not know such Christianity as that. Before this time a certain man had said "No man can serve two masters." But there was one person who made the attempt, and he also is eminent in history. Here was "the will of God," to do to others as you would have others do to you: "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Here is the record of "the law of man:" "Now both the chief priests and the Pharisees had given a commandment, that, if any man knew where He [Jesus] were, he should show it, that they might take Him." Judas, it seems, determined to "obey both,"—"the law of man" and the "will of God." So he sat with Jesus at the Last Supper, dipped his hand in the same dish, and took a morsel from the hand of Christ, given him in token of love. All this he did to obey "the will of God." Then he went and informed the commissioner or marshal where Jesus was. This he did to obey "the law of man." Then he came back, and found Christ,—the agony all over, the bloody sweat wiped off from His brow, presently to bleed again,—the Angel of Strength there with Him to comfort Him. He was arousing His sleeping disciples for the last

time, and was telling them, "Pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Judas came and gave Him a kiss. To the eleven it seemed the friendly kiss, obeying "the will of God." To the marshal it also seemed a friendly kiss,—obeying "the law of man." So, in the same act, he obeys "the law of God" and "the will of man," and there is no "incompatibility!"

Of old it was said, "Thou canst not serve God and mammon." He that said it has been thought to know something of morals,—something of religion.

Till the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, we did not know what a great saint Iscariot was. I think there ought to be a chapel for him, and a day set apart in the calendar. Let him have his chapel in the navy-yard at Washington. He has got a priest there already. And for a day in the calendar—set apart for all time the 7th of March!

Let us look at some other things in that judge's address to the grand jury. "Unjust and oppressive laws may indeed be passed by human government. But if infinite and inscrutable wisdom permits political society . . . to establish such laws, may not the same wisdom permit and require individuals . . . to obey them?" Ask the prophets, in such a case, if they would have felt themselves permitted and required to obey them! Ask the men who were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection; who had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment; who were stoned and sawn asunder; who were slain with the sword; who wandered about in sheepskins and goat-skins, destitute, afflicted, and tormented, of whom the world was not worthy! Ask the apostles, who thanked God they were counted worthy to suffer shame in the name of Christ! Ask Paul, who was eight times publicly beaten, thrice shipwrecked; and in perils of waters, of robbers, of the heathen, of false brethren—that worst of all peril! Nay, ask Christ; let the Crucified reply,—whether, when a wicked law is made, and we are commanded to keep it, God means we should! Ask the men who, with their ocean-wearied feet, consecrated the rock of Plymouth for ever! Ask the patriots of the revolution! What do they say? I will not give the answer.



Even the martyred Jesuits say "No." Who is it that says "Yes?" Judas and the judge. Let them go—each "to his own place." Let me say no more of them.

This attempt to keep the people down by false doctrine is no new thing. But to say that there is no law higher than what the State can make, is practical atheism. It is not a denial of God in His person; that is only speculative atheism. It is a denial of the functions and attributes of God; that is real atheism. If there is no God to make a law for me, then there is no God for me.

The law of the land is so sacred, it must override the law of God, must it? Let us see if all the laws of the United States are kept everywhere. Let a black man go to South Carolina in a ship, and we shall see. Let the British minister complain that South Carolina puts British subjects in gaol, for the colour of their skin. Mr. Secretary Clayton tells him, "We cannot execute the laws of the United States in South Carolina." Why not? Because the people of South Carolina will not allow it!

Are the laws of Massachusetts kept in Boston, then? The usury law says, "Thou shalt not take more than six per cent. on thy money." Is that kept? There are thirty-four millions of banking capital in Massachusetts, and I think that every dollar of this capital has broken this law within the past twelve months; and yet no complaint has been made. There are three or four hundred brothels in this city of Boston, and ten or twelve hundred shops for the sale of rum. All of them are illegal; some are as well known to the police as is this house; indeed, a great deal more frequented, by some of them, than any house of God. Does anybody disturb them? No! I have a letter from an alderman who furnishes me with facts of this nature, who says, that "Some of the low places are prosecuted, some broken up." Last Saturday night, the very men who guarded Mr. Sims, I am told, were playing cards in his prison-house, contrary to the laws of Massachusetts. In Court Square, in front of the Court House, is a rum shop, one of the most frequented in the city, open at all hours of the day, and, for aught I know, of the night too. I never passed when its "fire was quenched," and its "worm" dead. Is its owner prosecuted? How many laws of Massachusetts have been

violated this very week, in this very city, by the slave-hunters here, by the very officers of the State? What is the meaning of this? Every law which favours the accumulation of money, must be kept; but those which prohibit the unjust accumulation of money by certain classes—they need not be kept.\*

No doubt it would be a great pity to have the city government careful to keep the laws of the city,—to suppress rum-shops, and save the citizens from the almshouse, the gaol, and the gallows. Such laws may be executed at Truro and Wellfleet; but it is quite needless for the officers of "The Athens of America," to attend to the temperance laws.† What a pity for the magistrates of Boston to heed the laws of the State! No; it is the Fugitive Slave Law that they must keep.

II. A great deal of pains has been taken to impress the people with their "moral duty to obey the Fugitive Slave Law." To carry it out, government needs base men; and that, my brothers, is a crop which never fails. Rye and wheat may get blasted many times in the course of years; the potato may rot; apples and peaches fail. But base men never fail. Put up your black pirate-flag in the

\* It was well known that the laws of Massachusetts were violated, but no prosecution of the offenders was ever begun. The committee to whom the matter was referred thought that the Supreme Court of Massachusetts was not to be trusted to vindicate the laws of the State, against kidnappers in Boston.

† In November, 1851, the City Marshal reports to the Board of Aldermen the following facts:—There are fifteen hundred places in Boston where intoxicating drinks are sold, in violation of the laws of Massachusetts.

Kept by Americans	490
Kept by foreigners	1010
Open on Sunday	979
Groceries that keep intoxicating drink.	469
Other places	1031

All the "first class hotels," except four, have open bars for the sale of intoxicating drink. The government of Boston, which violated the laws of Massachusetts, to kidnap a man, and deliver him to his tormentors, asks the City Marshal to give such information as is calculated to check the progress of crime and intemperance. He reports—"Execute the laws!" In 1851, Boston has the honour of kidnapping one of her inhabitants, and sending him to Slavery, and of supporting fifteen hundred rum-shops, in continual violation of the laws of Massachusetts.

market-place, offer "money and office," and they will come as other carrion-vultures to their prey. The olive, the fig, and the orange are limited in their range; even Indian corn and oats will not grow everywhere; but base men are indigenous all the world over, between the tropics and under a polar sky. No bad scheme ever failed for lack of bad men to carry it out. Do you want to kill Baptists and Quakers in Boston? There are the men for you. To hang "witches" at Salem? There are hangmen in plenty on Gallows Hill. Would James the Second butcher his subjects? He found his "human" tools ready. Would Elizabeth murder the Puritans and Catholics? There was no lack of ruffians. Would bloody Mary burn the Protestants? There were more executioners than victims. Would the Spanish Inquisition torture and put to death the men for whom Christ died? She found priests and "gentlemen," ready for their office. Would Nero murder the Christians, and make a spectacle of their sufferings? Rome is full of scoundrels to do the deed, and teems with spectators rushing to the amphitheatre at the cry of "Christians to the lions!" all finding a holiday in their brothers' agony. Would the high priests crucify the Son of man? They found a commissioner to issue the mandate, a marshal to enforce it, a commissioner to try him by illegal process,—for the process against Christ was almost as unconstitutional as that against Sims,—they found a commissioner ready to condemn Christ, against his own conscience, soldiers ready to crucify Him. Ay! and there was a Peter to deny Him, and a Judas to betray; and now there is a judge, with his legal ethics, to justify the betrayal! I promised not to speak of Judas or the judge again, but they will come up before me! It is true that, if in Boston some judicial monster should wish to seethe a man in a pot of scalding water, he would find another John Boilman in Boston, as Judge Jeffries found one in England, in 1686.

The churches of New England, and the North, have had their trials. In my time they have been tried in various ways. The temperance reformation tried them. They have had perils on account of Slavery. The Mexican war tried them; the Fugitive Slave Law has put them to the rack. But never, in my day, have the churches been so

sorely tried, nor done so well as now. The very letter of the New Testament on the one side, and of the Old Testament on the other, both condemned the law; the spirit of them both was against all Slavery.

There are two great sects in Christendom,—the churches of Christianity, and the churches of commerce. The churches of Christianity always do well: they think that religion is love to God, and love to man. But the churches of commerce, which know no higher law, what should they do? Some of the ministers of the churches of commerce were wholly silent. Why so? The poor ministers were very modest all at once. Now, modesty is a commendable virtue; but see how it works. Here is a man who has given his mind ten, twenty, or thirty years to the study of theology, and knows every Hebrew particle of the Old Testament, and every Greek particle of the New Testament, as well as he knows the Lord's Prayer; every great work on the subject of Christianity, from Nicodemus down to Norton. Let him come out and say that the Old Testament was written like other books; let him say that the miracles of the Old and New Testament are like the miracles of the Popish legends; then, ministers in their pulpits, who never studied theology or philosophy, or pretended to study, only to know, the historical development of religion in the world,—they will come down instantly upon our poor man, call his doctrines "false," and call him an "infidel," an "atheist." But let a rich parishioner, or a majority of the rich parishioners, be in favour of the Fugitive Slave Law, and all at once the minister is very modest indeed. He says to his people, by silence or by speech, "I do not understand these things; but you, my people, who all your lives are engaged in making money and nothing else, and worship mammon and nothing else, you understand them a great deal better than I do. My modesty forbids me to speak. Let us pray!"\*

\* While these volumes are getting printed, one of the sectarian newspapers of Boston publishes the following paragraph:—

"The English railways are all in use on the Sabbath, and all evidently under a curse. Their stock is ruinously low. Three hundred and fifty millions of dollars have been embarked in these enterprises, and the average dividends which they pay is but three per cent. And more than this, a large number of fatal accidents have occurred of late. While we regret that the business men of England, who control these lines, have

Some ministers have been silent; others have spoken out in favour of the lower law, and in derision of the higher law. Here is a famous minister, the very chief of his denomination, reported in the newspapers to have said that he would surrender his own mother to Slavery rather than have the Union dissolved! I believe him this time. A few years ago that minister printed, in the organ of his sect, that the existence of God was "not a certainty!" He did not mean to say that he doubted or disbelieved it, only that it was "not a certainty!" I should suppose that he had gone further in that direction, and thought the non-existence of God was "a certainty." But he is not quite original in this proposed sacrifice. He has been preceded and outbid by a Spanish Catholic. Here is the story, in Señor de Castro's *History of the Spanish Protestants*, written this very year. I can tell the story shorter than it is there related. In 1581, there lived a man in Valladolid, who had two Protestant daughters, being himself a Catholic. The Inquisition was in full blast, and its fiery furnace heated seven times hotter than before. This man, according to the commandment of the priests and Pope, complained to the inquisitors against his daughters, who were summoned to appear before them. They were tried, and condemned to be burned alive, at his suggestion. He furnished the accusation, brought forward the evidence, and was the only witness in the case. That was not all. After this condemnation, he went round his own estates, and from selected trees cut down morsels of wood, and carried them to the city to use in burning his own daughters. He was allowed to do this, and of course the priest commended him for his piety and love of God! Thus, in 1581, in Valladolid, a father, at noon-day, with wood from his own estate, on his own complaint and evidence, with his own hands, burned his two daughters alive; and the Catholic Church said, "Well done!" Now, in my opinion, the Hidalgo of Valladolid a little surpasses the Unitarian Doctor of Divinity. I do not know what "re-

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not wisdom enough to see the folly of making haste to be rich, in defiance of the ordinances of God, we rejoice that so many of the railroad operators in this country rest on the Sabbath day, according to the commandment." See note (f) on p. 280.



compense of reward" the Spanish Hidalgo got for his deed ; but the American divine, for his offer, has been put into " one of the priests' offices, that he might eat a piece of bread." He has been appointed, as the newspapers say, a chaplain of the navy at Washington. Verily he has his reward.

But there have been found men in Boston to go a little further. Last Thanksgiving Day, I said it would be difficult to find a magistrate in Boston to take the odium of sending a fugitive back to Slavery. I believed, after all, men had some conscience, although they talked about its being a duty to deliver up a man to bondage. Pardon me, my country, that I rated you too high ! Pardon me, town of Boston, that I thought your citizens all men ! Pardon me, lawyers, that I thought you had been all born of mothers ! Pardon me, ruffians, who kill for hire ! I thought you had some animal mercy left, even in your bosom ! Pardon me, United States' commissioners, marshals, and the like, I thought you all had some shame ! Pardon me, my hearers, for such mistakes. One commissioner was found to furnish the warrant ! Pardon me, I did not know he was a commissioner ; if I had, I never would have said it.

Spirits of tyrants, I look down to you ! Shade of Cain, you great first murderer, forgive me that I forgot your power, and did not remember that you were parent of so long a line ! And you, my brethren, if hereafter I tell you that there is any limit of meanness or wickedness which a Yankee will not jump over, distrust me, and remind me of this day, and I will take it back !

Let us look at the public conduct of any commissioner who will send an innocent man from Boston into Slavery. I would speak of all men charitably ; for I know how easy it is to err,—yea, to sin. I can look charitably on thieves, prowling about in darkness ; on rum-sellers, whom poverty compels to crime ; on harlots, who do the deed of shame that holy woman's soul abhors and revolts at ; I can pity the pirate, who scours the seas in doing his fiendish crimes—he is tempted, made desperate by a gradual training in wickedness. The man, born at the South, owning slaves, who goes to Africa and sells adulterated rum in exchange for men to retail at Cuba,—I

cannot understand the consciousness of such a man; yet I can admit that by birth and by breeding he has become so imbruted, he knows no better. Nay, even that he may, perhaps, justify his conduct to himself. I say I think his sin it not so dreadful as that of a commissioner in Boston who sends a man into Slavery. A man commits a murder, inflamed by jealousy, goaded by desire of great gain, excited by fear, stung by malice, or poisoned by revenge, and it is a horrid thing. But to send a man into Slavery is worse than to murder him. I should rather be slain than enslaved. To do this, inflamed by no jealousy, goaded by no desire of great gain,—only ten dollars!—excited by no fear, stung by no special malice, poisoned by no revenge,—I cannot comprehend that in any man, not even in a hyena. Beasts that raven for blood do not kill for killing's sake, but to feed their flesh. Forgive me, O ye wolves and hyenas! that I bring you into such company. I can only understand it in a devil!

When a man bred in Massachusetts, whose Constitution declares that "All men are born free and equal;" within sight of Faneuil Hall, with all its sacred memories; within two hours of Plymouth Rock; within a single hour of Concord and Lexington; in sight of Bunker Hill,—when he will do such a deed, it seems to me that there is no life of crime long enough to prepare a man for such a pitch of depravity; I should think he must have been begotten in sin, and conceived in iniquity, and been born "with a dog's head on his shoulders;" that the concentration of the villany of whole generations of scoundrels would hardly be enough to fit a man for a deed like this!

You know the story of Thomas Sims. He crept on board a Boston vessel at Savannah. Perhaps he had heard of Boston, nay, even of Faneuil Hall, of the old Cradle of Liberty, and thought this was a Christian town, at least human, and hoped here to enjoy the liberty of a man. When the ship arrived here, the first words he spoke were, "Are we up there?" He was seized by a man who at the court-house boasted of his cruelty towards him, who held him by the hair, and kept him down, seeking to kidnap and carry him back into Slavery. He escaped!

But a few weeks pass by: the man-stealers are here; the commissioner issues his warrant; the marshals serve

it in the night. Last Thursday night—when odious beasts of prey, that dare not face the light of heaven, prowl through the woods,—those ruffians of the law seized on their brother-man. They lie to the bystanders, and seize him on a false pretence. There is their victim—they hold him fast. His faithless knife breaks in his hand; his coat is rent to pieces. He is the slave of Boston.\* Canst you understand his feelings? Let us pass by that. His “trial!” Shall I speak of that? He has been five days on trial for more than life, and has not seen a judge! A jury? No,—only a commissioner! O justice! O republican America! Is this the liberty of Massachusetts?

Where shall I find a parallel with men who will do such a deed,—do it in Boston? I will open the tombs, and bring up most hideous tyrants from the dead. Come, brood of monsters, let me bring you up from the deep damnation of the graves wherein your hated memories continue for all time their never-ending rot. Come, birds of evil omen! come, ravens, vultures, carrion-crows, and see the spectacle! come, see the meeting of congenial souls! I will disturb, disquiet, and bring up the greatest monsters of the human race! Tremble not, women; tremble not, children; tremble not, men! They are all dead! They cannot harm you now! Fear the living, not the dead.

Come hither, Herod the wicked. Thou that didst seek after that young child's life, and destroyedst the Innocents! Let me look on thy face! No; go! Thou wert a heathen! Go, lie with the Innocents thou hast massacred. Thou art too good for this company!

Come, Nero! Thou awful Roman Emperor! Come up! No; thou wast drunk with power! schooled in Roman depravity. Thou hadst, besides, the example of thy fancied gods! Go, wait another day. I will seek a worser man.

Come hither, St. Dominic! come, Torquemada!—Fathers of the Inquisition! Merciless monsters, seek your equal here! No; pass by! You are no companions for such men as these! You were the servants of atheistic popes, of cruel kings. Go to, and get you gone. Another time

\* The tattered garment is still kept as a melancholy monument of the civilization of Boston in the middle of the nineteenth century.

I may have work for you,—not now; lie there and persevere to rot. You are not yet quite wicked and corrupt enough for this comparison. Go, get ye gone, lest the sun turn back at sight of ye!

Come up, thou heap of wickedness, George Jeffries!—thy hands deep purple with the blood of thy murdered fellow-men! Ah, I know thee! awful and accursed shade! Two hundred years after thy death, men hate thee still, not without cause! Let me look upon thee! I know thy history. Pause and be still, while I tell it to these men.

Brothers, George Jeffries “began in the sedition line.” “There was no act, however bad, that he would not resort to, to get on.” “He was of a bold aspect, and cared not for the countenance of any man.” “He became the avowed, unblushing slave of the court, and the bitter persecutor and unappeasable enemy of the principles he had before supported.” He “was universally insolent and overbearing.” “As a judge, he did not consider the decencies of his post, nor did he so much as affect to be impartial, as became a judge.” His face and voice were always unamiable. “All tenderness for the feelings of others, all self-respect, were obliterated from his mind.” He had “a delight in misery, merely as misery,” and “that temper which tyrants require in their worst instruments.” “He made haste to sell his forehead of brass and his tongue of venom to the court.” He had “more impudence than ten carted street-walkers;” and was appropriately set to a work “which could be trusted to no man who revered law, or who was sensible of shame.” He was a “Commissioner” in 1685. You know of the “Bloody assizes” which he held, and how he sent to execution three hundred and twenty persons in a single circuit. “The whole country was strewed with the heads and limbs of his victims.” Yet a man wrote that “a little more hemp might have been usefully employed.” He was the worst of the English judges. “There was no measure, however illegal, to the execution of which he did not devotedly and recklessly abandon himself.” “During the Stuart reigns, England was cursed by a succession of ruffians in ermine, who, for the sake of court favour, wrested the principles of law, the precepts of religion, and the duties of humanity;

but they were all greatly outstripped by Jeffries." Such is his history.

Come, shade of a judicial butcher! Two hundred years thy name has been pilloried in face of the world, and thy memoir gibbeted before mankind! Let us see how thou wilt compare with those who kidnap men in Boston! Go seek companionship with them! Go claim thy kindred, if such they be! Go tell them that the memory of the wicked shall rot,—that there is a God; an eternity; ay, and a judgment too! where the slave may appeal against him that made him a slave, to Him that made him a man.

What! Dost thou shudder? Thou turn back? These not thy kindred! Why dost thou turn pale, as when the crowd clutched at thy life in London Street? It is true, George Jeffries, and these are not thy kin. Forgive me that I should send thee on such an errand, or bid thee seek companionship with such—with Boston hunters of the slave! Thou wert not base enough! It was a great bribe that tempted thee! Again I say, pardon me for sending thee to keep company with such men! Thou only struckst at men accused of crime; not at men accused only of their birth! Thou wouldst not send a man into bondage for two pounds! I will not rank thee with men who, in Boston, for ten dollars, would enslave a negro now! Rest still, Herod! Be quiet, Nero! Sleep, St. Dominic, and sleep, O Torquemada! in your fiery gaol! Sleep, Jeffries, underneath "the altar of the church," which seeks, with Christian charity, to hide your hated bones.

"But," asks a looker on, "what is all this for?" Oh! to save the Union. "A precious Union which needs a saving such as this! And who are to rend the Union asunder?" Why, men that hate Slavery, and love freedom for all mankind. "Is this the way to make them love the Union and Slavery, and hate freedom for all mankind?" We know none better. "What sort of a measure is this Fugitive Slave Law?" Oh! it is a "peace measure." Don't you see how well it works? how quiet the city? in the country not a mouse stirring? There will not be a word against the peace measure in all New England on this Fast Day. Blessed are the peacemakers, saith the Lord! "But you have great warrant for such



deeds?" Oh, yes, the best in the world,—the example of Washington. He also "saved the Union." "So men blaspheme."

Let me tell you a little of that great man. Shortly after the passage of the law of 1793, a favourite female slave of Washington's wife ran away from the President of the new republic, and went into New Hampshire. She lived at Portsmouth. Washington wrote to Mr. Whipple, a United States' marshal, I think, or, at any rate, an officer of the United States, saying that he should like to have the woman sent back to him, if it could be done without tumult, and without shocking the principles and the feelings of the people. He added that the slave was a favourite of his wife. Mr. Whipple wrote back, and said, "It cannot be done without tumult, nor without shocking the principles and feelings of the people." Washington said no more! The woman died at a great age, a few years ago, at Portsmouth. That was the example of Washington,—a man who at his death freed his slaves! Would to God he had done it before! But they that come at the eleventh hour shall never be cast out from my charity.

See what is the consequence of this measure! See what has been the condition of Boston for the past week! Read the mingled truth and lies in the newspapers; look at men's faces in the street; listen to their talk; see the court-house in chains; see one hundred policemen on guard, and three companies of military picketed in Faneuil Hall; behold the people shut out from the courts—I will not say of justice! See the officers of Massachusetts made slave hunters—against the law; constitutional rights struck down—against the law; sheriffs refusing to serve writs—against the law; see the great civil rights our fathers gained five hundred years ago, the trial by jury, by our "peers," by the "law of the land," all cloven down; the writ of "personal replevin" made null—no sheriff daring to execute a law made to suit such a case as this, made but eight years ago! Where is your high sheriff? Where is your governor? See the judges of Massachusetts bend beneath that chain; see them bow down, one by one, and kneel, and creep, and cringe, and crouch, and crawl, under the chain! Note the symbol! That was the chain on

the neck of the commonwealth, visible on the necks of the judges as they entered the Bastile of Boston,—the Barracoon of Boston! A few years ago, they used to tell us, "Slavery is an abstraction;" "we at the North have nothing to do with it." Now liberty is only an abstraction! Here is a note just handed me in the pulpit:—

"Marshal Tukey told me this morning that his orders were *not merely to keep the peace, but to assist the United States' marshal in detaining and transporting the slave; that he knew he was violating the State law, as well as I did; but it was not his responsibility, but that of the mayor and aldermen. I thought you might like to know this.*"

Well, my brethren, I know Boston has seen sad days before now. When the Stamp Act came here in our fathers' time, it was a sad day; they tolled the bells all over town, and Mayhew wished "they were cut off that trouble you." It was a sad day when the tea came here, although, when it went down the stream, all the hills of New England laughed. And it was a sadder day still, the 17th of June, 1775, when our fathers fought and bled on yonder hill, all red from battle at Concord and Lexington, and poured sheeted death into the ranks of their enemies, while the inhabitants of this town lifted up their hands, but could not go to assist their brethren in the field: and when, to crown all their sadness, they saw four hundred of the houses of their sister town go up in flames to heaven, and could not lend a helping hand! A sadder day when they fired one hundred guns in Boston for the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. It was the saddest day of all, when a man was kidnapped in Boston by the men of Boston, and your court-house hung with chains.

It was not from the tyrants of the other side of the world that this trouble came!

If you could have seen what I have this morning, at sunrise, one hundred of the police of this city, contrary to the laws of the State, drilling with drawn swords, to learn to guard a man whilst he should be carried into bondage! And who do you suppose was at their head? A man bearing an honourable name—Samuel Adams! Tell it not in Massachusetts; let not your children hear of this, lest they curse the mothers that bore them. It is well that we should have a day of fasting and humiliation and prayer, when such things are done here.

Well, my brethren, these are only the beginning of sorrows. There will be other victims yet; this will not settle the question. What shall we do? I think I am a calm man and a cool man, and I have a word or two to say as to what we shall do. Never obey the law. Keep the law of God. Next, I say, resist not evil with evil; resist not now with violence. Why do I say this? Will you tell me that I am a coward? Perhaps I am; at least I am not afraid to be called one. Why do I say, then, do not now resist with violence? Because it is not time just yet; it would not succeed. If I had the eloquence that I sometimes dream of, which goes into a crowd of men, and gathers it in its mighty arm, and sways them as the pendent boughs of yonder elm shall be shaken by the summer breeze next June, I would not give that counsel. I would call on men, and lift up my voice like a trumpet through the whole land, until I had gathered millions out of the North and the South, and they should crush Slavery for ever, as the ox crushes the spider underneath his feet. But such eloquence is given to no man. It was not given to the ancient Greek who "shook the arsenal and fulminated over Greece." He that so often held the nobles and the mob of Rome within his hand, had it not. He that spoke as never man spake, and who has since gathered two hundred millions to his name, had it not. No man has it. The ablest must wait for time! It is idle to resist here and now. It is not the hour. If in 1765 they had attempted to carry out the Revolution by force, they would have failed. Had it failed, we had not been here to-day. There would have been no little monument at Lexington "sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind," honouring the men who "fell in the cause of God and their country." No little monument at Concord; nor that tall pile of eloquent stone at Bunker Hill, to proclaim that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." Success is due to the discretion, heroism, calmness, and forbearance of our fathers: let us wait our time. It will come—perhaps will need no sacrifice of blood.

Resist, then, by peaceful means; not with evil, but with good. Hold the men infamous that execute this law; give them your pity, but never give them your trust, not till they repent. Then swiftly forgive. Agitate, discuss,

petition, and elect to office men whom you can trust ; not men who never show their face in the day of darkness and of peril. Choose men that are men.

I suppose that this man will be carried back to Slavery. The law of the United States has been cloven down ; the law of Massachusetts cloven down. If we have done all that we can, we must leave the result to God. It is something that a man can only be kidnapped in Boston by riding over the law, and can only be tried in a court-house surrounded by chains, when the crouching judges crawl under the iron of Slavery to enter their house of bondage ; that even on Fast Day it is guarded by one hundred police, and three companies of military are picketed in Faneuil Hall—the “Sims Brigade !”\*

The Christians saw Christ crucified, and looked on from afar ; sad, but impotent. The Christians at Rome saw their brethren martyred, and could not help them : they were too weak. But the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. To-day is St. Bademus' Day : three hundred and seventy-six years after Christ, that precious saint was slain because he would not keep the commandment of the king. By crucified redeemers shall mankind be saved. If we cannot prevent crucifixion, let us wait for the redemption.

Shall I ask you to despair of human liberty and rights ? I believe that money is to triumph for the present. We see it does in Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Washington : see this in the defence of bribery ; in the chains of the court-house ; in the judges' pliant necks ; in the swords of the police to-day ; see it in the threats of the press to withdraw the trade of Boston from towns that favour the unalienable rights of man !

Will the Union hold out ? I know not that. But, if men continue to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, I

\* Mr. Sims was sent off to bondage in the barque *Acorn*, by the city authorities of Boston. I believe he is the first man ever returned as a fugitive slave from Massachusetts by the form of law since the adoption of the Constitution. Arrived at Savannah, he was immediately conducted to prison. His mother and other relatives were not allowed to see him. He was cruelly and repeatedly scourged. Meantime the citizens of Boston, who had aided in kidnapping him, and had accompanied him to Savannah, were publicly feasted by the inhabitants of Georgia. The present fate of Mr. Sims is unknown to me.—Nov. 27th, 1851.

do not know how soon it will end; I do not care how soon the Union goes to pieces. I believe in justice and the law of God; that ultimately the right will prevail. Wrong will prevail for a time, and attract admiration. I have seen in a haberdasher's shop-window the figure of a wooden woman showily arrayed, turning round on a pivot, and attracting the gaze of all the passers-by; but ere long it is forgotten. So it will be with this transient love of Slavery in Boston; but the love of right will last as long as the granite in New Hampshire hills. I will not tell you to despair of freedom because politicians are false; they are often so. Despair of freedom for the black man! No, never. Not till heaven shakes down its stars; nay, not till the heart of man ceases to yearn for liberty; not till the eternal God is hurled from His throne, and a devil takes His place! All the arts of wicked men shall not prevail against the Father; nay, at last, not against the Son.

The very scenes we have witnessed here,—the court-house in chains,—the laws of Massachusetts despised,—the commonwealth disgraced,—these speak to the people with an eloquence beyond all power of human speech. Here is great argument for our cause. This work begets new foes to every form of wrong. There is a day after to-day,—an eternity after to-morrow. Let us be courageous and active, but cool and tranquil, and full of hope.

These are the beginning of sorrows; we shall have others, and trials. Continued material prosperity is commonly bad for a man, always for a nation. I think the time is coming when there will be a terrible contest between Liberty and Slavery. Now is the time to spread ideas, not to bear arms. I know which will triumph: the present love of thralldom is only an eddy in the great river of the nation's life; by and by it will pass down the stream and be forgot. Liberty will spread with us, as the spring over the New England hills. One spot will blossom, and then another, until at last the spring has covered the whole land, and every mountain rejoices in its verdant splendour.

O Boston! thou wert once the prayer and pride of all New England men, and holy hands were laid in baptism on thy baby brow! Thou art dishonoured now; thou hast



taken to thy arms the enemies of men. Thou hast betrayed the slave; thy brother's blood cries out against thee from the ground. Thou art a stealer of mankind. In thy borders, for long years, the cradle of liberty has been placed. The golden serpent of commerce has twined its snaky folds about it all, and fascinated into sleep the child. Tread lightly, soldiers: he yet may wake. Yes, in his time this child shall wake, and Boston shall scourge out the memory of the men who have trodden her laws under foot, violated the dearest instincts of her heart, and profaned her religion. I appeal from Boston, swollen with wealth, drunk with passion, and mad against freedom—to Boston in her calm and sober hour.

O Massachusetts, noble State! the mother that bore us all; parent of goodly institutions and of noble men, whose great ideas have blessed the land!—how art thou defiled, dishonoured, and brought low! One of thine own hired servants has wrought this deed of shame, and rent the bosom which took him as an adopted son. Shall it be always thus? I conjure thee by all thy battle-fields,—by the remembrance of the great men born of thee, who battled for the right, thy Franklin, Hancock, the Adamses—three in a single name,—by thine ideas and thy love of God,—to forbid for ever all such deeds as this, and wipe away thy deep disgrace.

America, thou youngest born of all God's family of States! thou art a giant in thy youth, laying thine either hand upon thine either sea; the lakes behind thee, and the Mexique bay before. Hast thou too forgot thy mission here, proud only of thy wide-spread soil, thy cattle, corn, thy cotton, and thy cloth? Wilt thou welcome the Hungarian hero, and yet hold slaves, and hunt poor negroes through thy land? Thou art the ally of the despot, thyself out-heathening the heathen Turk. Yea, every Christian king may taunt thee with thy slaves. Dost thou forget thine own great men,—thy Washington, thy Jefferson? forget thine own proud words prayed forth to God in thy great act of prayer? Is it to protect thy wealth alone that thou hast formed a State? and shall thy wealth be slaves? No, thou art mad. It shall not be. One day thou wilt heed the lessons of the past, practise thy prayer, wilt turn to God, and rend out of thy book the

hated page where Slavery is writ. Thy sons who led thee astray in thy madness, where shall they appear?

And thou our God, the Father of us all, Father and Mother too, Parent of freemen, Parent also of the slave, look down upon us in our sad estate. Look down upon thy saints, and bless them; yea, bless thy sinners too; save from the wicked heart. Bless this town by Thy chastisement; this State by Thine afflictions; this nation by Thy rod. Teach us to resist evil, and with good, till we break the fetters from every foot, the chains from every hand, and let the oppressed go free. So let Thy kingdom come; so may Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

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